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P O P E

SELECTED POEMS; THE ESSAY ON CRITICISM;
THE MORAL ESSAYS; THE DUNCIAD

EDITED, with INTRODUCTION, NOTES, and APPENDIX

BY

THOMAS ARNOLD, M.A.

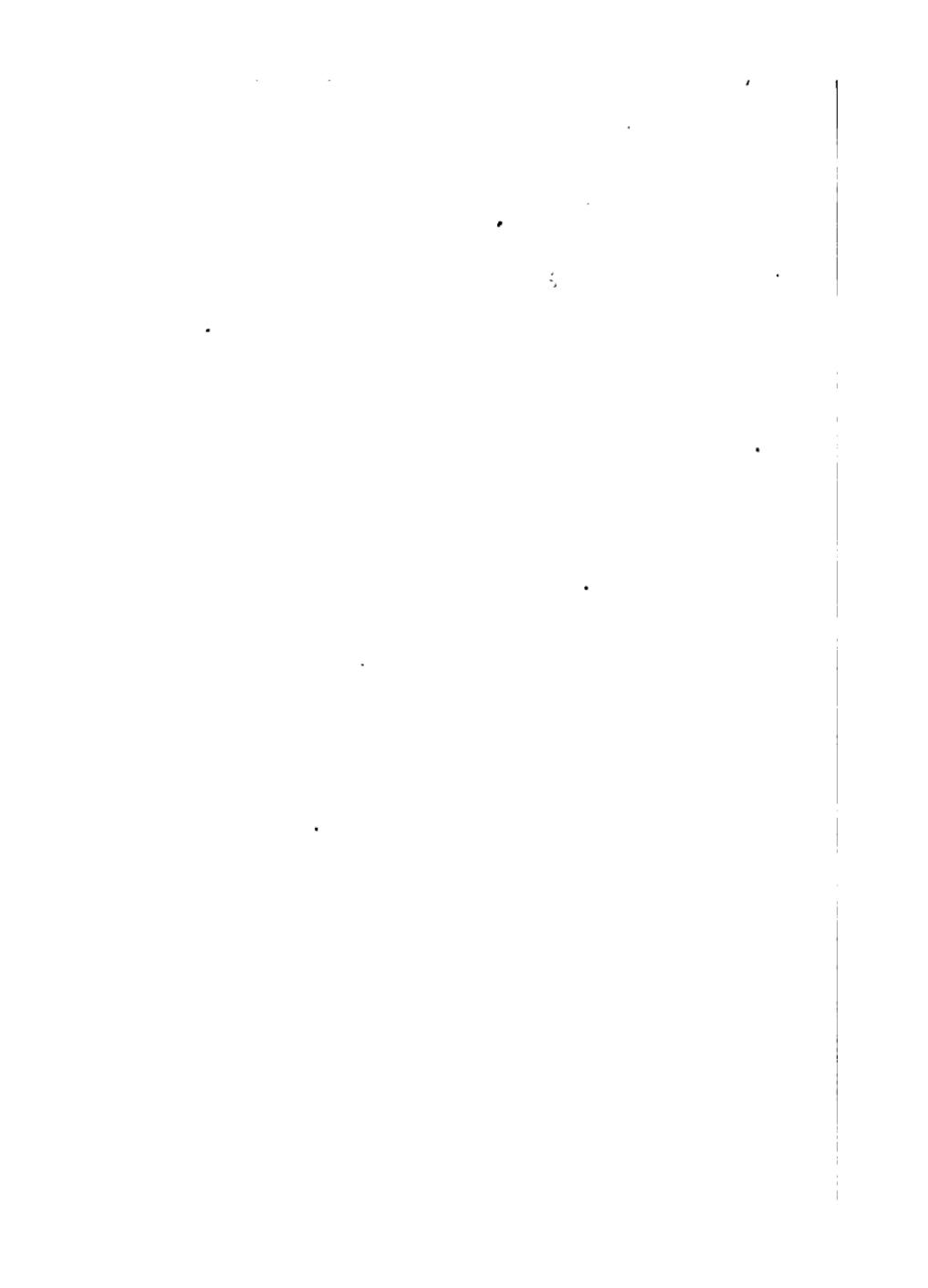
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INTRODUCTION.

OF THE principal works of Pope, the *Essay on Man* has been edited in a masterly way for the use of schools by Mr. Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College; the *Satires* and *Epistles* also, with their Prologue and Epilogue, have been treated, not quite so exhaustively, by the same hand. *The Rape of the Lock* is included among the *Longer English Poems* so usefully and carefully edited by Mr. Hales. Among the remaining works, the most important, viz. the *Essay on Criticism*, the *Moral Essays*, and the *Dunciad*, are contained in the present volume. Nothing but the translations and imitations of the second rank, with the *Pastorals*, *Windsor Forest*, the *Messiah*, the *Temple of Fame*, and the short occasional poems, remains, which has not been edited for school use.

Let me say at once, that having constantly had before me the prospect of this book being in the hands of young persons of both sexes, I have suppressed without mercy all passages, lines, and words, the reading of which would clearly not tend to their

edification. I may be taxed with 'Bowdlerizing' Pope; and I freely admit that in what I have thought myself compelled to exclude there may be found not a few striking images and vigorous expressions. If I were preparing a cabinet edition—an edition for the reading world in general—I should, if I undertook it at all, make it a point of conscience to reproduce the text with exact fidelity. But the duty of an editor who is preparing a classic work to be used in schools is, I conceive, far different. However, the amount of alteration thus introduced into the text is, after all, extremely slight; and the reader may be confident that he has the genuine text of Pope before him, except so far as a consideration of school requirements rendered excision necessary.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

The ultimate impulse which acted on Pope in projecting and composing this remarkable poem may be traced to his youthful study, and intense, passionate, admiration, of the classic poets. The music of their verse, the grace of their phrase, and the elevation of their thoughts, made deep impressions on that strongly receptive intelligence; he felt that they were still not half so well known by his countrymen as they deserved to be; that their comparative obedience to rules arose out of a real freedom of the spirit, and a keen perception of the beautiful, with which the English license was incompatible; and he has left a tribute which is itself imperishable to these 'immortal

heirs of universal praise,' in the passage commencing at l. 181 of this poem,

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands.

Yet it is not to be supposed that his admiration was all spontaneous, and stood in no relation to the general state of culture and tendency of criticism in Europe. Both in Italy and in France the tide had been running strongly for several generations against the Middle Ages and all their works ; Christian antiquity was deemed Gothic and rude ; and the literary class, clergy and laity alike, fixed its gaze on the art and poetry of the pagan world. Boileau in France was the eloquent exponent of this feeling ; he cared not for Dante, but he bowed to Horace—

And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

His *Art Poétique*, the leading principle of which is, that critical good sense is the most important of poetical qualities, was doubtless well known to Pope. The controversy in which he had been engaged with Perrault, and which had spread to England—Sir William Temple, Dryden, and Swift, taking up the one side, and Wootton, Bentley, and a number of obscure persons, the other—respecting the comparative merits of ancient and modern learning, must have excited a keen interest in the young poet. Dryden himself had written with great force on questions of literary and dramatic criticism ; particularly in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, in which he had critically compared the ancient with the modern stage, and the French drama with the English. The work of Bossu, *Reflections on Epic Poetry*, had been read

with attention beyond the limits of France, and our own Rymer had published in 1694 a translation of Rapin's *Reflections on the Poetics of Aristotle*. John Dennis about the same time, in *The Impartial Critic*, analysed with considerable skill the grounds of Waller's poetic reputation, and compared the exigencies of the Greek and English theatres. Nor were metrical precedents wanting to Pope. In imitation of Boileau, Lord Roscommon had written an *Essay on Translated Verse* (1680), to which we shall see that Pope in the present poem was under considerable obligations, and Sheffield (Earl of Mulgrave and Duke of Buckingham) had written an *Essay on Satire* and an *Essay on Poetry*, both in the heroic couplet; a line from the latter is quoted in the *Essay on Criticism*. Lastly, when we consider Pope's extreme sensitiveness—how truly he said of himself, 'touch me, and no minister so sore'¹—it may seem probable that the circumstance of Dennis having spoken unfavourably of his *Pastorals* in clubs and coffee-houses, was some inducement to him to write a poem which should include a severe castigation of English critics in general, and John Dennis in particular.

Dr. Johnson speaks of the *Essay on Criticism* as 'a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the most mature and longest experience.' Addison noticed

¹ *Imitations of Horace.*

the poem in the *Spectator* (No. 253) a few months after its publication, and declared it to be 'a masterpiece in its kind.' The general opinion of critics and men of sense, in accordance with these earlier testimonies, has always rated the *Essay* very highly. But the latest editor of Pope, Mr. Elwin (to whom every acknowledgment is due for having first given to the world a large number of Pope's letters, and edited the whole collection with care and perspicuity), has formed a very different opinion of its merits. In his eyes it is a mere cento of shallow aphorisms and borrowed precepts, derived by Pope from earlier writers on criticism, both ancient and modern, and strung together without much force, grace, or dexterity. In the enjoyment of this opinion we should prefer to leave him undisturbed, did he not import into his remarks an element of bitter hostility to the memory of Pope, which takes form in a great variety of injurious statements and damaging inferences, tending, not merely to the depreciation of the poet's genius, but to the aspersion of his character. Being persuaded that these statements and inferences are to a large extent unfounded or exaggerated, we propose, in justice to a great name and a transcendent genius, to examine them in some detail.

Mr. Elwin begins at the beginning, and attempts to fasten a charge of mendacity on Pope in connexion with the date ('written in 1709') on the half-title, because he had represented to friends that he had written the *Essay* in 1707, whereas, according to this his published avowal, he had really written it in 1709, and very likely did not write it till 1711, the year in

which it was published. It 'represents,' he says, 'the capacity of Pope at 23.'

Pope told Richardson the painter that the *Essay on Criticism* 'was indeed written 1707, though said 1709 by mistake.' He said to Spence (*Anecdotes*, p. 20), 'I showed Walsh my *Essay on Criticism* in 1706. He died the year after.' Walsh died in 1708; hence Mr. Elwin himself admits that in this passage we ought to read 1707 for 1706. In another place (p. 16) Spence represents him as saying 'My *Essay on Criticism* was written in 1709, and published in 1711.' Here is a discrepancy; how is it to be explained? Mr. Elwin's explanation is simple; it is that Pope lied when he said that the poem was written in 1707, and even was not truthful when he said that it was written in 1709; since he doubtless continued to improve and polish it till it was published, that is, till 1711. But let us see whether there is not another solution of the difficulty. In the first place, it is possible that Spence himself made a blunder, and has not accurately reported what Pope said to him on the second occasion. But, supposing him to have reported accurately, it is not very difficult to believe that different stages of the elaboration of the poem are indicated by the different dates. The poem, as we have it, may have been written in 1709; it certainly could not have been finished before the middle of 1708, because Walsh died in May of that year, and the concluding lines speak of him as dead. The time of his death must have been known to all Pope's friends, or most of them; is it likely then that he would—out of mere vanity, as Mr. Elwin thinks—

have falsely told various persons that the poem was written in 1707, when the lie might so easily have been refuted out of the poem itself? Pope—resembling in this many other writers—not only kept his works a long time by him after they were written, but altered, re-touched, and transformed them in various ways, so long as they remained in MS. Addison wrote the greater part of *Cato* in Italy about 1706, but finished it in 1713. Scott wrote the first portion of *Waverley* about 1805, but finished the work and published it in 1814. Might not either of these writers have truly named either the earlier or the later date, according as the original draft, or the finished work, were uppermost in his thoughts, as the date of composition? Why then should not the same charity of interpretation be extended to Pope? Might he not have projected the poem in 1707, and written a good part of it then, and shown that part to Walsh, but added passages subsequently (among others the lines on Walsh himself), put the whole into shape, and finally printed¹ it in 1709? But, says Mr. Elwin, ‘Pope forgot the confession in the poem, ver. 735-740, that in consequence of having “lost his guide” by the death of Walsh, he was afraid to attempt ambitious themes, and selected the *Essay on Criticism* as a topic suited to “low numbers.”’ He here ‘admits that he did not form the design till after the death of his friend in March 1708.’ This is far

¹ Pope asserts that the *Essay* was printed in 1709, in a note to Letter VI. of the Walsh correspondence, in what he calls ‘the first genuine quarto edition’ of his Letters, published in 1737.

too hasty a conclusion. Pope, when he spoke of 'low numbers' and 'short excursions,' could hardly have been thinking of the *Essay on Criticism*, which is not a short excursion, and is in the heroic couplet, the loftiest and most dignified of English metres. He apparently had in view such poems as his *Epistle to Cromwell*, or his *Imitations of English Poets*, and many other pieces of which we do not know the exact date, which are both short, and in *low*—that is, less dignified metres. Upon some of these he seems to have been engaged in 1709, when he finished the *Essay on Criticism*; and the lines quoted by Mr. Elwin may mean, that since the death of Walsh he no longer attempted such high themes as the *Essay on Criticism*, the first draft of which he had shown to and discussed with his friend, but had sunk to a lower style of work.

'The poem,' says Mr. Elwin, 'represents the capacity of Pope at 23;' he means, that it does *not* represent his capacity at 19, which was his age in 1707. There seems no good reason for supposing that the *Essay* represents Pope's capacity at 23 in any other sense than that in which *Waverley*, which was partly written many years earlier, represents Scott's capacity in 1814. Since the first draft was written, in 1707, doubtless the poem had been greatly improved; but Mr. Elwin shows no sufficient cause for rejecting Pope's assertion, that the substance of the *Essay*, as finally published in 1711, had been really written four years before.

The next point on which Mr. Elwin thinks fit to assail Pope's memory, is his behaviour to Dennis.

These are petty matters ; but it seems desirable to examine Mr. Elwin's charges in detail, in the case of some one poem, after which, we think, the reader will be disposed to distrust in other cases the unfavourable imputations in which he so liberally deals, unless they be otherwise confirmed.

Let it be granted at the outset, that no one, however high a value he set on the genius of Pope, would be so rash as to deny, that his acts were often inconsistent, or passionate, or vindictive. Nor would any one venture to assert that he was eminently veracious and straightforward. Distinct untruths may be proved against him, and his love of mystification, and of coming at results by odd circuitous ways, is notorious. It must also be considered, that when a poet is taxed with having satirized some individual in one of his poems, though under a fictitious name, two reflections may occur to him. One is, that his accuser has *no right* to bring the charge ; since, if he had designed an injurious attack, he might either have introduced the name, or have given the initial and final letters, or, by noticing a variety of 'inseparable accidents' of the individual, have rendered identification certain. The other is, that the satire, though suggested, wholly or chiefly, by one person, is yet applicable to many persons, and that the fictitious name points to, and, so to speak, *prescribes* such wider application. And the poet will hence, perhaps, conclude himself justified in using some degree of mystification, ludification—almost prevarication—in repelling a charge which he thinks ought not to be brought. The difficulty of such positions, as a matter

of casuistry, is well known; nor is any one general principle competent to dispose of them.

With these preliminary remarks let us come to the case of Dennis. John Dennis was a professional critic at the time when Pope's *Pastorals* were published, in 1709. He seems to have criticized them unfavourably, probably in conversation. For it must be, as Mr. Elwin rightly gathers, to some such hostile criticism that Pope referred, when he wrote, many years later—

Soft were my numbers ; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense ?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret,
I never answered,—I was not in debt.

Prol. to the Satires, l. 147.

That this was the provocation which led to Pope's attacking Dennis in the *Essay on Criticism* is exceedingly probable; we are not at all concerned to deny it. Of his thin-skinned sensitiveness we have already spoken. He defended himself from attack with the weapons which nature gave him: 'dente lupus, cornu taurus petit.' A feeble and sickly body prevented him from fighting his own battles in any of the ways then usual; but he could avenge himself by his pen, and he did so. Dennis therefore (who had published not long before a bad tragedy called *Appius and Virginia*) is, we can hardly doubt, intended in the Appius of the following passage:—

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Essay, 1. 584.

The picture in these lines of Dennis's habitual look and gesture is said to have been ludicrously exact. Nevertheless, the adoption of a pseudonym, Pope might urge, deprives any one of the right to say, 'This is meant for Dennis.' In another passage (l. 270), where the initial and final letters of the name are given, so that there was no room for doubting who was meant, Dennis is mentioned rather favourably:—

Once on a time La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage.

But the old critic took the description of the 'tremendous' Appius to himself, and forthwith wrote a pamphlet entitled *Reflections, Critical and Satirical, upon a late Rhapsody called an 'Essay on Criticism.'* hitting about him, of course, as hard as he knew how. No one could blame him for doing so, since he had received provocation; and few would think it worth while to disinter his invectives from the oblivion which covers them, except such as had some special motive for maligning Pope. Mr. Elwin approves and adopts Dennis's passionate sallies. 'I am attacked in a clandestine manner,' cries Dennis. Yes, chimes in Mr. Elwin, the attack *was* clandestine, 'because the *Essay* was anonymous, and his assailant was concealed.' Mr. Elwin is not sufficiently calm,

when Pope is in the case, to weigh particular words, and estimate their exact force ; otherwise he would have seen that neither of these circumstances was enough to render the attack 'clandestine.' That which is done *clam*, clandestinely, is opposed to that which is done *palam*, or openly. But the attack, if it was an attack, was published to all the world ; anyone who chose to buy the book might know of it. It would have been a clandestine attack had Pope left copies of verses reflecting upon Dennis with the latter's friends, at the same time enjoining secrecy upon them. A clandestine attack is one that is concealed from its object. The mere circumstance that the assailant is at the moment unknown, does not make the attack itself clandestine. Paris, when bombarded by the Germans from the plateau of Meudon, was not the object of a *clandestine* attack because the mortars which fired the shells were invisible !

Some remarks which follow in Mr. Elwin's Introduction hardly require a serious answer. Pope, because he declared to Caryll that he meant not to insult Dennis personally, and did not think he had done so, is said to make 'a hasty and ignominious retreat.' We have not space to demolish the edifice of unfriendly deduction which Mr. Elwin builds upon a line written by Pope many years afterwards with reference to Dennis's pamphlet.¹ With singular confidence he proceeds to censure Dr. Johnson for his 'preposterous opinion' in favour of the *Essay*, and to ascribe Joseph Warton's praise of its critical grasp to his 'relish for platitudes.' Such expressions, used of

¹ I never answered,—I was not in debt. *Prol. to Sat.*

men who, relatively to common critics, were intellectual giants, furnish their own comment. Mr. Elwin thinks the subject matter of the *Essay* commonplace, and the treatment not remarkable. ‘A slight acquaintance with books and men is sufficient to teach us that people are partial to their own judgment, that some authors are not qualified to be poets, wits, or critics, and that critics should not launch beyond their depth.’ This may be all that Mr. Elwin can see in the *Essay*, but why should he suppose that the eminent men who saw much more in it were inferior in judgment to himself? Even if this were the sum, baldly stated, of what is found in the poem, Mr. Elwin, if he had understood his author better, might have bethought himself that—

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

It may be granted that the thoughts in the *Essay* are seldom new; how could they be on a theme so hackneyed?—but it is certain that many of them were ‘ne’er so well expressed.’ On a subsequent page we are told that, ‘The phraseology is frequently mean and slovenly, the construction inverted and ungrammatical, the ellipses harsh, the expletives feeble, the metres inharmonious, the rhymes imperfect. Striving to be poetical, Pope fell below bald and slip-shod prose.’ Again,—‘Where the plain portions of the poem are not positively bad, they are seldom of any peculiar excellence.’ To all this we have only to reply, that since the poem has been universally admired by Pope’s countrymen during more than a century and

half, and is at this day as much admired as ever, Mr. Elwin's invectives should be directed rather against the fatuity of the English mind than against the shortcomings of the poet.

A great deal of verbal criticism follows which we shall dismiss very briefly. 'Sense' is used as a rhyme, it seems, ten times, which 'appears almost incredible'; —for our part, considering that the poem is 744 lines long, and that the intellectual faculty which Pope called 'sense' is to a large extent the subject of it, we find nothing incredible in the fact mentioned. But 'wit' is used as a rhyme *twelve* times. Too often certainly; here, we admit, is a slight blemish. But 'wit' is used at random, and in all kinds of senses; it means a witty man, a learned man, the intellect, judgment, and the antithesis to judgment. This, if true, would be a serious fault; but we shall show that Mr. Elwin is either censuring the English language, or that he misunderstands Pope and misrepresents him. That the same word represents a witty person and a faculty of the mind, if an imperfection, is an imperfection with which the English language, not Pope, is chargeable. He found the ambiguous use of the word firmly established, and is not blameable for having so employed it. Again, that a further ambiguity besets the word, that it means intelligence generally, and specially that form of intelligence which rapidly combines separate ideas in virtue of some not obvious resemblance, this also is true; but the ambiguity was sanctioned by the universal usage of the educated class of that day; it is again the English language, not Pope, which is to blame. But that Pope used

‘wit’ in the sense of ‘judgment’ distinctively, is not true. The charge is founded on the following lines :—

Some to whom heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use.

Essay, 1. 80.

It is alleged that in the second line wit means ‘judgment.’ But that this is not the case may easily be proved by reading the word ‘judgment’ after ‘much more,’ the effect of which will be to make nonsense of the whole passage. The double use of wit is not entirely defensible ; but it is certain that in both lines it nearly corresponds to ‘intellectual power’ generally. With a difference, however ; for in the first line that branch of intellectual power is more particularly intended which we usually call *wit* ; in the second, that branch which we call *judgment*. It is evident therefore that Pope does not really confound wit with judgment, as alleged by Mr. Elwin.

Johnson, Addison, Warton, and Hazlitt, all warm admirers of the *Essay*, are against Mr. Elwin ; but he congratulates himself on having found an ally in Mr. De Quincey. That De Quincey, though a man of ability, was unfit for the task of criticizing Pope, a single illustration, borrowed from Mr. Elwin, will suffice to prove. Referring to the well-known lines at the end of Pope’s satirical character of Addison,—

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

De Quincey says that the whole antithesis falls to the ground, because our reason for laughing was, that

we found the strange mixture of qualities previously described in a man of *genius*, and that our reason for weeping is, that the subject of the same qualities is a man of *genius*; which is a kind of tautology. De Quincey must have beclouded his brain with opium when he wrote thus, and Mr. Elwin, without that excuse, adopts and defends the misrepresentation. We are asked to laugh at the sight of a man of *genius* subject to these little inconsistencies and aberrations; but we are invited to change our laughter into mourning, when we reflect that the subject of this strange assemblage of qualities is a man of *virtue* (not *genius*); that it is Atticus—Addison—whose character, noble and elevated though all the world knew it to be, was yet not exempt from these pitiable imperfections. In this way, we imagine, nine out of ten readers instinctively understand the lines, though they may not bring out the reasoning which pervades them into clear consciousness.

Another charge brought against Pope by Mr. Elwin is, that he ungratefully attacked and libelled his old friend and patron, Wycherley, in the following passage :—

What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have ;—

Essay, 1. 604.

Warton says, 'It has been suggested that the lines refer to Wycherley ;' Bowles,—dreadless of the casti-

gation that he was one day to receive from Byron,¹— decides that 'at that period' they could not suit any one else. Mr. Elwin boldly assumes that the lines refer to Wycherley without a shadow of doubt. 'The application,' he says, 'was too obvious for Pope to have ventured on the lines unless he had designed to expose his former ally.' Now it seems to us, that the assumption of an intended application of these lines to Wycherley is utterly gratuitous and unreasonable. A single word, it is hardly too much to say, demolishes the theory. These poets who rhyme on to the last have been before described as 'the *dull* ;'—

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain.

But Wycherley's bitterest enemy would never have called him *dull* ; his audacious style, though full of faults, certainly had not that of dulness. He himself, as Mr. Elwin admits, never supposed that the lines referred to him, and praised the *Essay on Criticism* in a letter to Pope's friend Cromwell. Again, if it was Pope's object to 'expose his former ally,' it is not easy to explain why, in the sumptuous folio edition of his works published only six years afterwards, in 1717, some laudatory lines from Wycherley occupy a prominent place among the friendly testimonials which, according to the custom of those days, form the introduction and credentials to the poems. The satire seems to us too severe to have been intended even for Blackmore, were the supposition otherwise admissible.

¹ In the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

sible.¹ ‘Fulsome dedicators’ (l. 593) are the class of poets indicated to us, and we think of such writers as Sprat, and Stepney, and Samuel Wesley, and perhaps Oldmixon, of some of whom there are *Pindaric Poems* preserved in a volume in the Bodleian Library, in which hollow elegies on Queen Mary are prefaced by fulsome dedications to her husband William.

It seems worth while to probe this question yet more deeply. A careful study of the correspondence between Pope on one side, and Wycherley and Cromwell on the other, may convince any one that Mr. Elwin’s theory (that the lines above quoted refer to Wycherley) is wholly preposterous and untenable. Commencing in 1704, Pope’s correspondence with Wycherley extends to May 1710. In 1704 Wycherley had published a folio volume entitled *Miscellany Poems*: it contained Satires, Madrigals, Songs, &c. This publication certainly did not lay him open to the charge of being a ‘fulsome dedicator,’ like the poets whom Pope was thinking of when he wrote the lines already quoted; the Preface was addressed ‘to his Criticks,’ and the Dedication ‘to Vanity.’ Frequent repetitions, and an inexcusable carelessness of versification (to say nothing of moral blemishes of a far graver kind), disfigured this work. Amazed by the genius of the boy poet to whom his friend Sir William Trumball had introduced him, Wycherley, whose

¹ It is not admissible, because the first of Blackmore’s long-winded epics, which he certainly continued to write ‘ev’n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,’ was first published in 1712, the year after the publication of the *Essay*.

poems had fallen flat, and who was evidently conscious of their many faults, requested Pope, soon after their acquaintance began, to revise some of his compositions. In a letter dated February 1706, he thanks Pope for pruning and revising his 'paper to Mr. Dryden.' In March of the same year he asks Pope to look over 'that d—d *Miscellany of Madrigals*' of his, meaning the volume just mentioned, and see if there were any poems in it that might be altered and reprinted. Pope did as he was requested, and soon after writes back that he has tried his hand on some of the Songs. Other communications pass,—Pope drawing Wycherley's attention to the repetitions, irregularities, &c., which abound in his poems ; and at length, in November 1707, he tells him, that if he will not methodise his poems in good earnest, he had better 'destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, like Rochefoucauld.' There is not the slightest trace of Wycherley's having taken offence at this proposal. Pope's *Pastorals*, the third of which was addressed to Wycherley, were published in 1709, in Tonson's *Miscellany* ; the volume contained also a copy of verses by Wycherley 'to my friend Mr. Pope,' and poetical effusions from a crowd of small versifiers, among whom was Ambrose Philips. Writing to Wycherley in May 1709, Pope says that such collections as Tonson's *Miscellany* have been well described by Strada : 'Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, . . . aut nubit, aut est, aut non est . . . cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, . . . Nænias, Nugas.' This was the class of poets who

were in Pope's thoughts when he wrote of 'fulsome dedicators,' of poets who were at the same time 'dull' and 'vain'; he could not have been thinking of the battered old dramatist who had taken such kindly notice of him, a youth without connections or fortune, and who was neither a dedicator, nor dull, nor vain. Yet, if the *Essay on Criticism* was written not later than 1709, it was at this very time, so Mr. Elwin requires us to believe, that Pope introduced into that poem an outrageous attack on the friend to whom he was dedicating one of his *Pastorals*, and from whom he was receiving a warm and generous eulogy! But Mr. Elwin believes the *Essay* to have been written in 1711; a hypothesis which we shall consider further on.

In the same month (May 1709) Wycherley mentions some hint which, 'like a true friend and a true Christian,' Pope had given him; it seems to have referred to the amendment of his morals, and setting his house in order now that he was come to old age. There is no doubt that Wycherley was a most fit subject for such advice.

From the letters of 1710 we find that Wycherley had again placed a number of his poems in Pope's hands for revision. The substance of a letter dated in April of that year is, 'Slash, cut, maul as freely as you please.' Pope answers in effect, 'I have marked and slashed a great deal; shall I go on?' In Wycherley's answer a slight shade of coolness is perceptible; nothing beyond that. It amounts to, 'What you have done is good; but please for the future mark repetitions only, and in the margin, not in the text.'

Pope replies (May 1710) that he hopes his freedom has not given offence ; he thinks Wycherley had better take the papers back, and at some future time they can examine them together ; he still thinks that most of them would make a better figure as single maxims and reflections in prose.

At this point the correspondence ends. The biographers of Pope speak of a rupture between the two as the result of the younger poet's freedom of speech, and most of them lay the blame on Pope. Bowles says, that Wycherley bore the corrections at first with great temper, but that when Pope at last 'seriously advised him to turn the whole into prose,' the impertinence of the suggestion was too much for Wycherley to bear, and he broke off all intercourse. Carruthers too, usually so fair and accurate, misrepresents this matter ; for he says (*Life*, p. 31, Bohn) that Pope's suggestion to 'destroy the whole frame' and convert poetry into prose, 'brought the farce of poet and critic to an end ;' whereas the correspondence went on, as we have seen, without a check for two years and a half after this suggestion had been made. And so far was Wycherley from resenting this particular suggestion, that he adopted and profited by it. In his *Posthumous Works*, published in 1728, appeared three hundred and eight maxims in prose, after the manner of Rochefoucauld, exactly as Pope had advised ; these maxims are said by Mr. Carruthers to be polished and terse. However, a coolness did undoubtedly ensue on Pope's letter of May 2, 1710 ; but it did not last long, and it seems to have been entirely on Wycherley's side. We obtain an insight

into the nature of the breach, such as it was, from Pope's correspondence with Cromwell. In two letters dated in the summer of 1710, Pope inquires after his old friend with the *emprissement*, as it seems to us, of genuine affection. Before October he had found out that Wycherley was offended with him. He writes to Cromwell on October 12, that there is nothing worth seeking in this world except a friend, 'a happiness I once hoped to have possessed in Mr. Wycherley; but *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*' A fortnight later, having heard more about Wycherley's feelings towards him from Cromwell, at whose house the dramatist was staying, Pope writes that he pardons his jealousy, and 'shall never be his enemy, whatever he says of me.' He speaks with strong regard of his old friend in other parts of this same letter; and although Mr. Elwin may maintain that there is nothing to show that the whole letter is not an artificial production, framed at a later period in order to suggest a certain view of Pope's moral character, it may be urged against him that there is nothing to show that it is so; and that in unbiassed ears the expressions used sound like the genuine accents of nature.

In the following month Pope writes to Cromwell that he is 'heartily sorry for poor Mr. Wycherley's illness,' and is disposed partly to attribute to this cause 'his chagrin' at the unceremonious way in which his verses had been treated. A year passes over; the *Essay on Criticism* appears in print, containing these lines, the application of which to Wycherley Mr. Elwin thinks 'obvious; and now the reconciliation takes place. Cromwell writes to Pope (October 26, 1711),

that Wycherley, while with him at the Bath, ‘hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, presently writ to you,’ and afterwards sent a second letter. He goes on to mention several kind and affectionate expressions which Wycherley had used about Pope and the newly published *Essay*, the last of which is, —‘We dined and drank together ; and I saying *To our loves*, he replied, *It is Mr. Pope's health.*’ Intimacy seems to have been at once re-established ; Pope visited him twice in his last illness ; and sent an account of that, and of Wycherley's strange marriage just before, to his correspondent Edward Blount.

The impression that we desire to create, that it was not morally possible that Pope should have intended the harsh lines for Wycherley, cannot perhaps be fully produced except after the perusal of all the correspondence bearing on the relations between the two men in connection with a careful study of the entire context in which the lines occur. Yet of the extreme *improbability* of the charge, enough, we think, has been said to make our readers sensible.

We have now done with Mr. Elwin ; for though there are severe remarks about Pope by the score in the Introduction and notes to this poem, which we have not noticed, our limits oblige us to be content with having put the reader in a position to judge for himself of the temper and fairness with which this editor approaches (and will, it is to be feared, approach in volumes yet to appear) the acts and words of our poet. *Why* Mr. Elwin ever undertook to edit a poet who is the object of his implacable aversion, we ask ourselves with unfailing astonishment and perplexity.

But, whatever the answer may be, he will some day learn that it is not granted to him or to any man to undermine the legitimate claim which Pope long ago established to the admiration of his countrymen. He thought to dam up by petty cavils the full stream of the poet's fame,—

At ille

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

After the *Essay on Criticism*, Pope published the *Rape of the Lock* in 1714, and the first four books of his translation of Homer in 1715. The rest of the translation, including that of the *Odyssey*, appeared at intervals in the course of the next ten years. In 1717 he published his collected poems in a handsome folio volume, containing, besides those already mentioned (except the Homer), the *Messiah*, *Windsor Forest*, the *Temple of Fame*, *Eloisa to Abelard*, the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, some translations from Chaucer, Statius, &c., and a number of shorter pieces. For some years after this he produced little original poetry. In 1725 appeared his edition of Shakspeare, which he had undertaken at the instigation of the booksellers. Although the Preface was marked by great ability, and some happy emendations were introduced into the text, the edition, for preparing which Pope had neither the necessary learning, nor, perhaps, enough dramatic feeling, was not successful. His treatment of the text was attacked by Lewis Theobald, himself the author of several forgotten plays and translations, in a pamphlet published in 1726, entitled *Shakspeare Restored, or a Specimen of the many*

Errors committed as well as unamended by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this poet. This led to the first draught of the *Dunciad*, of which more hereafter. The *Essay on Man*, a system of philosophy in verse, in four epistles, was published between 1732 and 1734.

MORAL ESSAYS.

We are thus brought to the *Moral Essays*, the second of the three works contained in the present volume. Bishop Warburton, in his general edition of the Works of Pope, published in 1751, gives the following account of them. Pope, he says, originally designed that his *Essay on Man* should form a part of a more extensive work in four books. The *Essay* itself, divided into four epistles, was to be taken as Book I. Book II., taking up the leading ideas of the first and second epistles of Book I., was to treat of the Human Mind and Intellectual Culture; Book III., resuming the consideration of the subject sketched out in Epistle 3, would treat of civil regimen and forms of Government; lastly, Book IV., expanding the thoughts of Epistle 4, would deal with private ethics or practical morality. The four *Moral Essays*, he continues, are but detached pieces, which, had this great plan been completed, would have found their proper places in Book IV.

The *Moral Essays* were first arranged by Pope in the order in which they now stand in an edition of his poems published in 1743. They appeared at intervals; the first, published in 1731, was that which

now stands last, an *Epistle on Taste*, addressed to Lord Burlington. Next year followed the Essay *Of the Use of Riches*, addressed to his intimate friend Lord Bathurst. The epistle *Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men*, addressed to Lord Cobham, which now stands the first, appeared in 1733; and was followed in 1735 by an epistle *Of the Characters of Women (Moral Essay II.)*, addressed to a Lady.

The text of the *Moral Essays*, as fixed by the edition of 1743, does not vary much from that which they had when first published; the chief difference being in Epistle 2, the original issue of which did not contain the characters of Atossa and Chloe.

THE DUNCIAD.

Dean Swift, to whose warm canvassing, and recommendations that would take no denial, Pope had been indebted for the extraordinary sale of his *Homer* in 1715, a sale which had made him thenceforward independent of the world,—stayed with Pope at Twickenham in 1726 and 1727. They two, with Dr. Arbuthnot, planned the publication of *Miscellanies* in prose, two volumes of which appeared in 1727. Among these was printed *Martinus Scriblerus ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry*. A number of insignificant poets, whose names were, or seemed to be, indicated by initial letters, were cited as exemplifying this great and noble Art. A shower of pamphlets, satires, lampoons, &c., from

the aggrieved individuals was the natural consequence. We will let Pope describe what followed in his own words.¹

‘This’ (viz. the scurrility of his assailants) ‘gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in such an unlawful occupation. This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*: and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.’

Pope proceeds to speak of the presentation of the book to the King and Queen in 1729, as if it had been then first published with his sanction. Afterwards in this paper, and on many other occasions, he talked of ‘false’ and ‘surreptitious’ editions incorrectly printed, of which he disclaimed the responsibility. All this was mystification and finesse. It plainly appears from the correspondence between Pope and Swift that the ‘surreptitious’ editions were launched by the author no less than those which were avowed. A short

¹ Dedication to Lord Middlesex, quoted by Johnson in his Life of Pope.

examination of the letters bearing upon the point will make this clear.

In the autumn of 1727 Pope writes to Swift¹ that his 'poem' (he gives it no name) will show what a distinguished age they are living in. 'Your name is in it,' he says, and presently quotes the lines:—

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

'These two verses,' he proceeds, 'are over and above what I have said of you in the poem.' Thus it appears that in the earliest draught of the poem of which we know anything, there was a kind of dedication or inscription to Swift, just as we find it now. But in the earliest edition, that printed at Dublin² in 1728, no such inscription occurs. Does not this seem something like a proof that the edition was unauthorized and imperfect? If we proceed with our examination of the letters, we shall find the whole thing explained. In the spring of 1728 Pope wrote³ to Swift that his *Dulness* (the name by which the poem had been mentioned in several previous letters) was in future to be called by a more pompous name, the *Dunciad*. Swift answers (May 10), 'You talk of this *Dunciad*, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*.' He writes again (June 1, 1728), 'The Doctor'

¹ October 23rd, 1727.

² The title-page has 'Dublin, Printed, London reprinted for A. Dodd. 1728.' I am inclined to believe, however, that this edition was secretly printed in London, not in Dublin. The name A. Dodd seems to be fictitious.

³ March 23, 1728.

[Dr. Delany, who had just come from England, where he had seen Pope] 'told me your secret about the *Dunciad*, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point.' Swift's 'vanity' could be gratified in no other way through the appearance of the *Dunciad* than by the publication in it of the inscription to himself, which, as we have already seen, the poem contained. But now the gratification of his vanity is to be 'deferred ;' that is to say, Pope, whose plans for mystifying and bewildering the public were, by this time, matured in his head, had determined to suppress the inscription to Swift, besides other passages doubtless, in the first edition published, that he might afterwards restore them in an edition which was to be heralded to the world as correct and authoritative, furnished with notes, prolegomena, and a whole array of concomitant learned disquisitions, whereas the previous edition, or editions, were to be branded as 'imperfect,' 'surreptitious,' 'unauthorized,' and so on. Accordingly, as already mentioned, the inscription to Swift does not occur either in the first or the second edition ;¹ but appears in the edition² entitled *The Dunciad Variorum, with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus*, printed for A. Dod, 1729. The notes in this edition were not all by Pope himself ; many were contributed by his friends. He desires Swift³ to read over the text and make a few in any way he likes best ; 'whether dry raillyery, upon

¹ Marked respectively A and A' in the list of editions of the *Dunciad* given in the Appendix.

² B, in the same list.

³ Letter of June 28, 1728.

the style and way of commenting of trivial critics ; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem ; or historical, of persons, places, times ; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients.' Whether Swift complied with this request is unknown ; but from the tone of his letters at and after this time, one might infer that his deafness and giddiness had now increased to such a degree as to incapacitate him for the task. In his reply¹ to the last quoted letter of Pope, the Dean enters *con amore* into the fun of the wholesale mystification proposed. 'I would be glad to know,' he says, 'whether the quarto [authorized] edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c., and among many complaints of spurious editions'?

We have seen how Pope chose to account in a formal way for the appearance of the *Dunciad* ; another, and a less premeditated account, taken from one of the letters² to Swift before quoted, will be found interesting. 'As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels ; which I cannot but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects :—

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii ;
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

¹ July 26, 1728.

² March 23, 1728.

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom.'

The *Dunciad* is, in form, a mock-heroic poem, and its subject is the adventures of its Hero, including his coronation by the Goddess of Dulness, his presiding over the solemn Games instituted on that occasion, and his Descent to the Shades. These are the subjects of the first three books respectively, and here, in all editions prior to 1742, the poem stopped. The hero was Theobald, a book-collector and bookworm, whose criticisms on Pope's edition of Shakspeare had, as we have already stated, offended the poet. The fourth Book—in which the Goddess of Dulness holds a sort of court at which she receives her numerous votaries, gives them useful counsel, and finally, with a yawn of preternatural power, ushers in the reign of soporific stupor, darkness, and chaos throughout the bounds of Nature—was written at the instigation of Warburton, and first published in 1742. There is no internal connexion, or only one of the slightest and flimsiest character, between this book and the other three; and there is much to be said in favour of Warton's opinion, that, however brilliant may be the passages and single lines which may be picked out of it, its annexation to the poem by no means improves it as a work of art. The celebrated closing passage, it should be remarked, which now concludes Book IV., stood originally at the end of Book III. The mock-heroic form is almost abandoned in the last book,

which is little else than pure satire, partly on classes, but far more on individuals.

Colley Cibber, who had succeeded Eusden as poet laureate in 1730, was satirized in Books I. and III. of the early editions of the *Dunciad*. He replied, but with considerable moderation, in the *Apology for his Life*, published in 1740. Again Pope caused him to figure in the fourth Book of the *Dunciad*, when the Goddess of Dulness is introduced with Cibber on her lap :—

Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.

Cibber was nettled by the persistency of these attacks, and retaliated in a pamphlet called *A Letter to Mr. Pope, inquiring into the Motives that might induce him in his Satirical Works to be so frequently fond of Mr. Cibber's name*. In this he accounts for Pope's hostility to him by a long story, the upshot of which is, that in acting the *Rehearsal* some years before, he had turned the laughter of the public upon some ludicrous stage artifices introduced in a play¹ of which Pope was in part the author. This pamphlet provoked the ire of the poet to an extraordinary degree, and he resolved to depose Theobald from his place as hero of the *Dunciad*, and install Cibber there. The process of transformation may be exactly traced by any one who will take the trouble to study the various readings of the earliest edition, collated with that of 1743, in which Cibber first figured as hero, which we have given in the Appendix. It has been

¹ *Three Hours after Marriage*.

truly said by the commentators that the substitution was not a happy thought; since Theobald, a plodding student, with a strong turn for bibliography and a taste for textual criticism, could more suitably be represented as the chosen favourite of Dulness than the gay, mercurial Cibber, who, whatever his short comings might be, could not be taxed with want of liveliness and versatility. Yet on the other hand, laxity of principle, luxury, and selfish frivolity, do in the end inaugurate the reign of Dulness—whether for the individual whose old age, through these, is cheerless and unhonoured, or for the nation that chooses ignoble paths—more inevitably than the profitless but harmless industry of the bookworm or the antiquary.

The altered *Dunciad* appeared in 1743. Cibber, on finding himself so severely handled, wrote another pamphlet, which stung Pope to the quick, though he pretended to his friends that 'these things were his diversion.' But his vital powers were now declining, and henceforward 'he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revisal and correction of his former works.'¹ Pope died on May 30, 1744, a few days after his fifty-sixth birthday.

In the Appendix will be found, besides a list of various readings resulting from the collation of the first editions of the *Essay on Criticism* and the *Dunciad* with the standard text, much matter illustrative of

¹ Dr. Johnson.

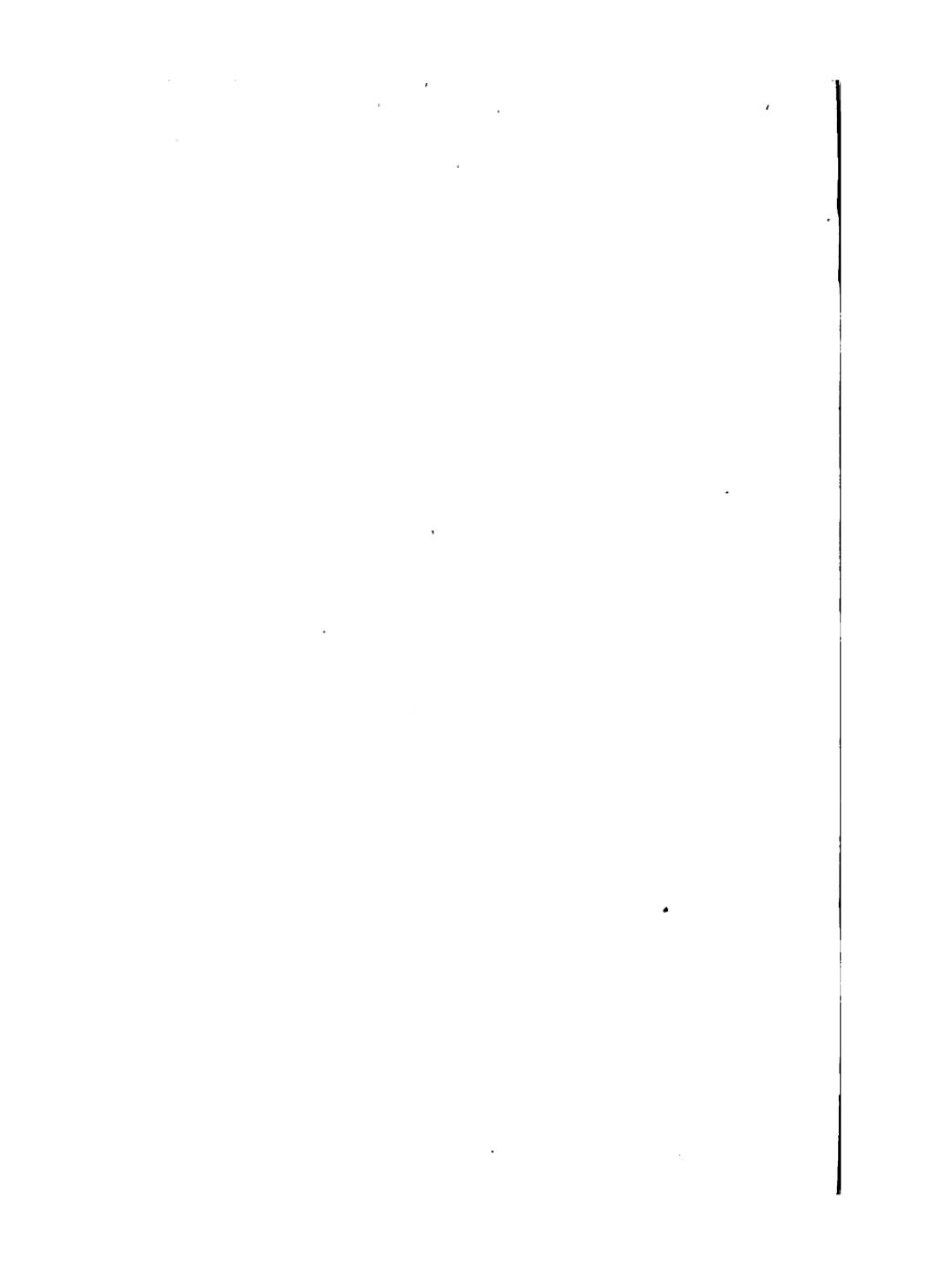
the tangled history of the latter poem, with its 'pomp of prefaces' and mystifying *apparatus* of all kinds.

In preparing the Notes, I have been indebted for much assistance and many valuable suggestions to Mr. Hales and Mr. Jerram, the Editors of this series. I have also occasionally adopted, but never, I think, without acknowledgment, notes from the excellent and useful *Globe* edition of Pope's Poetry, published under the care of Prof. Ward, of Owens College.

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* It need scarcely be said that these headings to the books of the 'Dunciad' are not found in the original editions; they are added for the sake of distinction, and greater convenience of reference.



AN

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I. Introduction—That it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public—That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius—That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education—The multitude of critics, and causes of them—That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it—Nature the best guide of judgment—Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized Nature—Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets—That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil—Of licenses, and the use of them by the ancients—Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them.

PART II. Causes hindering a true judgment—1. Pride—2. Imperfect learning—3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole—critics in wit, language, versification, only—4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire—5. Partiality—too much love to a sect—to the ancients or moderns—6. Prejudice or prevention—7. Singularity—8. Inconstancy—9. Party spirit—10. Envy—Against envy, and in praise of good-nature—When severity is chiefly to be used by critics, ver. 526, &c.

PART III. Rules for the conduct of manners in a critic—Candour—Modesty—Good-breeding—Sincerity and freedom of advice—When one's counsel is to be restrained—Character of an

incorrigible poet—And of an impertinent critic—Character of a good critic—The history of Criticism, and characters of the best critics ; Aristotle ; Horace ; Dionysius ; Petronius ; Quintilian ; Longinus—Of the decay of Criticism, and its revival—Erasmus —Vida—Boileau—Lord Roscommon, &c.—Conclusion.

I.

'TIS hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense :
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind : 20
Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right :
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill colouring but the more disgraced, }
So by false learning is good sense defaced :
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools :

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite. 30
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets passed ;
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle, 40
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal ;
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains,
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails ;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit ;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit : 60

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confined to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more :
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same ;
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides :
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole ;
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more to turn it to its use ;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed,
 Restraine his fury than provoke his speed :
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old, discover'd, not devised,
 Are nature still, but nature methodized :
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd. 90

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress and when indulge our flights :
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ;
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved :
But following wits from that intention stray'd ;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey ;
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made ;
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would
steer, 120
Know well each Ancient's proper character ;
His fable, subject, scope in every page ;
Religion, country, genius of his age :
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night ;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse ;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,

Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
 But when t' examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
 Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy Nature is to copy them.

140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry ; in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach, }
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky license answer to the full
 Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.

Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.

In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise, }
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. 160
 But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns, beware ! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end ;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need ;
 And have at least their precedent to plead ;

The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults. 170

Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring !
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring !

In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.

Hail, bards triumphant ! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise ! 190

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !

O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glowes while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own ! 200

II.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever nature has in worth denied,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride :
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind :
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense : 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself ; but your defects to know,
 Make use of every friend,—and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky !
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ; 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome ;)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes ; 250
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear ;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit ; 260
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part :
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ; 270
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice ;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 'What ! leave the combat out ?' exclaims the knight.
 'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.' 280
 'Not so, by Heaven !' (he answers in a rage),
 'Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage.'
 'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'
 'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'
 Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
 Form short ideas, and offend in arts
 (As most in manners), by a love to parts.
 Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ; 290
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit :
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress :
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent ;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay ;
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ; }
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense ;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display }
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ; } 330
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new or old :

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong :
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair, }
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,' 350
In the next line, it 'whispers through the trees ;'
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep ;'
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
And praise the easy vigour of a line 360
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, 370
The line too labours, and the words move slow :
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
While at each change the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence ;
That always shows great pride or little sense :
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ; 390
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
The ancients only, or the inoderns prize. .
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;

Though each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days.
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
 They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors' names, not works ; and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality ;
 A constant critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be
 In some starved hackney sonneteer or me !
 But let a lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through imitation err ;
 As oft the learn'd by being singular ;
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night, 430
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abused ;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still they say ;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ; 440
Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder, modes in wit should take their turn ?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit ;
And authors think their reputation safe, 450
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux :
But sense survived when merry jests were past ; 460
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true ;
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays, 470
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;

But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost who stays till all command.
Short is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years :
Now length of fame (our second' life) is lost,

And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast :
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand ;

When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,

And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings :
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,

But soon the short-lived vanity is lost ;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.

What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,

And still the more we give, the more required ;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;

480

490

500

'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe !
Of old those met rewards who could excel, 510
And such were praised who but endeavour'd well :
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools ;
But still the worst with most regret command,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise !
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join ;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase .
When love was all an easy monarch's care ;
Seldom at council, never in a war ;
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit ;

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away ;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there !
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice :
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

III.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join ;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine ;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence ;
Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so ;

But you with pleasure own your errors past, 570
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is disapproved ;
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complaisance ne'er betray your trust, 580
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull :
Such, without wit, are poets when they please, 590
As, without learning, they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators ;
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain ;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write ?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep, 600
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.

What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true 610

There are as mad abandon'd critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy ;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend ; 620

Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend ?

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard :

Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead ;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes ; }
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,

And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, restless, with a thundering tide. 630

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know ?

Unbiass'd or by favour or by spite,

Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;

Though learn'd, well-bred, and though well-bred, sincere :
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe ;

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?

Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined,
A knowledge both of books and human kind ; 640
Generous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were critics ; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense ;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire ;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line !
Fancy and art in gay Pétronus please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious works we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd. 670
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace ;

But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire :
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

680

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd :
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;
From the same foes at last both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind ;
Much was believed, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good :
A second deluge learning thus o'errun :
And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

690

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
(The glory of the priesthood and the shame !)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays ;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head. 700
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive ;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung :
Immortal Vida ! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow ;

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ; 710

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic learning flourish'd most in France ;

The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilized ;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
'Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.'

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood ;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.

Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend ; 730
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.

This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive ;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give :
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries ;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew : 740

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
Averse alike to flatter or offend ;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

MORAL ESSAYS.¹



EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

Argument.

- i. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract ; books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly—General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional—Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself—Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c.—The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by—Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves—Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent—The same man utterly different in different places and seasons—Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest—Nothing constant and certain but God and nature—No judging of the motives from the actions ; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions—2. Yet to form

¹ See Introduction, p. xxix.

characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy—Characters given according to the rank of men of the world; and some reason for it—Education alters the nature, or at least the character, of many—Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change—No judging by nature—3. It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions—Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio—A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind—Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

YES, you despise the man to books confined,
 Who from his study rails at humankind;
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
 That from his cage cries [blockhead, slut,] and knave,
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much. 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
 To written wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guess.
 There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.
 Shall only man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.
 That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less; 20
 Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
 And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds ?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man :
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. 30

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown ;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay ;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. 40
Oft, in the passions' wide rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought ;
Something as dim to our internal view
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do. 50

True, some are open, and to all men known ;
Others so very close, they're hid from none ;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight ;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
 All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
 When universal homage Umbra pays,
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ;
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The dull flat falsehood serves for policy ;
 And, in the cunning, truth itself's a lie :
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise :
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man in vigour, in the gout,
 Alone, in company, in place, or out ;
 Early at business, and at hazard late ;
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate ;
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ;
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall !

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A rogue with venison to a saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head ? all interests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd !
 He thanks you not ; his pride is in piquet,
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Charron)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
 A perjured prince, a leaden saint revere,
 A godless regent tremble at a star ? 90

The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and duped through wit ?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard, rule ;
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, God and nature only are the same :
In man the judgment shoots at flying game ;
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found ;
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*, 100
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
Behold ! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man : we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind ; 110
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
Not therefore humble, he who seeks retreat ;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave :
He dreads a deathbed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can : 120
The few that glare each character must mark ;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree ?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?

Must then at once (the character to save)
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but changed his mind ;
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
 Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
 But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
 This action conduct, that heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn.
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn :
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
 A gownman learn'd ; a bishop what you will ;
 Wise if a minister ; but if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything.
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate. 140
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his power,
 And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave. 150
 Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of power ; }
 A quaker ?—sly : a presbyterian ?—sour : }
 A smart free-thinker ?—all things in an hour.
 Ask men's opinion : Scoto now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well :
 Strike off his pension ; by the setting sun,
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?
Some god or spirit he has lately found,
Or chanced to meet a minister that frown'd.

160

Judge we by nature ?—habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :
By actions ?—those uncertainty divides :
By passions ?—these dissimulation hides :
Opinions ?—they still take a wider range :
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes, 170
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the Ruling Passion : there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise, 180
Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt ;
His passion still, to covet general praise ; 190
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways :
A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;

A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for thought, for action too refined ;
 A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great !
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ? 200
 'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain ;
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,
 If second qualities for first they take.
 Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in business to the last ;
 As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
 As sober Lanesborough dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace 220
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unbliss'd.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
 The doctor, call'd, declares all help too late.
 'Mercy !' cries Helluo, 'mercy on my soul !
 Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl.'

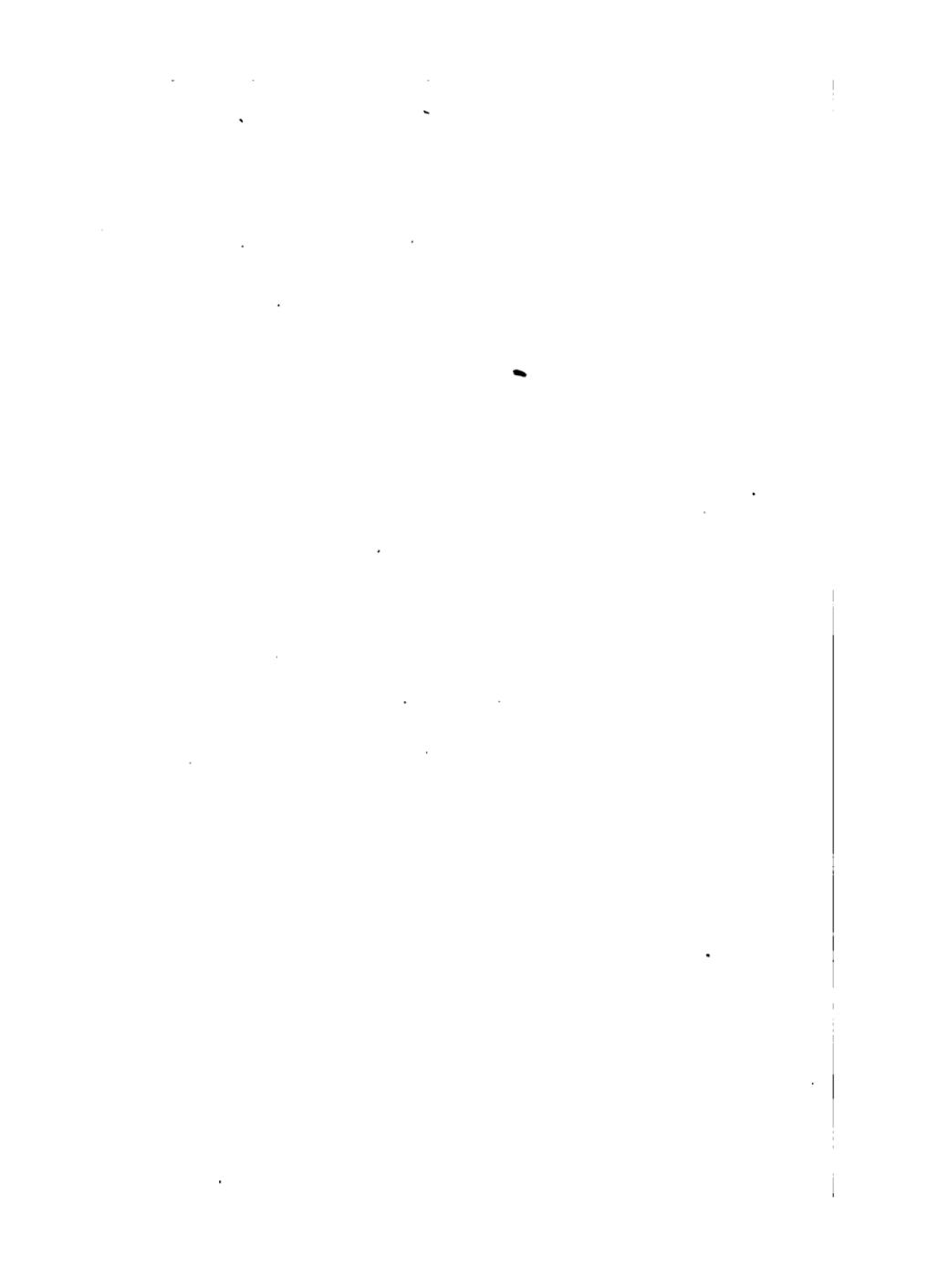
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires, 230
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

‘Odious! in woollen! ‘twould a saint provoke,’
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke),
‘No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all humankind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir:
‘If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?’ 241

‘I give and I devise,’ (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) ‘my lands and tenements to Ned.’
‘Your money, sir?’—‘My money, sir! what, all?
Why—if I must?’—(then wept)—‘I give it Paul.’
‘The manor, sir?’—‘The manor! hold,’ he cried,
‘Not that—I cannot part with that’—and died.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past, 250
‘O save my country, Heaven!’ shall be your last.



EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

Argument.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves—Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as 1. In the affected—2. In the soft-natured—3. In the cunning and artful—4. In the whimsical—5. In the lewd and vicious—6. In the witty and refined—7. In the stupid and simple—The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform—This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity—What are the aims and the fate of this sex: 1. As to power—2. As to pleasure—Advice for their true interest—The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 ' Most women have no characters at all :'
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true !

Arcadia's countess here, in ermined pride ;
 Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side :
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a swan.

10

Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye ;
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine ;
 Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;
 Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the park,
 Attracts each light grey meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock ;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening masque :
 So morning insects, that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her, Calista proved her conduct nice,
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden she storms ! she raves ! you tip the wink ;
 But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose ;
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—‘ How charming is a park ! ’
 A park is purchased ; but the fair he sees
 All bathed in tears—‘ Oh, odious, odious trees ! ’ 40

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show ;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe :
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd ;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes ;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise :
Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had ;
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child ;
Has e'en been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare ;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare goodnature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres :
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns ;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at the heart.

Flavia's a wit ; has too much sense to pray
To toast our wants and wishes is her way ; 70
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing 'while we live, to live.'
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.

Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refined to please,
 With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
 With too much thinking to have common thought ; 80
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate ;
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate :
 Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of friends :
 Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion or a prayer :
 Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, 'Ah ! how charming if there's no such place ! ' 90
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears ;
 The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
 Woman and fool are two hard things to hit ;
 For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !
 Who with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth ; 100
 Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
 Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade ;
 The wisest fool much time has ever made :
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratified except her rage :

So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit. 110
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors ?—death ! and equals ?—what a curse ;
But an inferior not dependent ?—worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live ; 120
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that's good and great ;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers ! without one distress,
Sick of herself through very selfishness !
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir : 130
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.
 Pictures like these, dear Madam ! to design,
Asks no firm hand and no unerring line ;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke, alone can hit them right :
For how should equal colours do the knack ?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?
 ' Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.'—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot. 140.
 ' With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want ? '—She wants a heart.

She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
 But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
 So very reasonable, so unmoved,
 As never yet to love, or to be loved.
 She, when she sees her friend in deep despair,
 Observes, how much a chintz exceeds mohair. 150
 Forbid it, heaven ! a favour or a debt
 She e'er should cancel !—but she may forget.
 Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear ;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
 Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 16c

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen ;
 The same for ever ! and described by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, artists ! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That robe of quality so struts and swells,
 None see what parts of nature it conceals : 170
 Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If Queensberry to sit there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
 To draw the man who loves his God or king.

Alas ! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet or plain parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown ;
A woman's seen in private life alone : 180

Our bolder talents in full light display'd ;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.

Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find ;
In women two almost divide the kind ;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway. 190

That nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience this : by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake :
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Power all their end, but beauty all the means. 200
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great !
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone ;
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 210

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost :
 At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
 It grows their age's prudence to pretend :
 Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
 Reduced to feign it, when they give no more.
 As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
 So these their merry miserable night ;
 Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour died.

220

See how the world its veterans rewards !
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
 Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
 Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
 To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine ! 230
 That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
 Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
 So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
 All mild ascends the moon's more sober light ;
 Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
 And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

O ! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day :
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
 Charms by accepting, by submitting, sways,
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;

240

Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or smallpox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest ;
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools ;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new :
Shakes all together, and produces—you !

Be this a woman's fame ; with this unbliss'd,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)

When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,

Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion—The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind—That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries—That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose—Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men—That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions—How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable—How a prodigal does the same—The due medium and true use of riches—The Man of Ross—The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death—The story of Sir Balaam.

P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely heaven and I are of a mind)
Opine that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground :
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
Then careful heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

10

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has passed,
We find our tenets just the same at last :
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of heaven, or token of th' elect ;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

20

B. What nature wants, commodious gold
bestows ;

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows observe ;
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve :
What nature wants, (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend.

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend. 30

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
'Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !

40

Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore ;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow ;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh ! that such bulky bribes as all might see
Still, as of old, encumber'd villainy ! 50
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies or with all their wines ?
What could they more than knights and squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round ?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil !
'Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil ;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door ;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'

Poor avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could profusion squander all in kind : 60
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet ;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom, with a wig so wild and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ?
His Grace will gain : to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head :
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames. 70
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six dames, and make his lady weep ?
Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine ?

Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade,—quadrille !
 Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
 What say you ?

B. Say ? Why, take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us let us then inquire :
 Meat, fire, and clothes.

B. What more ?

P. Meat, clothes, and fire.

Is this too little ? would you more than live ?

Alas ! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas ! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last !

What can they give ? To dying Hopkins heirs ?

To Chartres vigour ? Japhet nose and ears ?

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)

Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend ;

Or find some doctor that would save the life

Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.

But thousands die without or this or that,

Die, and endow a college or a cat.

To some indeed Heaven grants the happier fate

T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part ?

Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule

That every man in want is knave or fool.

'God cannot love,' (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

'The wretch he starves'—and piously denies :

But the good bishop, with a meeker air,

Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,

Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides

The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.

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B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me. 110

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found ;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made directors cheat in South-sea year ?
To live on venison, when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys ?
Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum ?
Alas ! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold. 120
Glorious ambition ! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls ! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much-injured Blunt, why bears he Britain's hate ?
A wizard told him in these words our fate : 130
'At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withheld)
Shall deluge all ; and avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist and blot the sun :
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown :
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms !' 140

'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener ! fired thy brain,
 Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain :
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
 Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

' All this is madness,' cries a sober sage :—
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?
 The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 The ruling passion conquers reason still. 150
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
 Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim ;
 For though such motives folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth :—'Tis heaven each passion sends,
 And different men directs to different ends.
 Extremes in nature equal good produce ;
 Extremes in man concur to general use.'
 Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?
 That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow, 160
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
 Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain ;
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
 This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
 The next, a fountain spouting through his heir, 170
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
 Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

What though, (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot ?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought, and salads, bless'd his board ?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than brahmins, saints, and sages did before : 180
To cram the rich was prodigal expense ;
And who would take the poor from Providence ?
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round ;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way ;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door ; 190
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son ; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right :
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed !)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious squire and deep divine ! 200
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws ;
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis George and liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet :
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands ;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope. 210
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils ?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause :
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude ;
 To balance fortune by a just expense,
 Join with economy magnificence ; 220
 With splendour, charity, with plenty, health ;
 O teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad goodnature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want, well weigh'd, be bounty given,
 And ease or emulate the care of heaven :
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race);
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused,
 As poison heals in just proportion used : 230
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
 But well dispersed is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
 Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ?
 Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
 Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player ?
 Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ? 240
 Where'er he shines, O Fortune ! gild the scene,
 And angels guard him in the golden mean !

There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross ?
Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross :
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ? 250
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread : 260
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more :
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race. 270

B. Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do !
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year !

Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze ;

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what ? no monument, inscription, stone ?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown ? 280

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name :

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history ;

Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end ;

Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands ; 290

That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,

On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,

The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red, 300

Great Villiers lies—alas ! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;

Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.

No wit to flatter left of all his store !

No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,

And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends ! 310

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advised him, 'Live like me.'
As well his Grace replied, 'Like you, Sir John?
That I can do when all I have is gone !'
Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse ?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler ! was confess'd ;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd ?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want ; he could not build a wall. 320
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want ; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd ;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend ?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel,—the want of what he had !
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
'Virtue ! and wealth ! what are ye but a name !' 330

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared ?
Or are they both in this their own reward ?
A knotty point ! to which we now proceed.
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale—

B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name ;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
His word would pass for more than he was worth. 340
One solid dish his weekday meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's :
Constant at church and 'Change ; his gains were sure ;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old ;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ; 350
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word ;
And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.

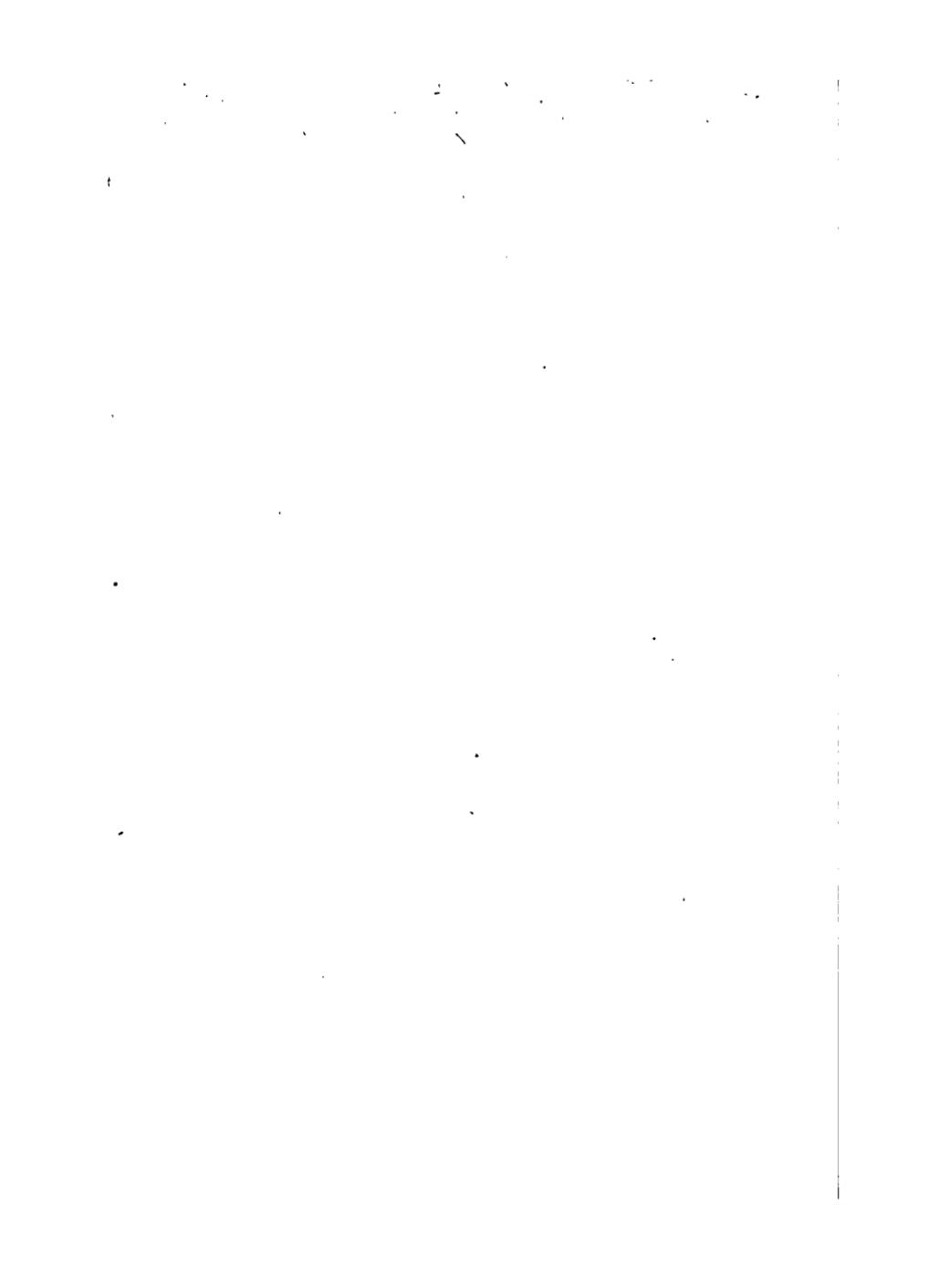
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away :
He pledged it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit. 360
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought :
'I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice.'

The tempter saw his time ; the work he plied ;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul. 370

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he call'd a blessing now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn :
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn :
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died. 380

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite ;
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France :
The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own ;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown : 390
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.



EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality—The abuse of the word Taste. That the first principle and foundation, in this as in everything else, is Good Sense—The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance—Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it—How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous—A description of the false taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole, and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently—A word or two of false taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments—Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and

laborious part of mankind—What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men—And, finally, the great and public works which become a Prince.

'TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
 Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
 His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
 Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :
 He buys for Topham drawings and designs ;
 For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
 Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane. 10

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
 Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?
 Some demon whisper'd, ' Visto ! have a taste.'
 Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
 And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
 See ! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :
 A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
 That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence ! 20

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of use .
 Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
 Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make ;
 Load some vain church with old theatic state ;
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate ;
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall ; 30

Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front ;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door :
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear :
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense ; 40
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven ;
A light which in yourself you must perceive ;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot ;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare ; 50
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all ;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall ;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale :
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ; 60
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines ;
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul ;
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,

Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance :
 Nature shall join you ; time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls,
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls : 70
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo ! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake :
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet,
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of light : 80
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more :
 Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus
 stray'd,
 Or sat delighted in the thickening shade,
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet ; 90
 His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves ;
 One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of yews ;
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day ;
 Where all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away !'

So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there. 100

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down :
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect shivering at a breeze !

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.

Two Cupids squirt before ; a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind. 110

His gardens next your admiration call ;
On every side you look, behold the wall !

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;

With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summerhouse that knows no shade ; 120

Here Amphitrité sails through myrtle bowers,
There gladiators fight or die in flowers ;

Unwater'd, see the drooping seahorse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen :

But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat ;

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged your thighs,
Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes. 130

His study ! with what authors is it stored ?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;

To all their dated backs he turns you round :
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound !
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
 For all his lordship knows,—but they are wood !
 For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look ;
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the pride of prayer : 140
 Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
 On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
 And bring all paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall : 150
 The rich buffet well colour'd serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?
 No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb.
 A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state ;
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
 Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King. 160
 In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;
 I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed ;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears : what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

170

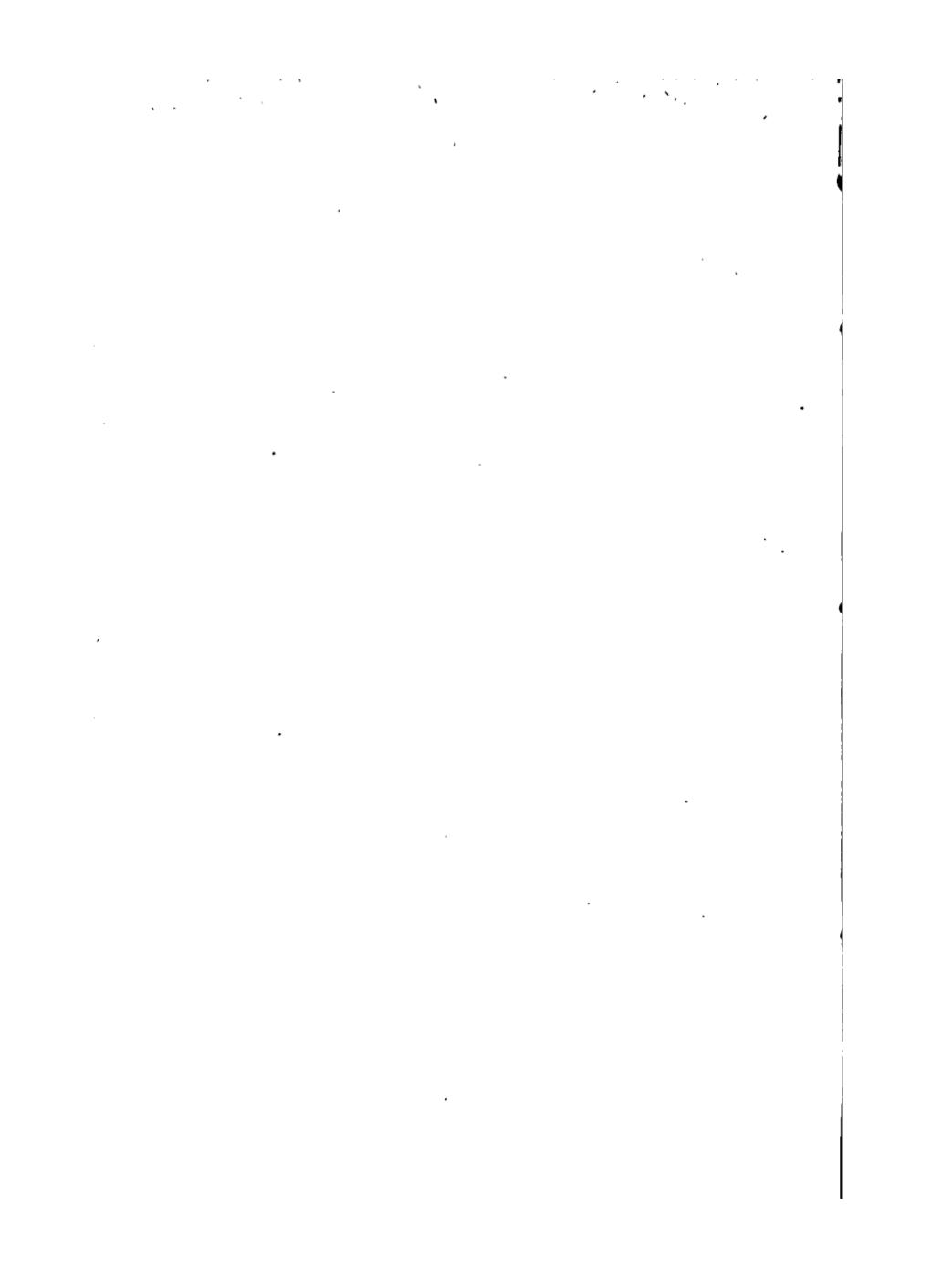
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre ;
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil ?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyel.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase ;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil ;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow :
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You, too, proceed ! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main,
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land :
These honours peace to happy Britain brings ;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

200



THE DUNCIAD.¹

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

THE HERO.

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription—Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof—The College of the Goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues—Then the poet hastens into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come—She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem—He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire—After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings—As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule—She forthwith

¹ See Introduction.

reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries ; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
 I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great !
 Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate ;
 You by whose care, in vain decried and curst,
 Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first ;
 Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
 And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of chaos and eternal night :
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave ;
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver !
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind ;
 From thy Bœotia though her power retires,
 Mourn not my Swift ! at aught our realm acquires.
 Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread,
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down, 30

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand ;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry :
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness :
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town :
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curr'l's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post ; 40
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines ;
Hence journals, medleys, mercerries, magazines :
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne :
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake : 50
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail :
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play :
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulness new meanders takes :

There motley images her fancy strike,
 Figures ill pair'd, and similes unlike.
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
 Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance ;
 How tragedy and comedy embrace ;
 How farce and epic get a jumbled race ;
 How time himself stands still at her command,
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers ;
 Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted valleys of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
 Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene.
 She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views ;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fool's-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave,
 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave :
 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces ;)
 Now, night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more. '9c
 Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
 Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day ;
 While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
 Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
 Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
 What city swans once sung within the walls ;
 Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son : 100
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line ;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast ;
Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success : 110
Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was pertness once.
Now (shame to fortune !) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day :
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate ;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound !
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounderd on in mere despair. 120
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd through cracks and zigzags of the head ;
All that on folly frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole ;
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. 130
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Molière ;

There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
 Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
 The rest on outside merit but presume,
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room ;
 Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold ;
 Or where the pictures for the page atone,
 And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own. 140
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great ;
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete ;
 Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
 A Gothic library ! of Greece and Rome
 Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
 The classics of an age that heard of none ;
 There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ; 150
 There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Dry bodies of divinity appear :
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of ample size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
 Inspired he seizes : these an altar raise ;
 A hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
 That altar crowns ; a folio common-place
 Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base : 160
 Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre,
 A twisted birthday ode completes the spire.

Then he : 'Great tamer of all human art !
 First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
 Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,

E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays :
O thou ! of business the directing soul !
To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view ;
Oh ! ever gracious to perplex mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;
Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead ! 180
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky ;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below ;
Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence),
And once betray'd me into common sense :
Else all my prose and verse were much the same !
This, prose on stilts, that, poetry fallen lame. 190
Did on the stage my fops appear confined ?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove ?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had heaven decreed to save the state,
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now ? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide ? 200

Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
 This box my thunder, this right hand my god ?
 Or, chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
 Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit ?
 Or bidd'st thou rather party to embrace ?
 (A friend to party thou, and all her race ;
 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist ;
 To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
 Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal ? 210
 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
 And cackling save the monarchy of Tories ?
 Hold—to the minister I more incline ;
 To serve his cause, O Queen ! is serving thine.
 And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
 E'en Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
 What then remains ? Ourself. Still, still remain
 Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
 This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear ;
 This polish'd hardness that reflects the peer : 220
 This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights,
 This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's ;
 Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown,
 At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
 'O born in sin, and forth in folly brought !
 Works damn'd, or to be damn'd ! (your father's fault),
 Go, purified by flames ascend the sky,
 My better and more Christian progeny !
 Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
 While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
 Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
 Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land ;
 Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,
 Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes :

Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an alehouse fire !
Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire !
O ! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate :
Or, peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest !
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.'

240

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace !)
Stole from the master of the sevensfold face ;
And thrice he lifted high the birthday brand ;
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand ;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes :
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns ;
Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires ;
King John in silence modestly expires :
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Molière's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

250

Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed ;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre :
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260

Her ample presence fills up all the place ;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face :
Great in her charms ! as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome :
Well pleased he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place.

This the great mother dearer held than all
 The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall : 270
 Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
 And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
 Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose :
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 Now leave all memory of sense behind :
 How prologues into prefaces decay,
 And these to notes are fritter'd quite away :
 How index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the tail : 280
 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, revived, new piece,
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
 Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

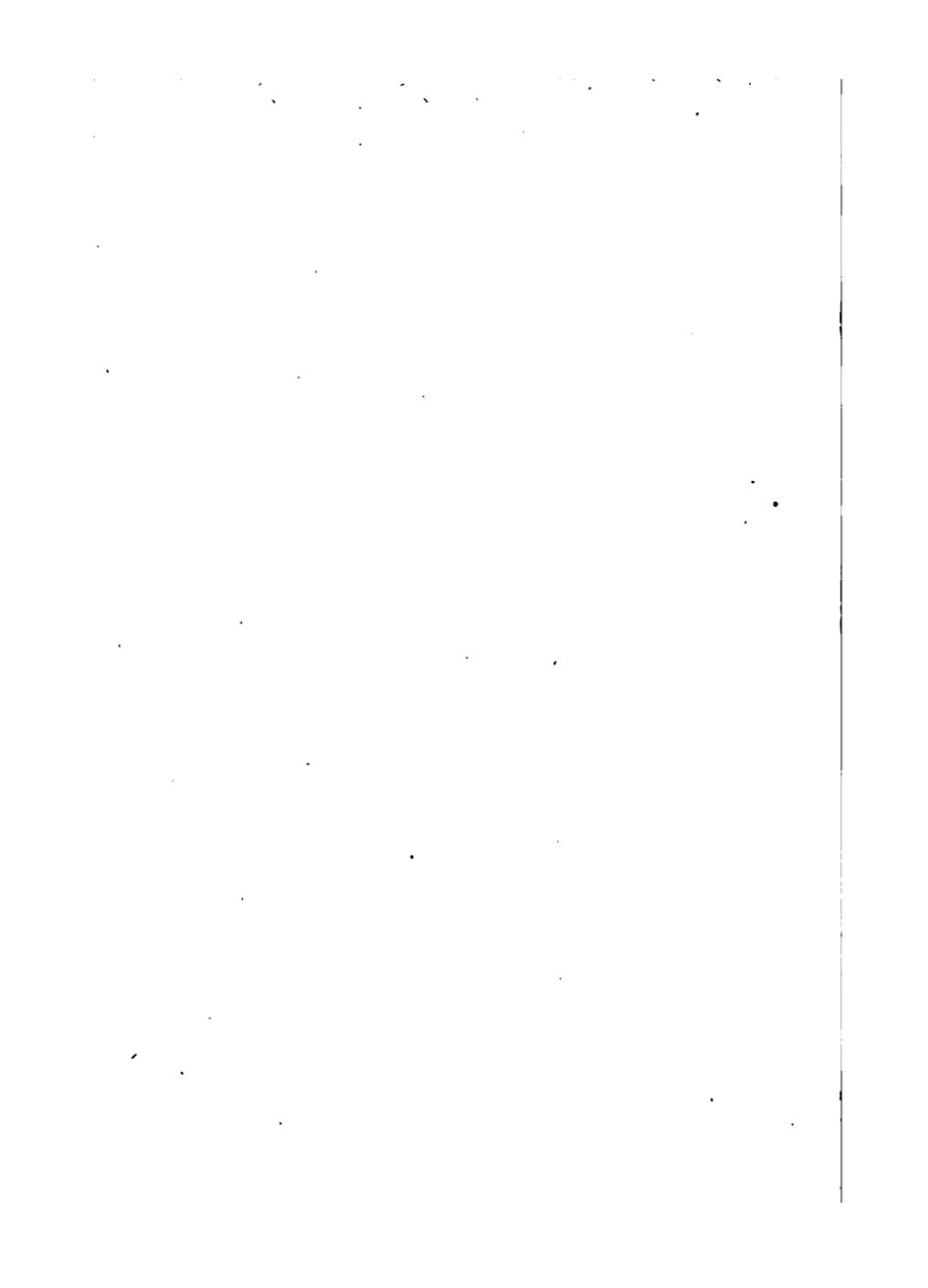
The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
 And lo ! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
 Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl) 290
 Perch'd on his crown :—‘ All hail ! and hail again,
 My son ! the promised land expects thy reign.
 Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise :
 He sleeps among the dull of ancient days ;
 Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
 And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
 With fool of quality completes the quire.
 Thou, Cibber ! thou his laurel shalt support ;
 Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. 300
 Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come !
 Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb !

Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou ! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king. 310

Oh ! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne ;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law ;
• Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land :
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine ?'

She ceased. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat ;
'God save king Cibber !' mounts in every note. 320
Familiar White's, ' God save king Colley !' cries ;
' God save king Colley !' Drury-lane replies :
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And ' Coll !' each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, ' God save king Log !'



BOOK II.

THE GAMES.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds ; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer (Od. xxiv.) proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles)—Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers—The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake—The races described, with their divers accidents—Next, the game for a poetess—Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving ; the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers—Lastly, for the critics the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping ; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep ; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,

Great Cibber sat : the proud Parnassian sneer,
 The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 Mix on his look : all eyes direct their rays
 On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
 His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
 New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face. 10
 So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
 Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
 horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
 With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
 Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,
 Throned on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald hawkers high heroic games.
 They summon all her race : an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land ; 20
 A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
 From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots ;
 All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
 And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
 Where the tall Maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
 But now, (so Anne and piety ordain)
 A church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30

With authors, stationers obey'd the call ;
 (The field of glory is a field for all.)
 Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke,
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun nightgown of his own loose skin,

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days. 40
All as a partridge plump, full fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well bodied air ;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless, idle, void and vain !
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool so just a copy of a wit ;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50
All gaze with ardour : some a poet's name,
Others a swordknot and laced suit inflame ;
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,
' This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes ;
With me began this genius, and shall end.'
He spoke ; and who with Lintot shall contend ?
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curril : ' Behold that rival here !
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won ;
So take the hindmost, hell,' he said, and run. 60
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstrip the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

[After various accidents, Curril wins the race.]

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand ; 70

A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
 Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
 To seize his papers, Cull, was next thy care ;
 His papers light fly diverse, toss'd in air ;
 Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
 And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
 Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey ;
 That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
 No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 80

Heaven rings with laughter : of the laughter vain,
 Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
 Three wicked imps of her own Grub-street choir,
 She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;
 Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run ; delusive thought !
 Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.
 Cull stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
 He grasps an empty Joseph for a John :
 So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
 Became, when seized, a puppy or an ape. 90

To him the goddess : 'Son ! thy grief lay down,
 And turn this whole illusion on the town.
 Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
 Cook shall be Prior ; and Concanen, Swift ;
 So shall each hostile name become our own,
 And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.'

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
 Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
 A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed ; 100
 Instructive work ! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
 Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
 Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
 And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below :

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might he view,
Thy very worsted still look'd black and blue :
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And ' Oh ! (he cried) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows ? ' 110

But now for authors nobler palms remain ;
Room for my Lord ! three jockeys in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
' He wins this patron who can tickle best.'

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
With ready quills the dedicators wait ;
Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ; 120
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace ;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys ;
Then his nice taste directs our operas :
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft giving palm.
Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 130

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows ! The Queen of Love
His sister sends, her votaress, from above.
As, taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part ;

Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's secretary.

140

'Now turn to different sports,' (the goddess cries),
'And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim ; 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl ;
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell !
Such happy arts attention can command
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.

150

Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him whose chattering shames the monkey tribe ;
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.'

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din ;
The monkey mimics rush discordant in ;

'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snipsnap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.

160

'Hold, (cried the Queen) a cat-call each shall win ;
Equal your merits ! equal is your din !
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.'

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake ;
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay :

170

So swells each windpipe ; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass ;
Such as from labouring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose ;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine ;
There, Webster ! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitfield ! thine.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 180
In Tot'ham Fields the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze !
Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round ;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
(As morning prayer and flagellation end) 190
To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames ;
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well :
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound ; 200
A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest.'

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands ;
Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now threescore ?
Ah, why, ye gods ! should two and two make four ?'

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
 Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.
 The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher.

210

Next Smedley dived ; slow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that closed and oped no more.
 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost ;
 'Smedley' in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then * essay'd ; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
 He buoys up instant, and returns to light,
 He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
 And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
 A cold, long-winded, native of the deep ; 220
 If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
 Not everlasting Blackmore this denies :
 No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make ;
 Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plunged a feeble, but a desperate pack,
 With each a sickly brother at his back :
 Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
 Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
 Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
 The names of these blind puppies as of those. 230
 Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone),
 Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone !
 And monumental brass this record bears,
 'These are, ah no ! these were the Gazetteers !'

Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull
 Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
 Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
 With all the might of gravitation blest.
 No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance,

240

He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging prelate, and his ponderous Grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.

When lo ! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form in majesty of mud !

Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares ;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 250

First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in ;

How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,

Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.

Then sung, how, shown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,

That, tinctured as it runs with Lethé's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 260

(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse)

Pours into Thames ; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave :

Here, brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep ;
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose
They led him soft ; each reverend bard arose ;

And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 270

' Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.'

He ceased, and spread the robe ; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.

Around him wide a sable army stand,
 A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
 Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn,
 Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god or man.

Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known
 Fleet,

Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 280
 Till showers of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
 In circling fleeces whiten all the ways :
 So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
 Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
 Here stopt the goddess ; and in pomp proclaims
 A gentler exercise to close the games.

' Ye critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales,
 I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
 Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
 My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers; 290
 Attend the trial we propose to make :
 If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
 Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
 And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;
 To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
 Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
 To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 Full and eternal privilege of tongue.'

Three college sophs, and three pert Templars came ;
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same ! 300
 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
 And smit with love of poesy and prate.
 The ponderous books two gentle readers bring ;
 The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring :
 The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
 Till all tuned equal send a general hum.
 Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
 Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on ;

Soft creeping words on words the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze. 310
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow ;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budget aim'd to speak, but thrice supprest
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no kingdom here.' 320
Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first ; the distant nodded to the hum ;
Then down are roll'd the books ; stretched o'er 'em
lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
A motion from one circle to the rest :
So from the midmost the nutation spreads,
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail ;
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale ; 330
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er ;
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more ;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrcea sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews ; 340
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state
To some famed roundhouse, ever-open gate !

How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink :
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat ?

BOOK III.

THE DESCENT TO THE SHADES.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap ; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle builders, chymists, and poets—He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade ; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world—There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform—He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness ; then, the present ; and, lastly, the future : how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion—Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire—Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications—On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing—On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these—He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows ; how the throne of Dulness shall be

advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court ; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences ; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclosed,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew :
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know :
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods ;
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending views th' Elysian shade.
A slipshod sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song ;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more;) 20
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows ;
And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
Here in a dusky vale, where Lethé rolls,
Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull :
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Browne and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30

Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

Wondering he gazed : when, lo ! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before :
All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son :

‘ Oh ! born to see what none can see awake !
Behold the wonders of th’ oblivious lake !
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore ; ’
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.

But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his preexistent state ?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll ?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid ?
How many stages through old monks she rid ?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.

As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring ;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind :

40

50

60

Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

‘ Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade !

‘ Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun :
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds :
Heavens ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

‘ Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise ; 80
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their ‘ physic of the soul.’

‘ How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall :
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies,
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise :
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns ! 90
See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame
Of Genseric ! and Attila's dread name !
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws ;

See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep ! 100

‘ Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore ;
Her grey-hair’d synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And e’en th’ Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th’ unpillar’d temple nods,
Streets paved with heroes, Tyber choked with gods ;
Till Peter’s keys some christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn : 110
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn’d,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn’d !

‘ Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl’d, uncowl’d, shod, unshod,
Peel’d, patch’d, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers ! sleeveless some and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy ! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored ;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword ! 120
Thus visit not thy own ! on this bless’d age
O spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

‘ And see, my son ! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway ;
This favourite isle, long sever’d from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate ! behold the scene she draws !
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause !
See all her progeny, illustrious sight !
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light : 130
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,

Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
 A hundred sons, and every son a god :
 Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
 Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round ;
 And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
 Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

‘ Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
 And thrusts his person full into your face, 14c
 With all thy father's virtues bless'd be born !
 And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

‘ A second see, by meeker manners known,
 And modest as the maid that sips alone ;
 From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
 Another Dursey, Ward ! shall sing in thee.
 Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
 And answering ginshops sourer sighs return.

‘ Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe ;
 Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150

Lo Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,
 Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
 Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
 A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
 Some strain in rhyme : the muses, on their racks,
 Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks :
 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
 Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck ; 160
 Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
 The Pindars and the Miltos of a Curr.

‘ Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
 And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls !

‘ Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
 Let all give way—and Morris may be read.

Flow, Welsted, flow ! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe ; though thin, yet never clear :
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, though not full. 170

‘ Ah, Dennis ! Gildon, ah ! what ill starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons ! be foes no more !
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.

‘ Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd ;
How like in manners, and how like in mind !
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write ; 180
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.’

‘ But who is he, in closet close-y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent ?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past !

‘ There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark, 190
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read !

‘ But, where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight ! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo ! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue .
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung ! 200

Still break the benches, Henley ! with thy strain,
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
 O great restorer of the good old stage,
 Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age !
 O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
 A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods !
 But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
 Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul ;
 And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
 In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

210

' Yet, oh, my sons ! a father's words attend :
 (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
 'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
 A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame :
 But, oh ! with One, immortal One, dispense,
 The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
 Content, each emanation of his fires
 That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
 Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
 Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
 Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
 But learn, ye Dunces ! not to scorn your God.'

220

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
 Half through the solid darkness of his soul ;
 But soon the cloud return'd — and thus the sire :
 ' See now what Dulness and her sons admire !
 See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
 Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.'

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
 (Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied) 230
 And look'd, and saw a sable sorcérer rise,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies :
 All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
 And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war :

Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth :
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out resplendent, with a heaven its own : 240

Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.

The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphin's in the skies :
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo ! one vast egg produces human race.

Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought :
'What power (he cries), what power these wonders
wrought ?'

'Son, what thou seek'st is in thee ! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind. 250

Yet would'st thou more ? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edged with flamy gold,
A matchless youth ! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls ;

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease,
Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ! 260
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

'But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there !
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn ;

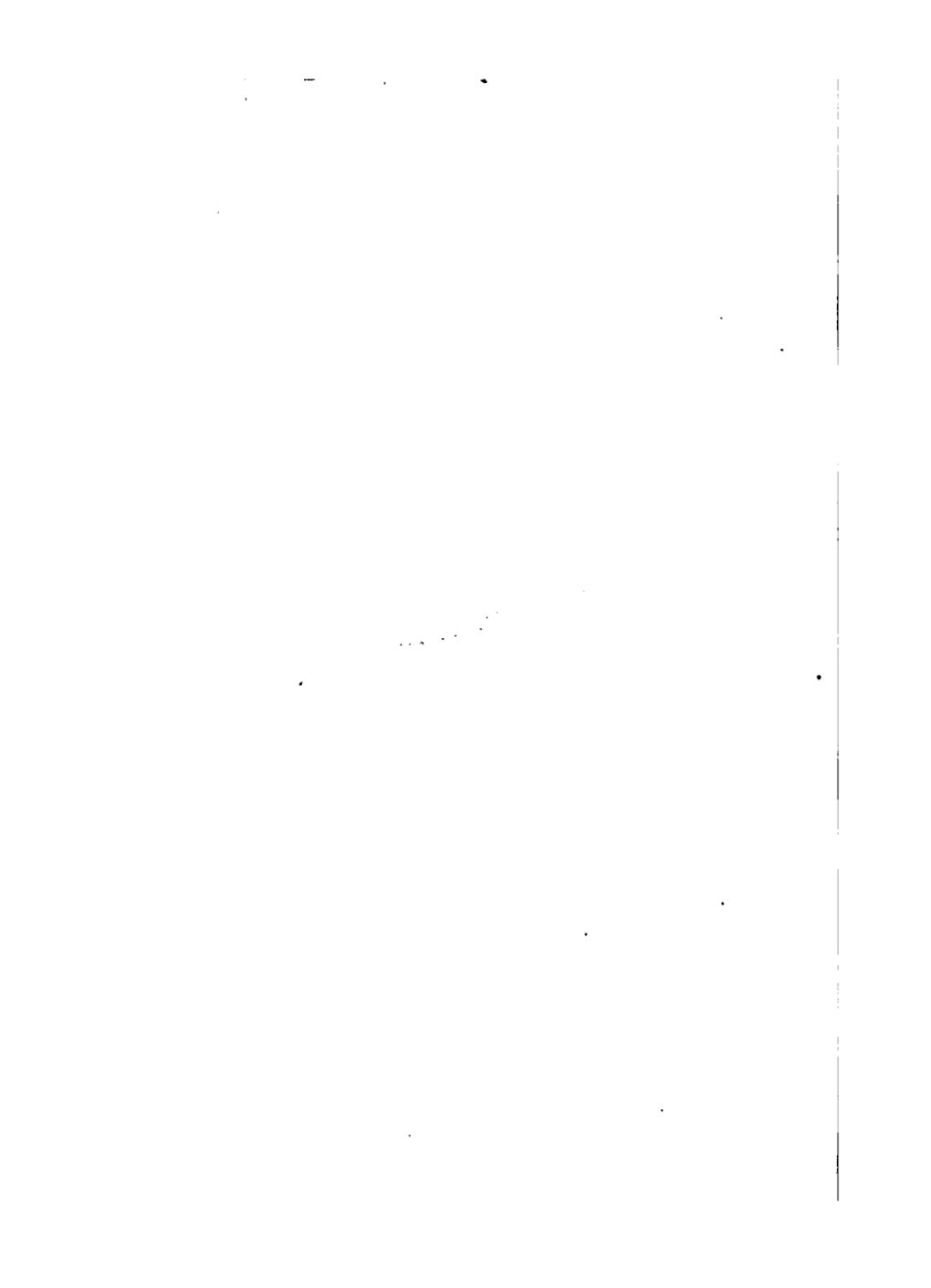
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise. 270
 ' And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown ?
Unknown to thee ! these wonders are thy own.
These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah ! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I ruled renown'd,
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise ;
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars : 280
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes ;
Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on !
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, heaven ! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair !
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last. 290
 Happier thy fortunes ! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last ;
Till raised from booths to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway : 300
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.

Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before !
To aid our cause, if heaven thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move ; for Faustus is our friend :
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub-street ! thy fall should man and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire. 310

‘ Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here ! here, all ye heroes, bow !
‘ This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th’ Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year !
See ! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays !
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays !
On poets’ tombs see Benson’s titles writ !
Lo ! Ambrose Philips is preferr’d for wit ! 320
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones’ and Boyle’s united labours fall :
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension’d with a hundred friends ;
Hibernian politics, O Swift ! thy fate ;
And Pope’s, ten years to comment and translate.

‘ Proceed, great days ! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more ;
Till Thames see Eton’s sons for ever play,
Till Westminster’s whole year be holiday ; 330
Till Isis’ elders reel, their pupils’ sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolved in port !’

‘ Enough ! enough !’ the raptured monarch cries !
And through the ivory gate the vision flies.



BOOK IV.

THE TRIUMPH OF DULNESS.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation ; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung—He shows the goddess coming in her majesty to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth—How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the muses ; and what they be who succeed in their stead—All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her ; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts ; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them—All these crowd round her ; one of them offering to approach her is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both—The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge—Their address, and her gracious answer ; with her charge to them and the Universities—The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education—The speech of Aristarchus on this subject—They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors ; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels ; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished—She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame—She sees loitering about her a number

of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness : to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him ; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference—Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents : among them, one stands forth, and demands justice on another who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature ; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation—She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birdsnests, moss, &c., but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature—Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest—The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus ; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational—To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds ; confers on them orders and degrees ; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue : the progress and effect whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night !
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers ! whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.

Now flamed the dogstar's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay ; 10
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour :
Then rose the seed of Chaos and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.

She mounts the throne : her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd ;
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines :)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines. 20
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound ;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground ;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by envy's and by flattery's eye :
There to her heart sad Tragedy address
The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breast ;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barbarous age. 40
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head :

Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield ! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When lo ! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye ;
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patchwork fluttering, and her head aside ;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand ; 50
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke :

‘ *O Cara ! Cara !* silence all that train ;
Joy to great Chaos ! let division reign :
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense :
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage ;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*. 60

Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah, soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense :
Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, Empress ; or you sleep no more——’
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne :
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head :

None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

80

The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause :
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown ;
Whate'er of mungrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great ;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head :
Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown ;
And, (last and worst), with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.

100

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronized for pride.
Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There moved Montalto with superior air ;
His stretch'd out arm display'd a volume fair ;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side ;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by : 110

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
 Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
 The decent knight retired with sober rage,
 Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page.
 But, (happy for him as the times went then)
 Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
 On whom three hundred gold-capp'd youths await,
 To lug the ponderous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—‘Thus revive the wits !
 But murder first, and mince them all to bits ; 120
 As erst Medea (cruel, so to save !)
 A new edition of old Æson gave ;
 Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
 Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
 And you, my critics ! in the chequer'd shade,
 Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.
 Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
 A page, a grave, that they can call their own ;
 But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
 So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
 A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
 Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.’

Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first address.
 Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
 But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
 When lo ! a spectre rose, whose index hand
 Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand ; 140
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
 Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.
 O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs,
 Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.

All flesh is humbled ; Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place :
The pale boy senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus : ' Since man from beast by words is
known,

Words are man's province, words we teach alone. 150

When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind :
A poet the first day he dips his quill ;
And what the last ? a very poet still.

Pity ! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.

There truant Wyndham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more !
How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast !
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost ! 170
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.'

' O ' (cried the goddess) ' for some pedant reign !
Some gentle James, to bless the land again :
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,

Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar school ! 180
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O ! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king !
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign :
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long !
"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal : 190
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis ! wanting to the day :
[Though Christ Church long kept prudishly away]
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
thick,
On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare Hall, 200
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch ;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark :
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest : he, kingly, did but nod ;
So upright quakers please both man and God.
'Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown ? 210
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearyed pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains ?

Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians ! know your better ;
Author of something yet more great than letter ;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*, 220
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke :
For me, what Virgil, Pliny, may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal ; 230
What Gellius or Stobaeus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
'Ah, think not, mistress ! more true dulness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise. 240
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a *Noûs*.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See ! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
 With all such reading as was never read :
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, goddess, and about it :
 So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
 And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

250

‘ What though we let some better sort of fool
 Thrid every science, run through every school ?
 Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse :
 Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
 And petrify a genius to a dunce :
 Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
 We bring to one dead level every mind :
 Then take him to develope, if you can,
 And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270
 But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
 Gay pupil, and laced governor from France.
 Walker ! our hat’——nor more he deign’d to say,
 But, stern as Ajax’ spectre, strode away.

In flow’d at once a gay embroider’d race,
 Andittering push’d the pedants off the place :
 Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown’d
 By the French horn or by the opening hound.
 The first came forwards with as easy mien,
 As if he saw St. James’s and the queen. 280
 When thus th’ attendant orator begun :
 ‘ Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish’d son ;
 Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless infant ! never scared with God.

The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake ;
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gavest that ripeness which so soon began,
And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man ;
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young *Aeneas* passed : 290
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew ;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons ;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls : 300
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines :
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps ;
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground ;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair ;
Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all liqueurs defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined ;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more ;

All classic learning lost on classic ground ;
 And last turn'd *Air*, the echo of a sound ! 320
 See now, half-cured, and perfectly well bred,
 With nothing but a solo in his head ;
 As much estate, and principle, and wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit ;
 Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
 And, if a borough choose him, not undone ;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
 Pleased, she accepts the hero and the dame,
 Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame. 330

Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever listless loiterers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
 There too, my Paridell ! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
 And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The pains and penalties of idleness.
 She pitied ! but her pity only shed
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head. 340

But Annus, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
 And well dissembled emerald on his hand,
 False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
 Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
 Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
 So he ; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer :

‘ Grant, gracious goddess ! grant me still to cheat !
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit ! 350
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head.

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet ! the pigeon at thine ear ;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold ; 360
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.'

Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, fool renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :

' Speak'st thou of Syrian princes ? traitor base !
Mine, goddess ! mine is all the horned race. 370

True, he had wit to make their value rise ;
From foolish Greeks to steal them was as wise ;
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallie rovers chased him on the deep.

Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Received each demigod, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.' 380

' Witness, great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
(Replied soft Annus) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful ; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.

To prove me, goddess ! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine :

There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.

The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ;
So back to Pollio hand in hand they went. 390

Then thick as locusts blackening all the ground,
A tribe with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost two, with earnest zeal
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd : ' Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all !
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower. 400
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head.

Then throned in glass, and named it Caroline !
Each maid cried, charming ! and each youth, divine !
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze ?

Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
No maid cries, charming ! and no youth, divine !
And lo, the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust. 410
O punish him, or to th' Elysian shades

Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.'
He ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accused stood forth, and thus address'd the queen :

' Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shined this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game and chased from flower to flower. 420

It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
It stopt, I stopt ; it moved, I moved again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fix'd the beauteous bird I seized ;
Rose or carnation was below my care ;
I meddle, goddess ! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize ;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair e'en in death ! this peerless butterfly.' 430

‘ My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your parts :
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake :
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd ;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird ; 440
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind ;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss ;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

‘ O ! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies !
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape : 450
Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve !’
‘ Be that my task ' (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark ;

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral evidence shall quite decay,
 And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize :)
 ' Let others creep by timid steps and slow,
 On plain experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to nature's cause through nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of arrogance, and source of pride !
 We nobly take the high priori road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God :
 Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :
 Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
 Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space :
 Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God man's image ; man, the final cause ;
 Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
 See all in self, and but for self be born .
 Of nought so certain as our reason still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
 O hide the God still more ! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee :
 Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,
 While through poetic scenes the genius roves,
 Or wanders wild in academic groves ;
 That Nature our society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores !'

Roused at his name, up rose the bowzy sire,
 And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire ;

460

470

480

Then snapt his box, and stroked his belly down ;
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown. 490
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess *dame*.
Then thus : ' From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo ! every finish'd son returns to thee :
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party ; child and man the same ;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen ! 500
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth :
So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W**, nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now ? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, O take them to thy breast !
Thy Magus, goddess ! shall perform the rest.'

With that a wizard old his cup extends,
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends, 510
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies :
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled ;
Lost is his God, his country, every thing,
And nothing left but homage to a king !
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs ;
But, sad example ! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape. 520

But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild ;

And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes :
But as the flatterer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others Interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings :
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas ! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils ? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule !
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends ; all flesh is nothing in his sight !
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn :
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine ?)
Explains the *sève* and *verdeur* of the vine.

What cannot copious sacrifice atone ?
Thy truffles, Perigord ! thy hams, Bayonne !
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.
Knight lifts the head ; for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one ?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.

530

540

550

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court, 560
Impale a glowworm, or *vertù* profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep freemasons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
Some, botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor passed the meanest unregarded ; one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws. 570

Then, blessing all, ' Go, children of my care !
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full :
My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his Grace ;
With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race ;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow charioteer, the sun ; 580
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line ;
The judge to dance his brother serjeant call ;
The senator at cricket urge the ball ;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury !)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie ;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance. 590

Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one monarch more ;
 And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
 Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
 Tyrant supreme ! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land !'

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods ;
 What mortal can resist the yawn of gods ?
 Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd ;
 (St. James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd,) 600
 Then catch'd the Schools ; the Hall scarce kept awake ;
 The Convocation gaped, but could not speak :
 Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn unison went round :
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
 E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm :
 The vapour mild o'er each committee crept ;
 Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept ;
 And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign ;
 And navies yawn'd for orders on the main. 610

O Muse ! relate (for you can tell alone ;
 Wits have short memories, and dunces none ;)
 Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest ;
 Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest ;
 What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
 The venal quiet, and entrance the dull ;
 Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and
 wrong—
 O sing, and hush the nations with thy song !

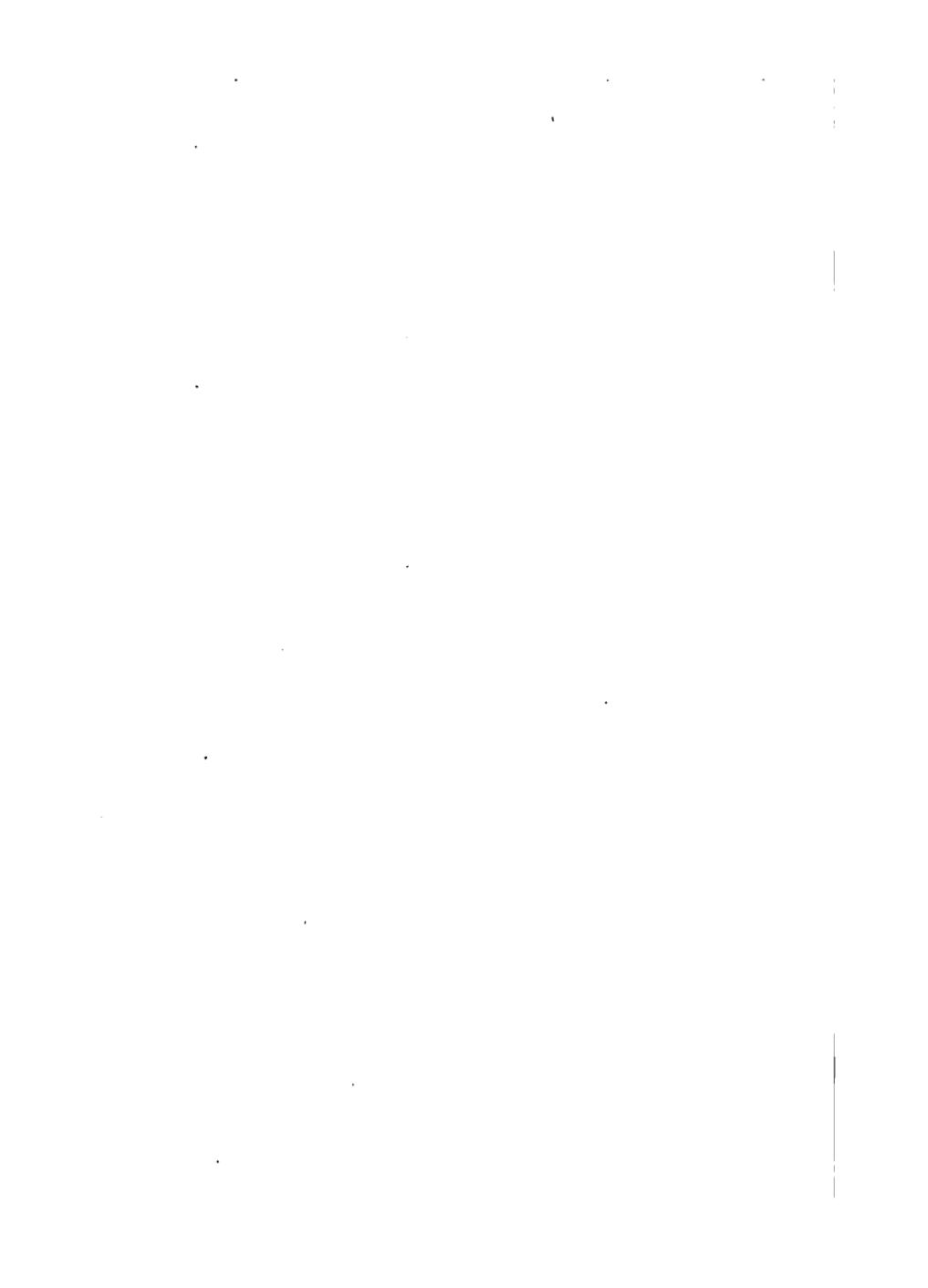
* * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
 Resistless falls : the Muse obeys the power. 620
 She comes ! she comes ! the sable throne behold
 Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old !

Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain ;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest ;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head !
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on sense !
See Mystery to Mathematics fly !
In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine ;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !
Lo : thy dread empire, Chaos ! is restored ;
Light dies before thy uncreating word ;
Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ;
And universal darkness buries all.

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NOTES.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

L. 4. **Mislead our sense**: 'Sense' means here, critical appreciation.

L. 6. **Censure**: The verb has here the meaning of the Latin *censeo*, *censura*, and expresses the enunciation of critical opinions simply; modern usage confines it to *unfavourable* opinions.

L. 17. **Their wit**: On the different senses in which the word 'wit' is used in the *Essay on Criticism*, see Introd. p. xix.

L. 18. **But are not critics, &c.**: The meaning is:—although the partiality of authors to their own works requires no doubt to be corrected in the external tribunal of criticism, yet that tribunal itself must be constituted with vigilant care, for there is a partiality among critics also to that especial line of appreciation or depreciation in matters literary which they have taken up.

L. 23. **Traced—disgraced—defaced**: This is the first of a number of triple rhymes, or triplets, which Pope admitted into the *Essay on Criticism*. The example of Dryden, who was very partial to triplets, influenced him at this early period of his career; but he gradually abandoned the use of them, and in the *Essay on Man* and the *Dunciad* there is not one to be found. The breach of continuity in the verse caused by the triplet probably appeared to Pope to be a disadvantage which was not compensated by the emphasis and sweep of cadence which it secures. Dryden's partiality for them is indicated, when Pope, wishing to imitate the style of his great master, gives us the following triplet:—

Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.—*Imit. Hor.*

L. 27. **Nature meant but fools**: Mr. Elwin taxes Pope with contradicting himself 'when he says in the text that the men made coxcombs by study were meant by Nature but for fools, since they are among his instances of persons upon whom Nature had bestowed the "seeds of judgment," and who possessed "good sense" till it was "defaced by false learning.'" There is no contradiction. First,—if we place a full stop after 'defaced,' we may take the two following lines as descriptive of two classes of critics *different* from that large class which possesses the 'seeds of judgment.' Secondly, even if we allow that the critics whom 'Nature meant but fools' are a subdivision of that larger class in whose minds are the 'seeds of judgment,' what then? Are not the seeds of judgment even in the mind of a born fool? His folly makes him overlay those seeds with a heap of crude notions and the rubbish of 'false learning,' so that they never sprout out to any purpose; but it remains true, on the one hand that he has received 'a glimmering light' from Nature, and on the other that Nature meant him but for a fool after all.

L. 28. **Turn critics in their own defence**: Rymer might be meant, who justified his ridiculous tragedies (*Edgar*, &c.) by equally ridiculous criticisms on those of Shakespeare. On this see Addison in the 'Spectator,' No. 592. Or it might even be a stroke at Dryden and Heroic plays, which he defended in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*.

L. 30. **Each burns alike**: See the list of Variants, p. 223.

L. 33. **If Mævius scribble**: Mævius was the bad poet of whom Virgil wrote (Ecl. III., 90) :—

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.

Who hates not living Bavius, let him be,
Dead Mævius, damn'd to love thy works and thee.—Dryden.

Ib. **In Apollo's spite**: That is, when his natural genius does not justify him in writing; against the grain. Compare Horace's phrase 'invita Minerva' (*Ars Poet.* 385) :—

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.

L. 39. **As heavy mules**: Mr. Elwin thinks that 'the comparison fails in the essential point,' because a mule, though inferior to a horse, is better than an ass, whereas those who have not wit enough to be either poets or critics are inferior to both. This does not appear to be sound criticism. Mr. Elwin misses the point. These poor fellows who fall between two stools, and can make

nothing of either poetry or criticism, are compared to mules on account of their *barrenness*. Like the mule, they may be showy to look at, but they *produce nothing*.

L. 41. **The banks of Nile**: 'I am confident,' says Dryden in the Dedication of his Virgil, 'that you will look on those half lines hereafter as the imperfect products of a hasty muse, like the frogs and serpents in the Nile, part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed, unanimated mud' (Elwin). Compare, too, Milton's half-created lion, 'pawing to get free his hinder parts ;' (P. L. VII. 463.)

L. 42. **One knows not what to call**: The expression here is elliptical beyond what even poetic license permits. Either it should be '*which* one knows not what to call,' or 'one knows not what to call *them*.' The former was probably what Pope intended, for this suppression of the relative is common with him : e.g. 'the lamb thy riot dooms,' and l. 27 above.

L. 43. **So equivocal**: 'Equivocal generation,' says Mr. Elwin, 'is the production of animals without parents.' This is unsatisfactory. An *equivocal* word is a word which has two or more meanings ; hence it comes to signify 'ambiguous,' 'doubtful,' 'questionable ;' as when we speak of an 'equivocal situation.' The generation of these 'unfinish'd things' was of a doubtful, questionable, anomalous character.

L. 44. **To tell 'em**: This '*em*', instead of being a vulgarism for *them*, analogous to the modern dropping of the *h*, really represents the old *hem* of the Southern English dialect, which again represented the dative plural of the third personal pronoun in Anglo-Saxon, *him* or *hem*. Chaucer's *Clerke of Oxenford*—

besily gan for the soules pracie
Of *hem*, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.

L. 56. **While memory prevails**: Needless exception has been taken to these lines by several critics. Pope refers to the ancient division (adopted by Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*) of the human intellect into three principal faculties, memory, reason, and imagination ; to which correspond respectively the three parts of learning, history, philosophy, and poetry ; and he merely means to say that, on account of the limitations imposed by nature upon our intelligence, a great historian is not likely to be a philosopher, nor a poet a historian.

L. 64. **Like kings**: Louis XIV. and Charles XII. were pro-

bably in Pope's mind. The 'vain ambition' of the former had cost him, when this was written, the loss of a great part of his former conquests in Flanders through Marlborough's victories. As for Charles XII., his mad ambition to settle the affairs of Poland cost him the Swedish provinces on the east of the Baltic, irrecoverably lost after the battle of Pultowa, which was fought in 1709.

L. 66. **Several**: i.e. separate. From the Latin verb *separare* there came an old French word *severer*, and a newer form *separer*. With these two forms our 'several' and 'separate' are respectively connected. Compare the legal term 'an estate in *severalty*,' as opposed to one held in joint-tenancy, or in common; and 'dwelt in a several house' (2 Kings XV. 5).

L. 80. **Some, to whom Heaven**: There is some confusion here; for these persons, who need rather to 'guide than spur the Muse's steed,' must surely be *poets*; whereas the previous portion of the paragraph has referred to *critics*.

L. 81. **Want as much more**: In these lines 'wit' is used in two senses: first, for the inventive faculty which is the poet's chief instrument in literary production; secondly, for intellectual power generally.

L. 94. **Parnassus' top**: At the foot of the lofty mountain of Parnassus, which with its conspicuous double peak overhung the oracle of Delphi, was the fountain of Castalia, at which those dear to the Muses were believed to drink in poetic inspiration with its sacred waters.

L. 100. **The generous critic**: Aristotle, Longinus, Quintilian, and other great critics of antiquity.

L. 102. **Then criticism**: This line is terribly harsh, and too long by a syllable.

L. 112. **Some on the leaves**: Warton well says, 'He has too frequently expressed an idle contempt of the Heinsius, Burmanns, Gronovius, Reiskiuses, Marklands, and Gesners; and other searchers into various readings, who have done so much towards settling the texts of ancient authors.'

L. 128. **With itself compared**: The thought is from Roscommon, who, in his *Essay on Translated Verse*, has,

Consult your author, *with himself compared*.

L. 130. **When first young Maro**: It is a tradition preserved by Servius that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects and after-

wards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P. Maro was Virgil's cognomen or surname; his full name was Publius Vergilius Maro.

L. 138. **The Stagirite**: Aristotle was a native of Stagirus in Macedonia. His work, called the 'Poetics,' laid the foundation of literary criticism.

L. 142. **A happiness**: At the present day we use the word 'felicity' when we wish to speak of that incommunicable part of the art of pleasing, which comes from nature and mother wit. But we speak of 'a happy thought,' or 'a happy inspiration.'

L. 152. **Great wits**: In the collected edition of 1743, Pope transferred these lines, so that they followed the triplet ending with l. 160; but since 'Pegasus' could not very appropriately be said to 'snatch a grace, &c.', Warton and other editors restored them to their old place. (*Elwin.*)

L. 154. **With brave disorder**: This expression is borrowed from Roscommon, who, speaking of Dryden, has,

And with a brave disorder shows his art.

Compare also Jonson's 'sweet neglect' in the beautiful song beginning 'Still to be neat, still to be drest,' from *The Silent Woman*.

L. 162. **As kings dispense with laws**: In this line we have the echo of the great controversy which raged almost from the Restoration to the Revolution, as to the power of the sovereign to suspend or dispense with the laws. The question, as every one knows, was settled against the crown by the passing of the Bill of Rights in 1689.

L. 180. **Homer nods**: Suggested by the line in Horace's *Ars Poetica*, 'Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.'

L. 181-200. **Still green with bays**: These powerful and musical lines, which are as secure from oblivion as the immortal works which they celebrate, betoken the strong intellectual enthusiasm raised in the receptive and sympathetic mind of Pope, even at a very early age, on becoming acquainted with the great poets of antiquity—with Homer, Virgil, Horace, Lucan, and the rest. Compare Chaucer's lines near the end of *Troilus and Cresseide*:

But little booke, make thou none envie,
But subject ben unto all poesie,
And kisse the steps whereas thou seest pace
Of Vergil, Ovid, Homer, Lucan, and Stace.

L. 186. **Paeans**: From the Greek παῖα, a song of triumph,

properly addressed to Apollo. See Liddell and Scott's Lexicon, art. *Haecūs*.

L. 206. **Recruits**: i.e. fresh supplies. The word is derived from the Fr. verb *recroître*, to increase again.

L. 216. **The Pierian spring**: Pliny is the only ancient author who speaks of a Pierian spring. The nine Muses were called Pierides, either from Pieria, a district in Macedonia, where they were especially honoured, or, according to Cicero, from Pierus, a Macedonian, their father.

L. 217. **There shallow draughts**: Compare a sentence in Bacon's *Essay 'Of Atheisme'*: 'It is true that a little philosophy inclineth Man's minde to Atheisme ; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's mindes about to Religion.'

L. 225. **So pleased at first**: This is a very fine simile ; but Warton quotes some lines of the poet Drummond, from which it seems to be borrowed.

L. 234. **That its author writ**: Of this loose but convenient employment of the conjunction examples may be found in earlier writers. Thus Chaucer writes,—

there daweth him no day,
That he nys clad, &c. (that = on which.)

Knight's Tale, 818.

And Shakespeare—

No port is free ; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. (that = at which.)

King Lear, II. 3, 3.

L. 239. **But in such lays**: 'In' here, as often in Latin, means 'in the case of.' See Abbott's *Shakesp. Gram.*, § 162.

L. 247. **Dome**: The Pantheon, I would suppose ; perhaps St. Peter's : no matter which : the observation is true of both. *Warburton.*

L. 251. **No monstrous height—appear**: Mr. Wakefield denounces here what he calls 'an impropriety of the grossest kind.' The verb should be 'appears.' It is quite true ; and the fault is too common ; but it arises from the fact that conjunctions which are disjunctive in *form*, have often little or no real disjunctive force. Thus the line before us is equivalent to 'its height, breadth, length, all appear symmetrical.'

L. 253. **A faultless piece**: Pope perhaps took this thought from Sheffield's *Essay on Poetry*,

A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

L. 267. **La Mancha's knight**: The incident is taken from the *Second Part of Don Quixote*, by Avellanada, which was afterwards imitated and new-modelled by Le Sage. *Warton*.

L. 270. **As e'er could Dennis**: John Dennis, a critic and littérateur by profession, published in 1693 a pamphlet called 'The Impartial Critic,' in which he combated Rymer's absurd proposal to revive all the forms of Grecian tragedy in English theatres. In 1698 he wrote 'The Usefulness of the Stage,' in reply to Jeremy Collier's well-known invective; in this also there are a few remarks on the Grecian stage. See l. 585, note.

L. 289. The word 'conceit,' in this sense of it, corresponds to the Italian *conetto*; it means, a fine and uncommon thought, expressed in suitable poetic language. A rage for 'conceits' set in in the sixteenth century, and vitiated much of the poetry of that age: beginning in Italy, where Marini was its chief promoter, it spread to Spain, France, and England. In this country, Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, and Cleveland were famous for their 'conceits,' which were often strained and far-fetched in the extreme. Examples may be found in my *Manual of English Literature*, p. 202.

L. 297. **True wit, &c.**: A fine couplet; yet there has been much controversy as to its exact meaning. It must be remembered that Pope is comparing the fashion of *conceits* with 'true wit.' Wit is the unlooked-for bringing together of ideas apparently dissimilar or remote; this, being done unexpectedly, causes a pleasurable surprise. But the points taken advantage of in order to bring ideas together may be resemblances which are merely verbal, or which are obtained in a strained, artificial way; in this case we have False Wit, on the various kinds of which Addison discourses in some excellent papers in the 'Spectator,' Nos. 58-63. Conceits are for the most part instances of false wit. But when the affinities by means of which the ideas are brought together are real and important, though not *obvious*, then we have, or may have, true wit. And this True Wit, as Pope says, is *Nature*, because it is conformable to the realities of things; it is also 'Nature to advantage dress'd,' that is, it must be clothed in a perfect expression. The witty thought is nature, or reality; the perfect literary expression is its 'dress.' This true wit 'gives us back the image of our mind,' because we receive back again thoughts which have often passed with more or less of clearness through our own minds, set now in

forms terse, compact, and beautiful, which enable us to retain them for ever. For instance, how many persons must have dimly thought, and vaguely said, before Pope wrote his famous couplet, that after all experience showed that the form of any government had little to do with the happiness of those subject to it, good governors with a bad system being better than bad governors with a good system! From these and a hundred other such conceptions the honey is sucked, the pith extracted, the sum and substance turned into a golden sentence for all time, in the lines :

For forms of government let fools contest ;
What'er is best administered is best.

L. 308. **Take upon content** = Take upon trust.

L. 315. **But true expression** : This admirable triplet seems to attain to the perfection of didactic verse.

L. 323. **Several** = distinct, separate ; see l. 66 and note.

L. 324. **Some by old words** : So Spenser wrote his *Pastoral Eclogues* in a diction purposely archaic, and Thomson did something of the same kind in his *Castle of Indolence*.

L. 328. **Fungoso** : See Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*. P. Fungoso is a poor student who 'follows the fashion afar off like a spy,' endeavouring to ape the dress and manners of the courtier Fastidious Brisk, but with little success.

L. 346. **Their feeble aid do join** : Even so good a poem as Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse* admitted these wretched expletives ; as

Theocritus does now to us belong :

but the *Essay on Criticism* banished them effectually from English poetry. And yet Pope himself, in the first edition, frequently transgressed his own rule. See the instances in the list of Variants, p. 195, at lines 75, 92, 219, 490, &c. He probably saw the inconsistency soon after the first publication of the *Essay* in 1711 ; for in the edition of 1717 all these faults are corrected.

L. 348. **While they ring round** : It has been justly observed that there is a confusion in this paragraph between bad critics and bad poets ; the same persons who figure in the former character at its beginning, gradually assume the latter character before it is ended.

L. 356. **A needless Alexandrine** : An Alexandrine is a line of twelve syllables ; rhyming Alexandrines are the standard

metre of French tragedy. The name is derived from a popular French romance of the twelfth-century written in this metre, the *Alexandres*, or story of Alexander the Great. The last line of Pope's own *Messiah* is as good an instance of a 'needless Alexandrine' as can be given. See Guest's *English Rhythms*, ii. 255.

L. 361. **Denham—Waller**: Royalist poets, of whom the former died in 1668, the latter survived to the reign of James II. In his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, Dryden says that the France of that day could produce 'nothing so even, sweet, and flowing as Mr. Waller; nothing so majestic, so correct, as Sir John Denham.'

L. 367. **And the smooth stream**: The smoothness of this line is merely in the *words*, not in the *sounds*, which are heavy and unpleasing.

L. 372. **Camilla**: This heroine is introduced in the seventh *Aeneid* as an important member of the confederacy formed to resist the Trojan invaders. Virgil's lines represent, by their actual ringing lightness, the graceful, springy movement of the martial fair one, far better than Pope's. They are—

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas :
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

L. 373. This line is an instance of an Alexandrine.

L. 374. **Timotheus**: See 'Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; an Ode by Mr. Dryden.'

L. 379. **And tears begin to flow**: Quoted from Dryden's Ode:—

And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

L. 381. **The world's victor**: Pope employed this phrase again of Caesar in the Prologue to Addison's tragedy of *Cato*:—

The triumph ceased; tears gushed from every eye;
The world's great vic~~for~~ passed unheeded by.

Unfortunately for Dryden's accuracy, the musician Timotheus died two years before Alexander the Great was born!

L. 391. **For feels admire**: Pope perhaps alludes here to Horace's maxim, that the secret of happiness is 'nil admirari';

although the philosophic equanimity spoken of in the one case is rather concerned with the moral order of things, in the other with the intellectual.

L. 403. **Enlights** : An improper word for *enlightens*. *Warton*.

L. 415. **Joins** = Allies himself.

L. 420. **But let a lord** : So Horace's sycophantic poet applauds the verses of his high-born and wealthy patron :—

clamabit enim, Pulchre! bene! recte!
Pallescat super his; etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem; saliet, tundet pede terram.

Ars Poet. 428.

L. 440. **Once school-divines**. The line of thought seems to be this. There are changing fashions in wit, just as there have been contending schools in religion. Once scholastic divinity was all the rage in England ; the Realists, followers of Duns Scotus, argued interminably with the Nominalists who adhered to St. Thomas Aquinas. If the same faith has been so differently understood, what wonder if that which seems wit to one generation makes a very different impression on another ? He who paints current follies gains laughter and applause ; but after a few years the jokes seem frigid, and the wit forced.

L. 445. **Duck-lane** : A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield. P.

L. 459. **Parsons, critics, beaux** : Jeremy Collier, a non-juring divine, attacked Dryden's plays for their licentiousness ; the Rev. Luke Milbourn made a fierce attack on his translation of Virgil. As for 'critics,' Buckingham, aided by Sprat and Butler, heaped ridicule on his heroic plays, and Sir Richard Blackmore attacked him as an irreverent and unorthodox wit. Of the beaux, Buckingham assailed him as we have seen, and Rochester hired bravos to waylay and beat him.

L. 465. **Zoilus** : This Philistine among critics probably lived in the fourth century before Christ. He wrote a work in nine books 'Against Homer's Poetry,' and another in which he attacked Plato. None of his works have come down to us. The particular ground on which he censured Homer is said to have been the poet's introduction of fabulous and mythical matter into his epic poems.

L. 470. **When first that sun** : This noble simile represents very justly the manner in which the envious depreciation of inferior minds tends in the end to set in a still clearer light the greatness of

the genius which they attack. The *Dunciad*,—perhaps the *Imitations of Horace*,—would never have been written but for the contradictions of cavillers.

L. 474. **Be thou the first** : An instructive commentary on these lines is supplied by Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield. That nobleman, to whom Johnson, in the days when he was unknown, struggling, and forlorn, had vainly applied for assistance, wrote two papers in a magazine after the appearance of the Dictionary, recommending the work warmly to the notice of the public. Johnson then wrote to him, and said, amongst other things : ' Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, *had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it.*' (*Life*, by Boswell, I. 198.)

L. 483. **And such as Chaucer is** : It is noteworthy that, although nearly a hundred and seventy years have gone by, this prediction is less true now than when it was made. In the times of Dryden and Pope people could not be induced to read Chaucer unless his language were modernized ; and for this reason Dryden modernized the Knight's Tale, and other Canterbury Tales, among his *Fables*. But now not only is Dryden himself as readable to us as to his own contemporaries, but such are the love and reverence with which Chaucer and the England of our forefathers are regarded, that to *modernize* any work of Chaucer now would be regarded as the height of presumption and a mere waste of labour.

On this matter of changing language, I am indebted to Mr. Hales for the following apposite quotation from Waller's poem, *Of English Verse* :—

Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek ;
We write in sand ; our language grows,
And like the tide our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost —
Years have defaced his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

L. 492. **The treacherous colours** : This reads as if it had

been written of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, many of which, owing to his fondness for making experiments in colours, exhibit faces and hands of a ghastly pallor, from which the original tints have entirely vanished.

L. 507. **By knaves undone**: By which the poet would insinuate, a common but shameful truth, That men in power, if they got into it by illiberal arts, generally left Wit and Science to starve. W.

L. 521. **Sacred lust of praise**: 'Sacred,' by an imitation of the Latin use of the word, means here *accursed*, as in Virgil's 'Auri sacra fames.'

L. 534. **In the fat age**: The age of Charles II.

L. 538. **Jilts ruled the state**: Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, had great political influence in this reign; and Louise de Querouaille, created Duchess of Portsmouth, was said to have had a large share in persuading Charles to sign the Treaty of Dover.

L. 540. **A courtier's play**: Plays were written by Sir Robert Howard, Edward Howard his brother, the Duke of Buckingham, the Duchess of Newcastle, and other notabilities of Charles II.'s court.

L. 541. **And not a mask**: Alluding to the custom in that age of ladies going in masks to the play. *Bowles* (quoted by *Ward*).

L. 544. **A foreign reign**: The reign of William III. The influence of Pope's Catholic education is apparent in expressions such as this. In 'unbelieving priests' there is probably a stroke, and a very unjust one, at Bishop Burnet; and when it is said that they 'taught more pleasant methods of salvation,' we are reminded of a passage in Dryden's *Hind and Panther* (Book III.) about the elegant comfort of the life of Anglican clergymen compared with the ancient austerity:—

The world was fallen into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray.

And—

Religion frights us with a mien severe.
'Tis prudence to reform her into ease,
And put her in undress, to make her please;
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.

L. 545. **Socinus**: Lælius Socinus and his nephew Faustus, natives of Sienna in Italy, born, the one in 1525, the other in 1539,

were the founders of the anti-Trinitarian sect which has since borne their name.

L. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a national reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever. P. See Variants, p. 197.

L. 548. **Where Heaven's free subjects**: According to which [methods], men, the subjects of Heaven, being left 'free' to select what religious doctrine they chose, in the exercise of their private judgment were justified in claiming the 'right' to understand the divine laws which bound them in their own sense, 'lest God himself should prove too absolute.' He parallels the *political* controversy which was going on at and after the Revolution as to the extent of the claim of princes to their subjects' allegiance, to the *religious* controversy proceeding at the same time as to the degree in which authority should be obeyed in matters of faith.

L. 551. **And vice admired**: Dr. Jortin (quoted by Warton) says that Pope in this couplet had Bishop Kennet in view, who was accused of having said, in a funeral sermon on some nobleman, that converted sinners, if they were men of parts, repented more speedily and effectually than dull rascals. Compare, too, the picture of Timon's 'soft dean' in *Moral Essays*, IV. 149.

L. 552. **Wit's Titans**: The school of writers known as the 'English Deists,' among whom were Toland, Chubb, Tindal, &c.

L. 585. **But Appius reddens**: This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author in a manner perfectly lunatic; for as to the mention made of him in v. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person. P. Dennis was the author of a play called *Appius and Virginia*.

L. 586. **And stares tremendous**: In the first edition this was printed 'And stares, Tremendous!' so that no one who had read the farce of *Three Hours after Marriage*, by Pope and Gay, in which the character of Sir Tremendous was notoriously meant for Dennis, could, on reading these lines, doubt whom Appius was meant for.

L. 587. **Like some fierce tyrant**: compare *Hamlet*, Act ii. :

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood.

L. 591. **Take degrees**: In former times, noblemen, on the

payment of large fees, could take their degrees at the Universities without undergoing the prescribed exercises and examinations.

L. 610. **Such shameless bards**: On the suggested application of these lines to Wycherley, see the Introduction, p. xxi.

L. 617. **Durfey's Tales**: See note to *Dunciad*, iii. 146.

L. 619. **Garth**: Dr. Samuel Garth, an able physician, and a staunch friend of the Revolution, wrote the mock-heroic poem called the *Dispensary*, in which is described, with much humour, a conflict on a professional question which had arisen between the apothecaries and the physicians.

L. 623. **Nor is Paul's Church**: These critical bores will even pester you inside St. Paul's Cathedral, no less than in the booksellers' shops which surround St. Paul's Churchyard.

L. 625. **Angels fear to tread**: Here too Pope's early teaching is apparent. It is the current belief in Roman Catholic countries that during the celebration of mass angels are in attendance round the altar, awe-struck at the 'tremendous mysteries.' The general drift of the passage was suggested by a passage in Boileau's *Art Poétique*, canto iv., where he says of a bad poet, named Du Perrier, that he one day recited some of his verses to him inside a church.

L. 626. **Distrustful**: This triplet, in which the sense of the last line is carried on to the following couplet, has an extremely harsh effect.

L. 632. **Proud to know**—Proud of his knowledge.

L. 633. **Unbiass'd**: This fine description of the qualities which make a good critic was perhaps suggested by the commendation given by Horace in his *Art of Poetry* to the critic Quintilius; but the picture drawn by the English poet is more comprehensive and more precise, and in all ways more interesting.

L. 645. **The mighty Stagirite**: See *ante*, l. 138, note.

L. 648. **The Mæonian star**: Homer. Mæonia or Lydia was the name of the province of Asia Minor of which Ionia, the native country of Homer, formed the sea-board.

L. 652. **Who conquer'd nature**: By conquering nature, our poet certainly meant, 'was a perfect master of all natural philosophy, as far as it was then understood.' *Warton*.

L. 661. **Our critics**: Imitated from Roscommon, who in his *Essay* before quoted has—

Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.

Phlegm seems to have been pronounced at this time *fleme*, not, as now, *flem*. For besides the authority of Pope and Roscommon, we have that of Swift (quoted in Latham's *Dict.*) :—

Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm.

L. 664. **By wits** : The sense of this line is obscured, partly by transposition, partly by excessive condensation. It means : Horace suffers as much through quotations from his poems, misjudged and misunderstood, made by critics, as through the bad translations of them made by poets. The poets who translate him have none of his 'fire ;' the critics who judge him, none of his 'coolness.'

L. 665. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a Greek writer of the Augustan age, wrote a treatise still extant *On the Arrangement of Words*, to which Pope here refers.

L. 667. **Petronius** : Petronius Arbiter, fragments of whose satires in prose and verse have come down to us, was a courtier in the time of the Emperor Nero. The stern genius of Tacitus severely characterizes him in the sixteenth book of the *Annals* as the 'arbiter of elegance,' and of all that was to be deemed fashionable and agreeable, in that most profligate court. Little of his extant fragments refers to books or criticism : hence it is truly observed by Warton, that 'this dissolute and effeminate writer little deserved a place among good critics for only two or three pages on the subject of criticism.'

L. 669. **Grave Quintilian** : To commend Quintilian barely for his method, and to insist merely on this excellence, is below the merit of one of the most rational and elegant of Roman writers. (Warton.) M. Fabius Quintilianus, a contemporary of Vespasian, is the author of an admirable work on Rhetoric and Eloquence, in twelve books, called *Institutiones Oratoriae*. Warton's remark is rather too severe, for the 'rules' for the guidance of orators which Pope refers to, do in fact constitute a large part of Quintilian's work.

L. 675. **Bold Longinus** : Cassius Longinus, a Greek writer of the third century after Christ, composed a celebrated treatise 'On the Sublime.'

L. 680. **And is himself** : The 'who' in l. 677 must be taken as the subject of 'is,' notwithstanding the interposition of l. 679.

L. 680. **That great sublime he draws**: The thought is borrowed from Boileau, who, in the Preface to his translation of Longinus, says, 'Souvent il fait la figure qu'il enseigne ; et en parlant du sublime, il est lui-même très sublime.' (*Wakefield*, quoted by *Elwin*.)

L. 686. **And the same age**: The fifth century. Rome was sacked by the Goths in 410, and the Western Empire abolished in 476. The continual irruptions of the barbarians in the same age put a stop to the tranquil progress of learning and refinement.

Ib. **Rome**: Pronounced 'Room' in Pope's time. So 'gold' was pronounced 'goold' by many old persons, not forty years ago. Mr. Hales reminds me of *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2:—

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

L. 694. **The glory, &c.**: Erasmus was the glory of the priesthood in virtue of his genius and learning, but 'the shame,' inasmuch as he was forced by selfish and grasping relations to take monastic vows, the obligations of which he disregarded, and holy orders, the duties of which he was totally unfit to discharge. Erasmus died in 1536.

L. 695. **Stemmed the wild torrent**: The great and general movement, usually called the Renaissance or Revival of learning, to recover the literature and imitate the art of the ancient world, commenced in Europe long before the time of Erasmus. Petrarch and Boccaccio in the fourteenth century both exerted themselves enthusiastically to recover the scattered treasures of Latin and Greek learning, which were at that time buried in the libraries of a hundred different monasteries, the inmates of which were often ignorant that they possessed them.

L. 697. Leo X., a member of the great Florentine family of the Medici, who succeeded to the papacy in 1513, and had to deal with Luther and the Reformation, was a liberal patron of the fine arts: see his Life by Roscoe.

L. 704. **Vida**: Marco Girolamo Vida (1480-1566) attracted the favour of several Roman pontiffs by his power of writing elegant Latin verses, in which no modern has ever surpassed him; and merited it by the earnestness with which, when appointed to the see of Alba, he applied himself to the duties of the episcopal office. His poem on Chess (*De Ludo Scacchorum*) and that *De Arte Poetica* were among his most successful efforts.

L. 708. **Next in place** : Virg., *Ecl.*, ix. 28 :—

Mantua, vae ! miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

L. 712. **Most in France** : For instance, Du Bellay and Malherbe, in the sixteenth century, laboured, the one to refine the taste of his countrymen after classic models, the other to fix and purify the French language as a literary instrument. In the seventeenth century many names of celebrated critics occur : Bouhours, Segrais, Ménage, Bossu, Boileau, &c.

L. 714. **In right of Horace** : Boileau, at the end of his *L'Art Poétique*, avows the benefit which his Muse had derived from the 'commerce d'Horace' when he was young.

L. 723. **Such was the Muse** : The names that follow,—Sheffield, Roscommon, Walsh,—are not of that wide and established repute that we should have expected in the men who restored in England 'wit's fundamental laws.' But we must remember that Pope is not speaking of great poets, nor of writers of genius simply, but of those who revived 'critic learning' amongst us, and taught the observance of rules and the imitation of models.

L. 724. **The Essay on Poetry**, by Sheffield Duke of Buckingham or Buckinghamshire, opens with the lines—

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

L. 725. **Roscommon** : Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1633-1684), is the author of the *Essay on Translated Verse*, in which he follows Horace's *Art of Poetry*, like Boileau in his greater work. In thus praising Roscommon, Pope was treading in the steps of Dryden, who, in his laudatory lines on that poet, says, after describing the revival of good literature among the Italians,—

The French pursued their steps ; and Britain, last,
In manly sweetness all the rest surpassed.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the British loom.
The Muses' empire is restored again
In Charles's reign, and by Roscommon's pen.

L. 729. **Such late was Walsh** : William Walsh (1663-1708), a country gentleman, the owner of Abberley Hall in Worcestershire, a man of fashion, and a knight of the shire in several parliaments, aspired also to the glory of a poet and a critic. His

own performances under these heads are often elegant, and nearly always in good taste ; yet it is not these which have caused his name to descend to posterity, but the fact that he could discern greatness, and encourage it to its work ;—that he revered the aged Dryden, and befriended the youthful Pope. There is extant a correspondence between him and Pope on Pastoral Poetry, dated in the years 1705-7.

L. 736. **Pruned-wing** : Prune (in Chaucer 'proine') is from the French *provigner*, to cut away the superfluous shoots of the vine. The metaphor here is taken from the habit of birds, particularly hawks, of picking out their superfluous or damaged feathers (Richardson's *Dict.*). Mr. Jerram reminds me of *Cymbeline*, v. 4 :—

His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing—

MORAL ESSAYS, I.

The poem which now stands the first of the *Moral Essays* originally appeared in 1733, with the title 'Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men,' an epistle addressed to Lord Cobham.

L. 15. **Peculiar** = Peculiarity : The use of adjectives for nouns is common in Shakespeare ; see Abbott, *Shakesp. Grammar*, § 5, for examples.

L. 19. **Each from other differs** : This phrase, though unusual, is more grammatical than the received mode of saying the same thing, 'men differ from each other.'

L. 25. **On human actions** : What you infer as to a man's character from his actions may be good as argument, but you cannot in that way fix and catch the man himself.

L. 29. **Like following life** : Badly expressed. It means, —As happens when you are tracing the vital principle through the frames of the creatures that you are dissecting.

L. 54. **Chandos** : See the note to Ep. IV., l. 99. The Fourth Epistle was first published as a separate poem two years before this, in 1731. Pope had been accused of attacking the Duke of

Chandos in it ; he denied it ; and this line was probably introduced here in order to assist the disclaimer.

L. 56. **Sits at squat** : i.e. cowers or crouches down. The phrase is borrowed from Dryden (quoted in Latham's *Dict.*), who draws the picture of an old ape—

when with a grace
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

Translation of Juvenal.

L. 57. **Manly** : An odious character badly imitated from Moliere's *Misanthrope*, in Wycherley's comedy of the *Plain Dealer*.

L. 61. **In a Queen** : Meaning Queen Caroline, whom he was fond of censuring, as was Bolingbroke. *Warton*. See note on l. 78, *Moral Essay IV*.

L. 62. **One there is** : Swift.

L. 71. **See the same man, &c.** : Pope particularly excelled in framing a brilliant chain of antitheses, such as this.

L. 73. **Hazard** : a game with dice, from the Spanish word *azar*.

L. 75. **Hackney—Whitehall** : This is the picture of a statesman, who is sincere and friendly at his suburban villa at Hackney, but not to be depended upon when he gets to his office at Whitehall.

L. 77. **Catinus** : Supposed to be Charles Dartineuf, a well-known epicure, mentioned more than once in the *Imitations of Horace*.

Ib. **Ever grave** : Warton aptly quotes two reflections on *gravity*, one from *Rochefoucault*, the other from *Confucius*. 'Gravity,' says the cynical Frenchman, 'is a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.' 'Gravity,' says the Chinese sage, 'is indeed only the rind or bark of wisdom ; but it preserves it.'

L. 81. **Patricio** : Lord Godolphin, according to Warburton ; the statesman who, in conjunction with Marlborough, carried on the War of the Spanish Succession, which saved Germany and punished the ambition of Louis XIV.

L. 87. **Montaigne—Charron** : Michel Montaigne (1533-1592), author of the celebrated *Essays*, and Pierre Charron his friend, who wrote a famous work ' *De la Sagesse*.'

L. 88. **The Emperor Otho**, before only known as the effe-

minate companion of Nero's infamous pleasures, behaved with courage and decision both before and after the battle of Bedriacum, in which his army was defeated by Vitellius. Tac. *Hist. II.*

L. 89. **A perjured prince**: Louis XI. of France; who, as the readers of 'Quentin Durward' will recollect, had a singular devotion for Notre Dame de Cléry, a leaden image of whom he carried in the front of his cap.

L. 90. **A godless Regent**: The Duke of Orleans, Regent of France after the death of Louis XIV., who believed in astrology, though sceptical in religion. P.

L. 91. **The throne a bigot, &c.**: Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion [in 1724], resumed it to gratify his queen; and Victor Amadeus II., king of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death. P.

L. 98. **Now in the moon**: Now above, now below, the ordinary standard of humanity.

L. 104. **Shave their crowns**: i.e. assume the tonsure and enter a monastery.

L. 107. **Adust** = dry, parched; from the Latin verb *aduro*. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xii. 635:—

As the Libyan air adust
Began to parch that temperate clime.

L. 108. **Charles to the convent**: The Emperor Charles V. abdicated the throne in 1555, and entered the convent of St. Just soon afterwards. Philip II. his son, though not a hero in 'the field,' carried on wars and negotiations with great energy through the whole course of his long reign.

L. 121. **The few that glare**: The few glaring actions cannot fail to make a character conspicuous: dazzled by them, you do not allow sufficient weight to the many actions that lie in shadow.

L. 136. **A saint in crape**: The allusion is to the crape scarf of the doctor of divinity, and the lawn sleeves of the bishop.

L. 139. **Wise if a minister**: An awkward suppression: the meaning of course is, [A man is deemed] wise, if, &c.

L. 141. **Court-virtues bear**: This whole reflection, and the similitude brought to support it, have great delicacy of ridicule, together with all the charms of wit and poetry. W.

L. 150. **Just as the twig is bent**: This was the favourite doctrine of Robert Owen, the founder of the English Socialists, who

expressed it in the formula that *man was the creature of circumstances*, inferring thence that it was the duty of society to improve the circumstances under which men grew up, in order that they might have an inclination towards virtue rather than vice.

L. 159. **Scoto**: Carruthers says that perhaps Johnston the Scottish Secretary was meant, a neighbour of Pope's at Twickenham.

L. 164. **Some God or Spirit**: The poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion that the sudden vision of a god was wont to strike the irreverent observer speechless. He has only a little extended the conceit, and supposed that the terrors of a *Court-Deity* might have the like effect on one of these devoted worshippers. *Scribl. P.*

L. 166. **Judge we by Nature?** Warton highly extols this passage as containing, in the compass of eight lines, 'an anatomy of human nature.' He adds, 'I have seen a collection of all the passages, in Horace and Pope, that relate to men and manners, placed together and compared with each other. The superiority was given to Pope, for a deeper knowledge of human nature than could be found in Horace.'

L. 172. **Manners with fortunes**: The student of these Essays might with advantage be directed to collect instances and illustrations from his reading, or to quote popular proverbs and maxims, in elucidation of the four propositions contained in this couplet. Thus, as to 'manners,' turning 'with fortunes,' one might quote Shakespeare's 'high-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect,' or the story of Cromwell's radiant and commanding aspect after the battle of Worcester, or the proverb 'fine feathers make fine birds,' and so of the rest.

L. 178. **This clue once found**: It seems at first hard to say how this theory is to be reconciled with the lines above (l. 27):—

His principle of action once explore.
That instant 'tis his principle no more.

According to the common use of words, the 'lust of praise' was Wharton's 'principle of action,' i.e. it supplied the originating impulse and motive upon which he acted. But this lust of praise was his 'ruling passion,' and, as such, supplies an unfailing key to his character, whereas his 'principle of action' is said to be fluctuating. Probably Pope meant by 'principle,' in the former passage, an avowed and consciously held principle, which might then be fairly

distinguished from the 'ruling passion,' which works at the bottom of the mind, and of whose influence the agent is not always conscious.

L. 179. Philip Duke of Wharton, son of the Marquis of Wharton, whom Addison accompanied as Chief Secretary on his appointment to the vice-royalty of Ireland in 1714, was born in 1669, and died in Spain in 1731. Horace Walpole (quoted by Carruthers) says of him,—'With attachment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escorial,—the prospect of King George's Garter for the Pretender's; and, with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord who had writ the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury died in the habit of a Capuchin.' Wharton Hall, with the noble estate belonging to it, extending along the banks of the Eden near Kirkby Stephen, passed after his death into the hands of the Lowthers.

L. 187. **A Wilmet**: The Lord Rochester of Charles II.'s days.

L. 208. **Lucullus**: The meaning is;—though Lucullus is famous in history for lavish expenditure and luxurious living, the secret of his character is not to be found there, but in the ambition which was his ruling passion, and which would have led him, in days when frugality was in favour, to court the good opinion of the multitude by living on roasted turnips and cold water.

L. 220. **As gravely out**: a musician who plays out of tune or out of time is sometimes said to be 'out,' and the word is here transferred to the case of a man whose actions are not in harmony with reason.

L. 221. **Lanesborough**: An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. P.

L. 226. **Helluo**: a Latin word meaning 'glutton.'

L. 229. **Then bring the jowl**: Pope evidently copied this ludicrous instance of gluttony from Lafontaine:—

Puisqu'il faut que je meure,
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reste de mon poisson.

Warton.

L. 235. **In weollen**: The anecdote is founded on the last

directions for her interment really given by Mrs. Anne Oldfield, a famous actress in the reigns of Anne and George I. She died in 1730. An absurd law passed in 1678 for the encouragement of the woollen manufacture was then in force, by which it was ordered that all dead bodies should be wrapped in woollen shrouds ! See Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, ed. by M'Culloch.

L. 244. **Euclio** : By some Sir William Bateman, by others Sir Charles Duncombe, the purchaser of Helmsley, was believed to be meant.

L. 250. **Brave Cobham** : Sir Richard Temple, created Viscount Cobham, was the owner of Stowe in Buckinghamshire. Here he constructed a 'Temple of Worthies,' in which he placed the busts of his most valued friends. He was intimate with Lord Marchmont, Gilbert West, the first Lord Lyttelton, and others of the circle in which Pope habitually moved. He was sceptical in his opinions, if a note in *Nichol's Anecdotes* (vol. ii. p. 614) may be trusted. From this Lord Cobham the present Duke of Buckingham is lineally descended.

MORAL ESSAYS, II.

'To a Lady.'—Martha Blount, daughter of Mr. Lister Blount, of Mapledurham in Oxfordshire, near Reading. The Blounts were an old Roman Catholic family. Pope's acquaintance with them seems to have commenced about the year 1711, and the intimacy continued till his death. Mr. Blount dying in 1710, the estate passed to his son Michael, but the widow with her two daughters, Teresa and Martha, continued for a time to live at Mapledurham House. Pope's friendship for Martha, who was two years younger than himself, grew to be one of the warmest and most affectionate kind ; and had not the state of his health (his life a 'long disease,' to quote his own words) made him wisely resolve to remain single, they would probably have married. A foolish scandal arose about their intimacy, as it was.

L. 8. **Is there, Pastora** : This inversion is extremely harsh.

L. 15. **Sinner it or saint it**: Cf. *The Tempest*, Act I., Sc. 2, 380, 'Foot it feathly here and there.' 'It is sometimes used indefinitely, as the object of a verb, without referring to anything previously mentioned, and seems to indicate a pre-existing object in the mind of the person spoken of.' Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*.

L. 18. **Trick her off in air**: 'Trick' means here 'adorn,' 'set off:' cf. Milton's *Lycidas*, 170; 'tricks his beams.' As to the etymology, Mr. Jerram (in the Appendix to his edition of the *Lycidas* and *Epitaph Dam.*) shows reason to believe that the original of 'trick' in all its senses is the Dutch *trek*, a 'draught,' 'pull,' or 'stroke,' with the secondary meaning of 'deceit,' and a 'feature,' of face or character.

L. 23. **Locke**: The author of the celebrated *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

L. 24. **Sappho**: Supposed to mean Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu. The daughter of the Duke of Kingston, Lady Mary Pierrepont, married in 1712, after a long sentimental correspondence had passed between them, Mr. Edward Wortley-Montagu, an honourable and estimable man, though a little dull and formal. She accompanied him when he went as ambassador to Constantinople, and on their return in 1718 settled at Twickenham. Pope was her enthusiastic admirer for years, but about the year 1720 this feeling was changed into one of furious and implacable aversion; nor can we well doubt that the reason of the change assigned by Lady Mary was the true one, namely, that on an unlucky occasion, when the little poet, carried away by his feelings, had made to her 'a declaration in form,' she received it, not with a display of offended dignity, but with a burst of laughter. The malice with which Pope pursued her ever after, not scrupling to utter the most foul and outrageous calumnies against her good name, remains a stain upon his memory. Lady Mary died in 1761. Her *Letters* from the East, which are lively and full of shrewd observation, had once a great celebrity. She is moreover known as the person who introduced into Europe the practice of inoculating for the small-pox.

L. 27. **Begun**. The verb 'begin' belongs to Division II., Class I. of Strong Verbs, according to Mr. Morris's classification (*Hist. Acc.* p. 158), which corresponds to Rask's 3rd conjugation, 2nd order, of Anglo-Saxon verbs. A large number of verbs in this

conjugation, having short *i* in the pres., take *a* in the 1st and 3rd sing. of the perf., but *u* in all other parts of that tense. Thus from *onginnan* to begin, came, pres. *ic onginne*, perf. *ic ongan*, *þu on-gunne*, *he ongan*, pl. in all persons *ongunnon*. It thus appears that Pope's use of *began*, in this and other places, as also of *sung*, *sprung*, &c., where we should now write *began*, *sang*, *sprang*, is in fact a relic from the more highly organised accidence of our fore-fathers.

L. 44. Compare Addison's paper on *Patches* in the *Spectator*, No. 81.

L. 51. **Passion** here = love.

L. 53. **Narcissa**: Said, but upon slight foundation, to be the Duchess of Hamilton, wife of the Duke who was killed in a duel with Lord Mohun, after having mortally wounded him, in 1712.

L. 63. **Taylor**: Jeremy Taylor, author of the treatises on *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, and John Foxe, author of *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Church*, a work commonly referred to as *The Book of Martyrs*, from its containing a detailed account of the sufferings of the Protestants in the Marian persecution.

L. 64. **Chartres**: See note to Ep. III., l. 20.

L. 74. **Lucretia—Bosamonda**: The Roman matron who preferred death to a dishonoured life, and the frail favourite of Henry II., who, according to the legend, had the choice given her by Queen Eleanor between a dagger and a poisoned bowl.

L. 77. **Wise wretch!** The antitheses in these lines sparkle, but are a little forced.

L. 89. **Like her Grace**: Warton says that the Duchess of Montagu is intended.

L. 92. **Ratafie**: A liquor prepared from the kernels of apricots and spirits. Etymology doubtful; the word has come to us from France, where it used to be spelled *ratafat*; some say it was so called because drunk at the ratifying of a contract; *rata fat* (understand 'conventio'); Leibnitz thought it was a corruption of *rectifit*. (Littré's Dict.)

L. 97. **Atossa**: Sarah Jennings, married to the first Duke of Marlborough. ('Atossa' was the queen of Darius the Persian king, and mother of Xerxes.) This celebrated woman, whom her husband actually feared, at the same time that he deeply and faithfully loved her, exercised for years a commanding influence over

the mind of Queen Anne, and by that means controlled to no slight extent the policy of England, and even the destinies of Europe.

'These lines,' says Warton, 'were shown to her Grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, as the Duchess of Portland informed me, and called out aloud, "I cannot be so imposed upon; I see plainly enough for whom they are designed;" and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject; though she was afterwards reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress this portrait, which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Mrs. M. [Martha] Blount; and after the Duchess's death, it was printed in a folio sheet, 1746, and afterwards [that is, in Warburton's general edition of 1751] here inserted with those of *Philomede* and *Chloe*. This is the greatest blemish in our poet's moral character.'

It will be observed that much of the above statement rests upon hearsay. The only source from which, at this distance of time, any certain information can be derived, is the Marchmont Papers. In a letter dated early in June 1744, a few days after Pope's death, Lord Bolingbroke writes to the Earl of Marchmont,—'Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four *Fistles* [the *Moral Essays*] that follow the *Essay on Man*. They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication.' He proceeds to say that the character of Atossa was inserted in this edition, and remarks that whatever excuse Pope may have had for originally writing that character, there was 'no excuse for his design of publishing it, after he had received the favour you and I know.' This 'favour,' it is certain, was the gift of 1,000*l.* from the Duchess to Pope. Now as to his writing the character originally, no one who considers the public position occupied for many years by the Duchess will think that Pope can justly be blamed so far. Nothing said of Atossa equals in severity some of Swift's attacks upon the Duchess in the *Examiner*; and these attacks were not thought to exceed the limits of fair party warfare. For instance, Swift wrote of her,¹—'The Whigs are every day cursing the un-governable rage, the haughty pride, and insatiable covetousness of a certain person, as the cause of their fall; and are apt to tell their thoughts, that one single removal might have set all things right.' But that Pope should receive the bounty of the haughty Duchess,

¹ *Examiner*, No. 38.

yet design to publish a character so injurious to her, this it is impossible to justify. Yet let the misdeed be reduced to its just dimensions. There is no evidence whatever of such a *bargain* having been struck between Pope and the Duchess as is assumed in Warton's version of the story; she to pay the money, he to suppress the character. Bolingbroke's words imply nothing of the sort; and the editor of the Marchmont Papers justly maintains that the Duchess would never have stooped to a compact so ignominious. She was fond of performing acts lavish of munificence, and one might as well say that her gift of 10,000*l.* to William Pitt had some sinister or interested motive, as her gift of 1,000*l.* to Pope. Again, the poet probably never meant the character to see the light till after the death of the Duchess; and in fact it did not; she died in October 1744, and the character was first published in 1746, and then, it would seem, without authority; its first authorized publication was in Warburton's edition of 1751. All that is advanced here in Pope's defence is said only by way of palliation: we shall therefore add that if some of his severe judges had reflected on the impulsive temperament of the thorough artist,—how keen is his thirst for fame, and what pain it must be to him to withhold for ever from the eyes of men any production of his genius which he knows to be of rare workmanship, and effectively fashioned to command admiration,—they would perhaps have let mercy 'breathe within their lips.' Dickens, swayed by the same artist feeling, could not refrain from satirizing his own father under the character of Micawber.

L. 103. **Her eddy brain**: This conversion of a noun into an adjective is common in Shakespeare; *e.g.*:

'That sucked the honey of his *music vows*.'—*Ham.* III. 1, 164.

'I should have fatted all the *region kites*.'—*Ham.* II., 2, 607.

Shakespearian Grammar, p. 31.

L. 109. **The fury**: Passion in her was so much stronger than intellect, that she enjoyed none of that pleasure which arises from saying ill-natured things wittily of one's enemies, while the most stupid scandal against herself 'hit' her, that is, wounded her pride and excited her rage.

L. 112. **Be well**: *i.e.* be on good terms with her.

L. 121. **The bust And temple rise**: This alludes to a temple she erected with a bust of Queen Anne in it, which mouldered away in a few years. (*Wilkes*, quoted by *Ward*.)

L. 127. The desire of antithesis sometimes makes Pope say

things which, when examined, have no sense : how could 'warmth' rob the Duchess of friends, or 'wealth' of followers? For it is evident that warmth of attachment, not warmth of temper, must be meant for otherwise it could not be called a 'means' to the attainment of an ambitious person's ends.

L. 129. **Every granted prayer** : Cf. *Fav. Sat.* : x. 7.

Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Di faciles.

L. 137. **Do the knack** : A coarse and harsh expression : one of several to which the tyrannous exigencies of rhyme sometimes reduced our poet.

L. 139. **Chloe** : Lady Suffolk, mistress of George II. Pope addressed to her the pretty lines beginning,

I know the thing that's most uncommon ;

and Scott, with the masterly hand of the true artist, has caused her to live in the pages of the *Heart of Midlothian*.

L. 173. **Queensberry** : The Duchess of Queensberry had a beautiful face, and gracious, winning manners ; she was the kind and steady patroness of Gay, who lived with her and the Duke for some years before his death.

L. 178. **Mahomet** : Servant to the late king [George I.], said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda [1686], and constantly kept about his person. P.

Ib. **Hale** : Dr. Stephen Hale, an excellent parish clergyman of that day.

L. 186. **A virtue or a vice** : For women are taught virtue so artificially, and vice so naturally, that, in the nice exercise of them, they may be easily mistaken for one another. *Scriblerus*.

L. 190. **The love of pleasure** : Of giving, no less than of receiving pleasure. For Nature, when teaching the sex to pursue pleasure, teaches them at the same time 'to please.' Therefore the words 'every woman is at heart a rake' do not convey quite so heavy an imputation as at first sight appears. They mean, 'every woman naturally calls pleasure to her aid, either because she loves it for its own sake, or because she hopes, by inspiring it in men, to maintain an ascendancy over them.'

L. 206. **Well-timed retreat** : For the reigning belle, no less than for the successful statesman, it is the height of wisdom to discern the moment when she may gracefully retire. Compare Sir

Andrew Freeport's letter in the *Spectator* (No. 549) on the wisdom of timely retirement.

L. 219. **Sabbaths**: Witches were supposed to hold meetings, especially on the sabbath, in wild and lonely places, whither they rode on their broomsticks accompanied by their imps or familiar spirits, and where they practised diabolical rites. Cf. Goethe's account of the Walpurgis-nacht in *Faust*.

L. 231. **The Ring**: A circular space in Hyde Park, made in the time of Charles I., near the east end of the Serpentine. It is spoken of as a place of fashionable resort in No. 46 of the *Spectator*.

L. 237. **Oh! blest with temper**: Let the reader compare these charming lines, which are just so far *acidulated* by a dash of irony as to save the praise which they convey from being fulsome or mawkish, with Iago's really ironical, or rather cynical, description of a perfect woman in the tragedy of *Othello*, Act II., Sc. 1.

L. 246. **Codille**: A term used at ombre, implying that the game is won. See *Rape of the Lock*, Canto III., l. 92:—

Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.

L. 248. **Though china fall**: Addison has touched this subject with his usual exquisite humour in the *Lover*, No. 10, quoting Epictetus to comfort a lady that labours under this heavy calamity. (*Warton*.)

L. 249-260: These are charming and musical lines.

L. 260. **Produces—you!** The turn of these lines is exactly the same with those on Mrs. Biddy Floyd; Swift's *Miscellanies*, IV., 142:

Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition—Floyd.—*Warton*.

L. 267. **And gave you beauty**: The picture of the sisters Martha and Teresa Blount, at Stanton Harcourt, of which an engraving is given in Carruthers's edition of the Poems, represents Martha, the younger, as by no means wanting in beauty.

Ib. **But denied the pelf**: The Caryll Correspondence, published by Mr. Elwin, shows that Martha Blount, about this time, was in some pecuniary embarrassment. She had lent to her brother Michael, the owner of Mapledurham, a considerable part of the portion, which, apart from her mother's jointure, was all that she had to live upon; her brother does not seem to have paid interest on the loan, and was tardy about its repayment; she there-

fore was obliged to borrow the same, or nearly the same, sum by having recourse to a lawyer: and the loan was not effected on very easy terms.

L. 271. **The world shall know it:** An awkward piece of *filling in*, resorted to on account of the difficulty of the rhyme.

MORAL ESSAYS, III.

‘Not one of my works (said Pope to Mr. Spence) was more laboured than my Epistle on the Use of Riches.’ (Spence’s *Anecdotes*.)

L. 2. **Like you and me:** Warton calls this ‘a most unaccountable piece of false English—me for I.’ The criticism itself is more ‘unaccountable’ than the expression criticised. Would Warton have said, in noticing the resemblance of his son and heir to himself, ‘He is just like I’? If not, Pope is right in using the objective case.

L. 3. **Momus:** The god of satire and ridicule.

L. 10. **Under ground:**

Aurum irrepertum, et sic melius situm
Quum terra ceiat.—Hor. Od. iii. 3, 49.

L. 20. **Ward—Waters—Chartres:** Pope devotes a long note to this ‘Ward’—John Ward, Esq., of Hackney—who was a member of Parliament, but expelled from the House for forgery and compelled to sit in the pillory. He seems to have made his money by gambling speculations in connexion with the South Sea Bubble.

Of Mr. Waters nothing distinct is known; Pope tells us that his great fortune, as in the other cases, was raised by a diligent attendance on the necessities of others.

Col. Francis Chartres was a detestable personage, notorious in the London society of that day. In the satirical epitaph upon him written by Dr. Arbuthnot, he is said to have—

Persisted.

In spite of Age and Infirmities,
In the practice of Every Human Vice
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy.

Pope says that he had 7,000*l.* a year in land, and about 100,000*l.* in money.

L. 21. **Commodious**=convenient.

L. 34. **Sap on**: The metaphor is taken from siege operations; to 'sap' is to dig trenches for the protection of the men engaged in constructing batteries.

L. 36. **The dropping guinea**: In a note Pope declares this to have actually happened to an 'unsuspected old patriot' of the time of William III., 'who coming out at the back door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.'

L. 41. **Imp'd**=fresh-winged. 'To imp' is a term of falconry, used of the repairing of the falcon's wings by new feathers. (Ward.)

L. 42. **Can pocket states**: Gold, with the help of paper-credit, can enable a prince or statesman to put the price of a state in his pocket. The system has attained to vastly increased dimensions since the days of Pope; the United States bought Louisiana from France, Florida from Spain, and Alaska from Russia; and the late Emperor Napoleon would have bought Luxemburg if he could.

L. 44. **Or ship off senates**: Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720. P. See *Dunciad*, iv. 598, note.

L. 45. **A leaf, like Sibyl's**: The allusion is to Virgil's description of the leaves on which her oracles are written flitting about the Sibyl's cave: *AEn.* III. 445 *seq.*

L. 54. The *quorum* is the list of justices of the peace in any county: 'water' = wet, soak.

L. 60. **Poor avarice**: If wealth consisted, not in money, but in the commodities which money represents, avarice would find 'one torment more,' because hoarding would be so difficult. The miserly Welsh baronet would be seen surrounded by cheeses (the national delicacy), or perhaps mounted on one; and the griping coal merchant, all his wealth being reduced to coals, would be seen 'crying them' from street to street.

L. 65. Sir William Colepepper, Bart., a person of an ancient family and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others. P.

L. 67. **White's** : A club-house in St. James's Street, still frequented by rich and fast young noblemen.

L. 70. **Fair coursers** : In the games described in the *Alcestis* of Euripides, horses, herds of cattle, and a female slave were the prizes of the contests. Eur. Alc. 1030.

L. 76. **The nation's last great trade** : As if he would say,—the Irish are beating us in the manufacture of linen, and the Spaniards debar us from the American coasts ; the only trade left by which an Englishman can make a little money is card-playing, and that would be terribly hampered by the system of payment in kind. Quadrille, as its name indicates, is a game of cards at which four can play ; it is described in the *Rape of the Lock*.

L. 82. **Turner** : Pope says that this Turner, who was possessed of 300,000*l.*, having lost 70,000*l.* in a rash speculation, took it so much to heart that he kept his chamber ever after.

L. 84. **Unhappy Wharton** : See the note on Wharton, Epistle I., l. 179.

L. 85. **Hopkins** : A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture* Hopkins. P.

L. 86. **Japhe Crook**—was punished with the loss of nose and ears for having forged the conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he borrowed several thousand pounds. P.

L. 92. **A college or a cat** : The case of the good Sir Leoline Jenkins might be in Pope's mind, who, dying in 1684, had bequeathed the bulk of his property to Jesus College, Oxford.

The Duchess of Richmond ('*La Belle Stuart*' of Grammont's *Memoirs*) is said in Pope's note to have left annuities to her cats ; but Warton explains this by adding, that the annuities were really left to certain decayed gentlewomen, friends of the Duchess, with the burthen of maintaining her cats, the condition being kindly meant to make the gift easier of acceptance to the pride of the legatees.

L. 96. **Bond**—was one of the directors of a swindling company, called the *Charitable Corporation*, which was professedly established with the view of lending money to poor persons upon pledges. P.

L. 97. **Sir Gilbert Heathcote**—was a director of the Bank of England. (Ward.)

L. 99. **Sir John Blunt**—originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South Sea Company, and one of the chief

managers of the famous South Sea Scheme in 1720. He was a Dissenter, and was wont to declaim continually against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party spirit.

L. 101. Formerly thus :

But rev'rend Sutton with a softer air
Admits, &c.—(*Warton.*)

This was Sir Richard Sutton, Warburton's patron.

L. 102. **And leaves them** : This unexpected turn encloses so much meaning in three little words as to form one of the most effective strokes of satire that can be cited.

L. 104. **Each does but hate, &c.** : i.e. Bond and his friends are not worse friends to their neighbour than to themselves. If hell should take both, the poor slave who has ministered to a rich man's luxury is not worse off than the slave of his own vices, who has hoarded a vast fortune. Or it may merely mean:—the pangs of the covetous rich man are as great, though of a different kind, as the pangs of the beggar; just as slaves at the gold mines have an equally miserable lot, whether they hide the gold which they dig, or give it up to the overseer.

L. 109. **Some war, some plague** : Such hallucinations in the minds of very wealthy men are no invention of the poet. The case of a general merchant in London is well known, who died a few years ago worth over three millions, yet who was during the last years of his life haunted by the fear, out of which he could not be reasoned, that he would some day come to the workhouse.

L. 113. **South-sea year** : The year of the great financial disturbance called the South-sea Bubble, 1720.

L. 116. **A general excise** : It was the wish of Sir Robert Walpole to extend this tax, which was first invented by the Long Parliament, to most articles of ordinary consumption; but the aversion of the public mind to the project was too great for him to overcome. Johnson's well-known definition of 'Excise,' in the first edition of his Dictionary, illustrates this aversion: 'A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.'

L. 117. **Supho** : See note to Ep. II. 24.

L. 118. **Alas! they fear** : As they get old and lose their beauty, they fear that they will have no way of attracting admirers but by their money.

L. 119. **Peter Walter** was a dexterous attorney, and a good, if not a safe conveyancer. P. He acquired an immense fortune, and purchased Stalbridge Park, near Sherborne. (Dyce.)

L. 122. **Didius**: The Praetorian Guards, after they had murdered the Emperor Pertinax, set up the Empire for sale, and it was purchased by the senator Didius Julianus for thirty millions of drachmas. Didius was murdered at the end of sixty-six days. See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. v.

L. 123. **The crown of Poland**: Mr. Gage, a member of an ancient Catholic family in Suffolk, dreamed of purchasing the venal crown of Poland; and as it could be obtained for 'three millions,' he 'modestly' stinted his speculative gains in the Mississippi scheme of John Law to that amount.

'Maria' (Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of the Marquis of Powis and a natural daughter of James II.) lets her ambition take a still higher flight; she dreams of 'hereditary realms,' and already feels the crown of Britain on her head. Pope says that they retired into Spain, and engaged in the search for gold in the mines of the Asturias. (Pope, Bowles.)

L. 129. **Blunt**: See note on l. 99.

L. 136. **The box**: At the Opera-house.

L. 137. **To bite** means to bamboozle, cheat, take in.

L. 147. **All this is madness**: 'Those who act for such ends are mad,' cries a sage. But who, when under the influence of passion, is sane? The ruling and habitual passion sets reason at nought as much as any sudden freak or wild caprice; nay, if it is without ulterior motive, while these have motives, it is even *less* reasonable.

L. 157. **Extremes, &c.**: See *Essay on Man* (Ep. II., l. 205), where the view here taken is stated with more of expansion and illustration.

L. 166. **Fly**: Cf. Prov. xxiii. 5. 'Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away, as an eagle toward heaven.'

L. 170. **His heir**: 'Postremo expendet certe vivacior haeres.' Hor. Sat. II., 2.

L. 173. **Cotta**: Supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle, father of the minister of George II. His miserly life is very finely and graphically described.

L. 178. **Soups unbought**: Imitated from Virg. *Georg.* IV. 133, 'dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.'

L. 183. **Chartreux**—Carthusian monastery. The Carthusian Order, founded by St. Bruno in the eleventh century, takes its name from the Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble, where the first monastery was founded in the midst of a frightful wilderness, and where the monks still keep 'silence without, and fasts within the hall.'

L. 193. **His son**: Supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle, George II.'s prime minister, who held office with Pitt in the first years of the Seven Years' War.

L. 204. **Zeal for that great house**: Ironical, for Pope did not love the House of Hanover; see the satirical opening of his *Imitation of Horace* (Ep. I. Book II.)

L. 206. **Sylvans**—Sylvan deities.

L. 210. It was the custom till quite recent times for the citizens of London to have a procession on the night of the 17th November, and burn the Pope in effigy. See the *Spectator*, No. 269.

L. 222. **O teach us, Bathurst**: The construction is awkward; 'teach' has a double object, the coupled clauses which fill the first seven lines of the paragraph, and 'that secret rare,' &c.

ib. **Bathurst**: See note to Ep. IV., 178.

L. 231. **Ambergris**: Ambergris, or Grey Amber, is a solid, opaque, inflammable substance, of a fragrant odour when heated; it is supposed to be produced in the viscera of the spermaceti whale.

L. 235. **Is there a lord**: This passage is illustrated by several pictures in Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode.'

L. 239. **Oxford's better part**: Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe. P.

L. 246. **The Man of Ross**: This was a Mr. John Kyre, a native of Herefordshire, who, says Warton, spent his long life in advancing and contriving plans of public utility. We learn from the same authority that he was 'enabled to effect many of his benevolent purposes by the assistance of liberal subscriptions, which his character easily procured.' He died in 1724, aged 90.

L. 247. **Vaga**: The Wye.

L. 257. **Heaven-directed spire**: In the first edition of the *Encycl. Britannica* it is stated that Kyre raised the spire of Ross Church (a fine structure, founded by a bishop of Hereford in

the twelfth century) a hundred feet; also that he constructed a causeway on the west side of the town.

L. 262. **Where age and want**: This beautiful and well-known line shows that Pope was not wanting in the faculty of imagination, though other powers in his mind were stronger. The scene at the almshouse gate is the poet's creation; but being in close accord with probability, it extends our ideal experience, and, charming us by its beauty, incites to feelings and acts tending to make the experience actual.

L. 278. **Hide, &c.**: Imitated from Milton, *Par. Lost*, IV., 35.

L. 283. **Search it there**: In the parish register.

L. 286. **Proved** agrees with 'space.' The life of Kyrle, intermediate between the dates of his birth and death given in the parish register, is proved to have *been*, by the patent fact that the ends of *being* were answered in his behaviour.

L. 290. **Extends his hands**: i.e., as if in act to give,—an employment to which the living Hopkins never put them.

L. 292. **Eternal buckle**: 'Buckle' is used in the sense of the French *boucle*, a curl.

L. 299. **The George and Garter**: The George is the gold medallion of St. George and the dragon, attached to the blue ribbon of the Garter. The Order of the Garter was instituted by Edward III.: it consists of twenty-five knights and the reigning sovereign.

L. 301. **Great Villiers lies**: George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, married to a daughter of Fairfax, and long a favourite of Charles II. Scott has drawn an elaborate portrait of him in *Peril of the Peak*.

Pope says, 'This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possess'd of about 50,000*l.* a year, and passed thro' many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687 in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.'

The house at Kirkby Moorside in which he died is still shown to strangers, but there is no tradition of its ever having been an inn. He was suddenly taken ill after a long ride with the hounds, and brought to this house, which belonged to one of his tenants, or quondam tenants; for the great Helmsley estate appears to have passed out of his hands into those of a London citizen named

Duncombe, the ancestor of the present Feversham family, a year or two before.

L. 303. **Cliveden** : A delightful palace on the banks of the Thames [near Maidenhead], built by the Duke of Buckingham. P. It now belongs to the Duke of Westminster.

L. 304. **Wanton Shrewsbury** : This infamous Countess of Shrewsbury was a daughter of the Earl of Cardigan ; she is said to have held the horses of her paramour the Duke of Buckingham, in the habit of a page, while he was fighting the duel with the Earl her husband in which the latter fell. This was in 1667.

L. 306. **Merry King** : Charles II.

L. 308. **No fool to laugh at** : Compare Dryden's lines—

Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.

L. 310. There are many faults of expression in this celebrated episode on the death of the Duke of Buckingham. Apart from these, it does not prove what it was introduced to prove, namely, 'what comfort [wealth] affords our end.' For Buckingham had run through all his money before he died, and therefore could derive neither comfort nor the reverse from his wealth ; nothing follows from the negation of a circumstance. In the episode itself it would be easy to point out half-a-dozen defects, either of rhythm or expression. But this is a thankless task ; and we will content ourselves with saying that, although the general outlines of the picture of the dying profligate are fine, and appeal strongly to the imagination, in *expression* it falls far behind the character drawn of the same Buckingham by Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel*.

L. 311. **Cutler** : Sir John Cutler, a notorious miser.

L. 330. **But a name** : On the celebrated exclamation of Brutus when about to kill himself after the battle of Philippi, see Mr. Merivale's remarks in his *Hist. of the Rom. under the Empire*, iii. 226.

L. 335. **London's column** : The Monument, on Fish Street Hill, built in memory of the Fire of London, of 1666, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists. P. The inscription was altered by the removal of the obnoxious passage in 1831.

L. 352. **Lucky shore** : 'Cornish wreckers' used to be a by-word.

L. 358. **A gem**: Pope was supposed to allude to the Pitt diamond, brought to England by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras about 1700, and sold to the King of France for 20,000*l.* Thomas Pitt was grandfather of the first Earl of Chatham. (Carruthers.)

L. 387. **Coningsby**: The impeachment of Oxford in 1715 was moved by Lord Coningsby. (Ward.)

MORAL ESSAYS, IV.

L. 7. **Topham**: A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings. P.

L. 8. Henry, eighth Earl of Pembroke, made a great collection of statues and other antiques at Wilton.

L. 9. **Hearne**. Thomas Hearne (1678-1735) was the son of poor parents, but was sent to the University by a gentleman who had noticed his aptitude for learning, and amply justified the discernment of his patron. Entered at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, he maintained himself at first, after taking his degree, by collating MSS. for Dr. Mill, White Kennet, and other scholars; finally he obtained the post of sub-librarian at the Bodleian Library. Refusing to take the oaths at the accession of George I., he was turned out of his situation and lived at Edmund Hall for the rest of his life, supporting himself by his literary industry, which was prodigious, and rendered great services to history and learning. He edited Robert of Gloucester's Rhyming Chronicle, Leland's *Itinerary* and *Collectanea*, and many other precious monuments of the olden time.

L. 10. **Mead, Sloane**: Two eminent physicians: the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities: both men of great learning and humanity. P. Sir Hans Sloane's collections were obtained after his death for the nation, and are now in the British Museum. Dr. Richard Mead (1675-1754) succeeded the famous Dr. Radcliffe in the position of leading physician in London. He was a great collector, not only of books, but also of coins, bronzes, and gems; but his collections were dispersed after his death.

L. 16. **Ripley**: A carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in his art. P.

He was a protégé of Sir Robert Walpole's, and built his house at Houghton. *Ward.*

L. 18. **Bubo**: Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, was the son of a Carlisle apothecary named Bubb, but inherited a large estate in Dorsetshire belonging to his uncle George Doddington. There was a large house on the property, designed by Vanbrugh, which his uncle's will bound him to complete. He died in 1762; his *Diary* was published some twenty years later. (Carruthers.)

L. 21. **You show us**: The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones, and the *Antiquities of Rome* by Palladio. P.

L. 24. **Imitating fools**: These lines might be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the architectural absurdities which have been perpetrated in every direction by the would-be restorers and revivers of Gothic since the appearance of Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. No one can feel so keenly as that distinguished man the nuisance and the affront of having your ideas burlesqued by 'imitating fools,' whose leading principle seems to be,—confounding a mean stinginess with a noble plainness,—to pile on their hideous erections the greatest amount of trashy ornament, at the least expense of money and thought.

L. 32. **Bits of rustic**: Rustic or rusticated work in Architecture is 'a species of decoration for walls, wherein the joints between the courses, and between the separate stones in each course, are strongly defined by sunk channels or grooves,' the surfaces being left either smooth or rough, as may be preferred. See the excellent article 'Rustic Work' in the Penny Cyclopaedia.

L. 35. **Palladian**: Andrea Palladio was the most celebrated of the Italian architects who worked in the Renaissance style in the sixteenth century. The elegant open arcades which he designed were of course better suited for the Italian than the English climate.

L. 42. **Worth the seven**: The seven sciences of the old academical courses at the universities of the middle ages, the Trivium and Quadrivium; they were, Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric; Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Astronomy.

L. 44. Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect [builder of

Whitehall], and M. Le Notre, the designer of the best gardens in France. P.

L. 53. **He gains all points**: These two lines contain the art and mystery of Landscape Gardening. The effect of 'concealing the bounds' (by shrubberies, sunk fences, &c.) is twofold: 1. to harmonize the distant scene with that close to the eye, restore the unity in Nature, and temporarily conceal those marks and delimitations which are made necessary by the selfishness and mutual mistrust of men; 2. to prevent that feeling of restraint and imprisonment which the sight of a wall or paling suggests, while preserving the sense of *shelter* which is suggested by trees. Cf. Bacon's Essay 'Of Gardens.'

L. 61. **Th' intending lines**: 'Intending' seems to take its meaning from the Latin *intendo*, and = aiming. The sense therefore is, that Taste now breaks, now continues straight onwards, the direction of the lines of the landscape.

L. 68. **Perhaps a Stowe**: The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire. P. Our own days have witnessed the partial downfall of the glories of Stowe. An admirable description of these may be found in one of the Additional Notes to Mr. Carruthers's edition of the Poems; he was at Stowe on one of the days of the great sale in 1848.

L. 76. Dr. S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Doctor duly frequented the Court. P. A bust of St. Jerome or of St. Romuald would be appropriate furniture for a stucco hermitage, but what business had the Arian Dr. Clarke there, to whom the state of mind which made hermits would be not only absurd, but unintelligible? The lines contain a hit also at the halting orthodoxy of the Hanoverian Court. Pope seldom misses the opportunity of a gibe at the expense of the new dynasty; the Roman Catholic influences which surrounded him perhaps influenced him against it more than he himself was aware.

L. 78. **His quincunx darkens**: The fruit-trees, set in rows in the quincunx form * * * have grown up, and begin to cast a shade. See *Imit. of Horace*, I. 130.

L. 93. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourished*

carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. P.

L. 97. **At Timon's villa**: The readers of this Essay believed that by Timon the Duke of Chandos, and by his villa Canons, the Duke's seat in Hertfordshire, must be intended. Pope denied this, and wrote a letter of exculpation to the Duke, who, being a generous man, accepted the disclaimer. Yet Dr. Johnson evidently leans to the belief that the Duke, who had entertained Pope at Canons not long before, was really intended (*Life of Pope*). Writing to Caryll in March 1732 (*Letters*, ed. Elwin), Pope characterises the report that the Duke was intended as groundless and silly.

L. 99. **Of that stupendous air**: The expression here is very elliptical. Everything about the villa is on so stupendous a scale, and has such an air of grandeur, that you renounce the hope of meeting with anything that is soft and pleasing.

L. 101. **In such a draught**: That is, 'on such a plan,' 'on a design *drawn* to so vast a scale.'

L. 102. **Brobdignag**: The land of giants, described in Gulliver's *Travels*. Swift spells the word Brobdingnag.

L. 107. **Heaps of littleness**: Buildings, mounds, and monuments, may be big or huge in point of material size; but if a mean, ignoble mind designed them, they will be but 'heaps of littleness' after all.

L. 109-124. The various incongruities, shocking to good taste and common sense, which meet the eye in the great house and the grounds about it, are described in these lines with inimitable wit and skill.

L. 112. **Behold the wall!** He violates one of the cardinal principles of landscape-gardening by not 'concealing the bounds.'

L. 114. **Perplex**: Make intricate and tangled; Lat. *perplexus*, intricate; *perplicare*, to entangle.

L. 115. **Alley**: (Fr. *alleé*). See Bacon's account of a model garden, with 'alleys on both sides,' in his *Essay Of Gardens* (*Essays*, ed. by Abbott, Lond. Ser. ii. 54).

L. 121. **Amphitrite** was a sea-goddess, the spouse of Neptune.

L. 122. The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens*. P. The last-named statue is the famous 'Dying Gladiator' of Byron, in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome. The figure is now believed to be that of a Gaul, probably a Gaulish herald.

L. 126. **Smit**: This shorter form of the past part. (*smitt* for *smitten*) occurs also in Shakespeare and other early writers, who have *writ* for *written*, *chid* for *chidden*, *slid* for *slidden* (Morris, *H. O.* p. 165).

L. 134. **Aldus**: Aldo Pio Manuzio (1447-1515) was the head and founder of a family of printers who were to Italy what the family of Estienne or Stephanus were to France. He established his presses at Venice, and commenced to print and publish there in 1494.

L. 135. **Lo, some are vellum**: Professor Ward has not explained this passage correctly. 'But they are wood' does not mean 'as if they were wood.' Pope means to say, 'Some of the books are valuable old editions bound in vellum, and the rest are as good for all his Lordship knows, who never looks at more than the backs of them, but they are really wooden dummies.'

L. 144. **Verrio** (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., and *Laguerre* at Blenheim Castle and other places. P. Verrio, a Neapolitan artist, was brought over to this country by Charles II. soon after the Restoration, and passed the rest of his life in England. His best works are to be seen at Burleigh House and Chatsworth. Louis Laguerre, a Parisian, was employed for some time under Verrio as his assistant; afterwards he painted on his own account, and was engaged for many years in painting saloons, ceilings, staircases, &c. in the houses of the nobility.

L. 148. **To ears polite**: This is a fact. A reverend Dean, preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in 'a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly.' P.

L. 151. **Serpents**: This line 'taxes the incongruity of *ornaments* (tho' sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced in grottoes or buffets.' P.

L. 158. **Sancho's dread doctor**: See 'Don Quixote,' chap. xlvii. P. Sancho Panza, having been made governor of the

island of Barataria, sits down to a luxurious dinner ; but the court doctor, on the plea that he has the charge of the governor's health, and is responsible for his good digestion, orders the attendants to whisk every dish off the table as fast as it is served.

L. 159. **Salvers** : The word (from the Lat. *salvare*) is applied to a dish or platter made of metal, as that which preserves, keeps or holds safely.

L. 167. **Yet hence the poor** : The moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands and diffuses expense more than a good one. P. This, as Mr. Mill has shown (*Princ. of Polit. Econ.* Book I. chap. iii.), is bad political economy. The expenditure which is reproductive enriches the country more, and tends ultimately more to the diffusion of wealth, than the same expenditure devoted to objects of luxury.

L. 176. **Who plants like Bathurst** : Allan Lord Bathurst employed himself busily, for some years before and after this was written, in building, planting, and otherwise improving, on his estate among the Cotswold Hills, at Oakley, near Cirencester. Writing to him in 1730, Pope said, 'I am sensible that many great and noble works, worthy a large mind and fortune, have employed your cares and time ; such as enclosing a province with walls of stone, *planting a whole country with clumps of firs, &c.*' Lord Bathurst died at the age of 91 in 1775. He is the subject of a celebrated and striking picture, drawn by Burke in his Speech on Conciliation with America. He was one of the twelve peers created at Harley's suggestion in 1711, in order to obtain a ministerial majority in the House of Lords.

Ib. **Who builds like Boyle** : Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, inherited some of the ability of his celebrated namesake, was warmly attached to science and art, and encouraged their votaries. His recommendation of Berkeley to the Duke of Grafton in 1721 led to the preferment in the Irish Church of that excellent man and ingenious philosopher, and was the foundation of his temporal fortunes.

L. 179. **His father's acres** : Imit. from Horace, (Epd. ii. 1) :—

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
 * * * * *
 Paterna rura bobus exercet sua.

L. 184. **Deserving steed**: Imitated from Virg. *Geo.* ii. 515.—

Armenta boum, meritosque juvencos.

Cf. *Essay on Man*, iii. 40.

L. 191. **Jones and Palladio**: See ll. 35, 44, and notes.

L. 192. **Vitruvius**: An architect employed by Augustus in the re-building of Rome: his treatise on Architecture is still extant.

L. 196. **Temples**: In a long note on this passage Pope explains that when he spoke of 'Temples, worthier of the God,' he alluded to the 'fifty new churches' (see *The Spectator*, No. 383) some of which were 'ready to fall, being founded in boggy land'; and also to the scheme for building Westminster Bridge, adopted by Parliament in 1734.

L. 200. **Obedient rivers**: The thought is Horace's:

Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius.

But the particular expression is borrowed from Young's *Last Day* (Book III.):

Who raised the vale, and laid the mountain low,
And taught obedient rivers where to flow.

L. 202. **Imperial works**: Dryden had rendered Virgil's 'Hæ tibi erunt artes' by the spirited verse,

These are Imperial Arts, and worthy Thee.

THE DUNCIAD, I.

The original opening was:—

Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses, &c.

L. 1. **The mighty mother and her son**: The Goddess of Dulness and Colley Cibber, whom, on the death of Eusden in 1730, George II. had appointed poet-laureate. Johnson, who

hated and despised the Hanoverian family almost as much as Pope, wrote the following lines on this auspicious occasion :—

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign.
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For Nature formed the poet for the king.

L. 2. The Smithfield Muses : Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book III. [ll. 233-312]. P.

L. 4. By Dulness, Jove, and Fate : i.e., by their *judgments*, their *interests*, and their *inclinations*. P. The empire of Dulness, and the coronation of Theobald or Cibber as the new prince, are conceptions which Pope evidently borrowed from the *Mac-Flecnoe* of Dryden. In that satire, Flecnoe, an obscure Irish versifier, who long had ruled—

Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute,
resigns the crown in favour of his son Mac-Flecnoe, or Shadwell,
on the ground that—

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years.

The audience accept Shadwell's nomination, for—

All arguments, but most his plays persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Shadwell is then crowned, after swearing that he 'till death true dulness would maintain,' and wage implacable war against wit and sense.

L. 6. Still dunce the second : Imitated from a line in Dryden's Epistle to Congreve, where, speaking of Rymer and Shadwell, he says

For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.

L. 10. Pallas : According to the Greek mythology, Pallas, the daughter of Metis, issued fully armed from the head of Zeus, after he had devoured her mother.

L. 12. **Chaos—Night** : See *Par. Lost*, ii. 894 :—

eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy.

L. 19. **Whatever title** : The style of this invocation is borrowed from the classics, where a god is frequently addressed under different names, the worshipper doubting which will be the most acceptable to him. Compare too Burns, *Ode to the Deil*, beginning—

O thou ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie.

L. 20. **Dean, Drapier** : Swift was Dean of St. Patrick's, Dubhn ; author of the *Drapier's Letters*, written when the attempt was made, in 1724, to introduce a new copper coinage into Ireland ; as Isaac Bickerstaff he had written *Predictions for the Year 1708*, and other satirical pieces ; lastly, under the name of Gulliver, he had published his wonderful Travels, to Lilliput, Brobdingnag, &c.

L. 21. **Cervantes' serious air** : As in *Gulliver's Travels*, according to Warburton. But the seriousness there is a mock seriousness ; whereas Cervantes, in the intervals of his broad fun, sparkling wit, and humorous description, can be, and often is, nobly serious, and even pathetic.

L. 22. **Rabelais**, the famous curé of Meudon ; died in 1553 ; author of the satirical romance of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*.

L. 23. **Or praise the Court** : Ironical ; for Swift was continually abusing the Court, and expressing his scorn and loathing of mankind.

L. 24. **Copper chains** : See the note to l. 20.

L. 25. **Thy Boeotia** : Ireland, then held down by savage penal laws, which repressed the native genius of the people.

L. 28. **Saturnian age** : The ancient Golden Age is by poets styled Saturnian, as being under the reign of Saturn ; but in the Chemical language Saturn is Lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age ; which is not produced completely till the fourth book. P.

L. 29. **Those walls** : Bedlam Hospital.

L. 30. **Monroe** : The physician in charge of Bedlam. (Ward.)

L. 31. **His famed father's hand** : Mr. Caius Gabriel

Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist. P.

L. 32. **Brazen, brainless, brothers**: An excellent specimen of alliteration.

L. 34. **The cave**: Grub Street.

L. 37. **Proteus**: Virg. *Geo.* iv. 406.

L. 40. **Curll—Lintot**: Two booksellers, of whom see Book II. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters. P.

L. 41. **Hymning Tyburn**: It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time or before. P.

L. 51. **Prudence—Justice**: Two cardinal virtues; the one is allegorically represented as holding a glass in her hand in which she scans the future; the other, a balance, as weighing men's actions impartially.

L. 57. **Genial Jacob**: Tonson, the bookseller; he published Dryden's Virgil, and several things for Pope; and elaborate editions of Milton.

ib. **Third day**: The receipts of the third day's performance of a new play went to the author. Dryden in one of his Prologues, comparing a dramatic author to a parson, says—

Both say, they preach and write for your instruction,
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.

L. 63. **Clenches**: Clench, derived from the verb *to clinch*, means a play upon words, or pun: it is when a word is wrested or tortured into a new meaning. See Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, l. 76, and Mr. Hales's note (*Longer English Poems*, p. 275).

L. 64. Imitate from Garth's *Dispensary*, canto I. :—

How ductile matter new meanders takes.

L. 71. **Stands still**: Bad play-writers bring together events which really were separated by long intervals of time.

L. 74. **Barca**: A hot and barren country on the north coast of Africa.

L. 79. **Cloud-compelling**: The epithet is borrowed from the poet's translation of Homer, where he always renders νεφεληγέρτης Ζεύς by 'cloud-compelling Jove.'

L. 81. **She, tinsell'd o'er**: Here we see the word *tinsel* in the course of transition from the meaning of *sparkling brilliancy* which it had for Milton ('Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,' *Comus*) to that of cheap showy glitter which it now has. The word is from the Fr. *étincelle*, a spark.

L. 85. **Therold**: Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea and another by land on the same day over the Persians and Barbarians. P.

L. 87. **Pomps**: In the sense of the Gr. πομπή, Lat. *pompa*, a procession.

L. 90. **Settle's numbers**: Elkanah Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants. But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased: so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place. P. Settle wrote several plays, one of which, the *Empress of Morocco*, brought him some credit. He is the Doeg of Dryden; see *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part II.

L. 91. **Shrieves**: Sheriffs.

L. 98. **Heywood**: Whose interludes [the *Four Ps*, the *Merry Play betwene the Pardonere and the Frere*, &c.] were printed in the time of Henry VIII. P. John Heywood, however, called the Epigrammatist, was no City-poet, but jester and musician at Court (Warton's *Eng. Poetry*, § XLII.).

L. 103. **Old Prynne**: William Prynne, the author of *Histriomastix* (1633), for writing which he was put in the pillory; and Daniel De Foe, who underwent the same punishment for writing the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1703).

L. 104. **Eusden**: Laurence Eusden, poet-laureate between 1718 and 1730; and Sir Richard Blackmore, author of the *Creation* and several other tedious epics.

L. 105. **Slow Phillips**: Ambrose Philips, author of *Six Pastorals*. From political sympathy he was befriended by Addison, who in No. 335 of the *Spectator* speaks highly of his tragedy of the *Distressed Mother*. Nahum Tate, joint translator of the Psalms

with Brady, was poet-laureate between 1692 and 1715. Under Dryden's direction, he wrote the major portion of the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*.

L. 106. **Dennis**: John Dennis, a play-writer and critic by profession, had many a passage of arms with Pope, from the date of the publication of the *Essay on Criticism*. See notes to ll. 270 and 585 of that poem. In 1733 he was old and poor; a play was performed for his benefit, and Pope wrote a prologue for it.

L. 108. **Bayes**: Cibber, the poet-laureate; the designation is used for Dryden in Buckingham's play of the *Rehearsal*.

L. 114. **A thin third day**: See note to l. 57.

L. 126. **Sooterkins**: A 'sooterkin' is a kind of false or abortive birth. In a letter to Caryll written in June 1715, Pope, speaking of his muse, says, 'This jade of mine . . . will lie in her month, whatsoever she brings forth, though it were but a sooterkin.'

L. 131. **Fletcher's half-eat scenes**: John Fletcher, author, with Beaumont, of *The Maid's Tragedy*, and many famous plays; died in 1625.

L. 132. **Crucified Molière**: Cibber's play of *The Nonjuror* is imitated from the *Tartuffe* of Molière; it need scarcely be said that it is not an improvement on the original.

Ib. **Frippery**: Properly, the stock in trade of a *frisper* or furniture and clothes broker. From the Lat. *frivola*, paltry, trumpery furniture.

L. 133. **Shakespeare**: Tibbald, or Theobald, had published an edition of Shakespeare soon after Pope's had appeared, and also criticized severely our poet's negligence in regard to the restoration of a pure text.

L. 134. **Wished he had blotted**: Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, writes;—'The players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand!"'

L. 140. **Quarles is saved**: The *Divine Emblems*, by Francis Quarles, a Royalist poet, were published in 1645, the year after his death, with grotesque illustrations, which made the book long popular among the English peasants.

L. 141. **Ogilby**: John Ogilby wrote a bad translation of

Virgil, which appeared a few years before Dryden's ; the best part of the work is the illustrations.

L. 142. The Duchess of Newcastle's works, chiefly plays, are said to have filled eight folio volumes. (Langbaine, quoted by Dyce.) Yet the copy which belonged to John Evelyn, which we have seen in his library at Wotton, consists but of *one* volume. She lived in the time of Charles II.

L. 146. **Settle, Banks, and Broome** : On Settle, see note to l. 90. Banks, according to Pope, was a poor tragedian, and Broome a still more insignificant comedian.

L. 147. **More solid learning** : Some have objected that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagine consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books ; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry Bodies of Divinity*, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father, when he designed him for the gown. See the note on v. 200. P.

L. 149. **Caxton** : A printer in the time of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. Wynkyn de Worde, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. P.

L. 153. **De Lyra** : Nicholas De Lyra (1270-1340), a French Franciscan of immense industry and learning, compiled a Commentary on the Bible, which was printed in five vols. folio in 1472, and has been frequently reprinted ; it is still a useful work.

L. 154. **Philemon** : Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. He translated so many books, that . . . he might be called *Translator general of his age*. P.

L. 156. **Redeemed from tapers** : Because otherwise they would have been torn up and made into spills to light tapers.

L. 167. **Sir Fopling's Periwig** : The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in Fashion*. P. Pope appears to have confused two plays together, the *Sir Fopling Flutter* of Etherege, and *Love's Last Shift*, or *The Fool in Fashion*, by Cibber. The hero of this last is Sir Novelty Fashion ; it was produced in 1695.

L. 168. **Butt** : The butt of sack, which, till the prosaic sobriety of our own days abolished the custom, formed part of the yearly emoluments of the poet-laureate.

L. 170. **Bias** : In the game of bowls, the balls have a piece of metal let into them on one side, called the bias, which deflects their course from the straight line.

L. 181. **As, forced from wind-guns** : seq. (to the end of l. 184). The substance of these lines is to be found in a very clever sarcastic poem, composed by Pope when he was but fourteen years of age, and levelled at Elkanah Settle, who had written a poem glorifying the Protestant succession and the House of Hanover. See *Globe* edition of Pope, p. 464.

L. 197. **Could Troy** : Imitated from Virgil—

Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

L. 199. **My Fletcher** : A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as well speak thus of Fletcher as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in his library, 'Ah ! mon cher Ciceron, je le connais bien ; c'est le même que Marc Tulle.' But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him. P.

L. 200. **Once my better guide** : When, according to his father's intention, he had been a *clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the Church of England. P.

L. 203. **Amidst the doctors** : The doctors in this place mean no more than *false dice*, a cant phrase amongst gamblers. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, 'Shall I play fair or foul?' P.

L. 208. **Ridpath** : George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the *Flying Post* : Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal. P.

L. 209. **Like Curtius** : Marcus Curtius, according to the legend, when a chasm yawned in the Roman forum, and the oracle had declared that it could not be closed unless at the price of what Rome esteemed most precious, armed himself, mounted his horse, and plunged into the gulf, which immediately closed over him.

L. 211. **Ancient geese** : The geese which by their cackling saved the Capitol, when it was being besieged by the Gauls, B.C. 390.

L. 213. **The Minister** : Sir Robert Walpole.

L. 215. **Gazetteers** : See Book II. 314, note.

L. 216. **Ralph** : For Ralph see note to Book III., l. 165 ; and for Henley, note to Book III., l. 199.

L. 228. **More Christian progeny** : 'It may be observable that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific : that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me father of a Play.' Life of C.C., quoted by P.

L. 231. **Gratis-given Bland** : It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them post free to all the towns in the kingdom. W.

L. 233. **Nor sail with Ward** : Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the 'London Spy,' in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the City (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High-Church party.' Jacob, 'Lives of Poets,' vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations. P.

L. 234. **Mundungus** : Bad, strong-smelling tobacco.

L. 238. **Tate—Shadwell** : Two of his predecessors in the laurel. W. See above, l. 105, note. Thomas Shadwell, the dramatist, received the laurel when it was taken from Dryden in 1689 ; he did not wear it long, dying in 1692.

L. 244. **The sevenfold face** : A face protected by seven thicknesses of brazen assurance, as the body of Ajax was protected by his shield, covered with seven tough bulls' hides. See Pope's Homer's *Iliad*, book vii.

L. 248. **Involves** :=wraps, enfolds ; 'involvere diem nimbi.' Virg. *AEn.* iii. 198.

L. 250. **Cid—Perolla—Cesar—King John** : Four of Cibber's tragedies. 'The three first were fairly printed, acted, and damned ; the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment.' P.

L. 253. **The dear Nonjuror** : See l. 132, note.

L. 258. **Thule** : An unfinished poem by Ambrose Philips.

L. 281. **With less reading** : In former times, a felon with a certain amount of education was allowed the 'benefit of clergy.' This was a remnant of the old *privilegium clericale*, in virtue of which any ecclesiastical person, either after or before conviction in a secular court, could claim that his case and he should be remitted to the jurisdiction of the ordinary. The privilege was gradually

extended to every one that could read ; and the remission to the ordinary's jurisdiction, having led to abuses, was abolished ; so that, for a time, the plea of 'benefit of clergy' actually operated in bar of punishment.

L. 286. **Tibbald.** Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was son of an attorney at Sittingbourne. He was the author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. P.

lb. **Ozell** : John Ozell translated into English, besides several French plays, the 'Lutrin' of Boileau, and the 'Secchia Rapita' of Tassoni.

L. 290. **A Heydeggre** : A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person, who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter elegantiarum*. P. This Heydegger, a German Swiss, held the Opera-house with Handel, and first introduced masquerades into England. **Ward.** There is an interesting note by Prof. Morley on this Swiss adventurer in his edition of the *Spectator*, No. 14. Addison quizzes him in No. 31, as 'a very extraordinary genius for music, that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum.'

L. 293. **Eusden** : Lawrence Eusden (who succeeded Rowe as poet laureate in 1718), dying in 1730, was replaced by Colley Cibber.

L. 296. **Withers, Ward, and Gildon** : George Withers (not Withers), author of a dull satire called *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, is deservedly remembered as the author of the *Shepherd's Hunting*, and some other beautiful lyrics. For Ward, see note to l. 233. Charles Gildon, according to Pope, was educated in the Jesuits' College at St. Omer, but renounced Catholicism, and published two or three infidel works. He had attacked Pope in several scurrilous pamphlets. His name occurs again in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 151, —

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.

L. 297. **Howard** : Hon. Edward Howard, author of the *British Princes*, and a great number of wonderful pieces. P. He was brother to Sir Robert Howard, author of the popular play called *The Committee*. Dryden married their sister.

L. 298. **Fool of quality** : This phrase furnished the title

for Henry Brooke's celebrated novel, *The Fool of Quality*, first brought out in 1766, and re-edited in 1872 by Charles Kingsley.

L. 309. **Archer's wing**: This Archer, according to Pope's note, was the groom-porter at Kensington Palace, who, under cover of the exception in the Statute against Gaming in favour of the sovereign (who by ancient custom played at hazard one night in the year), opened a room for gambling at the Palace all the summer, till the King found it out and prohibited it.

L. 310. **Grub Street**: 'Grub Street is very long, coming out of Fore Street. This street, taking in the whole, is but indifferent as to its houses and inhabitants.' (Stow's *London*, by Strype, 1754; I. 600.) Grub Street is now Milton Street, Cripplegate.

L. 319. **Chapel Royal throat**: The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel Royal being also employed in the performance of the birthday and new year odes. P.

L. 323. **The Devil**: The Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. P. It was a favourite resort of Ben Jonson.

DUNCIA, II.

L. 1. **High on a gorgeous seat**: Parodied from the opening of Book II. of the *Paradise Lost*.

L. 2. **Henley's gilt tub**: See note to Book III., 199.

Ib. **Flecknoe**: The Irish poetaster to whom Dryden, in the satire of *Mac-Flecknoe*, attributes the honour of Shadwell's poetic paternity. Richard Flecknoe, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, once wrote in praise of Dryden; but there is reason to believe that he was one of his masked assailants. See Mr. Bell's edition of Dryden, vol. ii., p. 25. See also note to Book I., 4.

L. 3. **On her Currle**: Edmund Currle, the bookseller, stood in the pillory at Charing Cross in March 1728. P.

L. 15. **Querno**: Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing of the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to Poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sang to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called *Alexias*. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel. P.

L. 21. **In bags**: Bag-wigs.

L. 22. **In silks, in crapes**: In the silk gown of the King's counsel, and the crape scarf of the doctor of divinity. See *Moral Essay I.*, 134, note.

L. 28. **Tall May-pole**: A cross stood in ancient times in the Strand, opposite what is now Somerset House; for this cross was substituted a may-pole, which was taken down in 1718, to make room for the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand. *Ward.*

L. 31. **Stationers**: Booksellers are meant.

L. 39. **But such a bulk**: Imitated from Homer's account of the stone lifted by Diomede, *Il.* v. 303.

L. 50. **More**: Pope has a long mystifying note on this name. It seems likely that James Moore Smith was intended; a poor poet, a convicted plagiarist, and—worst of all perhaps in Pope's eyes—an admirer of Teresa Blount.

L. 53. **But lofty Lintot**: We enter here upon the Episode of the Booksellers: persons whose names, being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. P.

L. 60. **Run**: See note to *Moral Essays, II.*, l. 27.

L. 61. **Swift**: For 'swiftly.'

L. 68. **Left-legg'd Jacob**: Tonson the publisher.

L. 76. **Whisk 'em back**: The winds whisk back the songs, epigrams, &c., which Moore Smith had plagiarized, to their true owners,—Dr. Evans of St. John's College, Oxford, a noted wit and fine common-room talker; Young, author of the *Night Thoughts*; and Swift.

L. 85. **Mears, Warner, Wilkins**: Booksellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff. P.

L. 86. **Breval, Bond, Bezaleel**: Bezaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers. 'Bond writ a satire against Mr. P. Captain Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P., Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality,' says Curn, *Key*, p. 11. W. Breval also wrote a frivolous poem, called 'The Art of Dress,' in 1717.

L. 88. **An empty Joseph**: Curn published some pamphlets with the fictitious name of Joseph Gay on the title-page, to make people think that they were by John Gay the poet. Warburton says, 'The antiquity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise

signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.'

L. 89. **So Proteus**: See Book I. 37.

L. 94. **Cook**: The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. P.

Ib. **Concamen**: Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was author of several scurillities in the British and London Journals, and also attacked Pope in a pamphlet called a *Supplement to the Profound*. P.

L. 96. **Garth**: See *Essay on Crit.*, l. 619, and note.

L. 100. **Cedrus**: Juv. Sat. III., 233, 'Lectus erat Codro Procula minor.'

Ib. **Dunton**: John Dunton was a broken bookseller and abusive scribbler; he wrote *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state, a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c. P.

L. 102. **Confessors**: Accent on the first syllable. This is noticed in the Introduction (p. xi.) to Mr. Abbott's valuable Concordance to the Works of Pope, where it is remarked that the word is so accented in Shakespeare. Such is the case, except as to the name Edward the Confessor. But Pope's pronouncing the word thus proves nothing as to the general usage of his time; for English Catholics still say 'cónfessor,' though in common parlance we hear 'conféssor.'

L. 103. **Earless on high**: Defoe was compelled, very unjustly, to stand in the pillory, for having written a pamphlet called 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' which the House of Commons voted scandalous and seditious; but he did not lose his ears.

L. 104. **Tutchin**: John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observator*; he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the West of England. P. Prof. Ward refers to the account given of this Tutchin in Macaulay's *Hist. of Eng.*, ch. v. He was sentenced by Judge Jeffreys in the manner above mentioned; but bribed the Judge and so escaped.

L. 105. **Ridpath, Roper**: Authors of the *Flying Post* and *Post-boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so. P.

L. 107. **Himself, &c.** : All this is imitated from Virgil, who in the first *Aeneid* makes *Aeneas* come upon tapestries in Dido's palace, which delineate the siege of Troy ; amongst the heroes depicted on the walls he beholds himself ; and after a while cries out to his companion,

Quis jam locus—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

L. 108. **The blanket** : The history of Curril's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. P. The 'history' was probably about as true as that of the 'Horrid Revenge on the Body of Edmund Curril,' which may be found among Pope's *Miscellanies*.

L. 123. **Bolli** : Paulo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen who affected to direct the Opera. P.

L. 125. **Bentley** : Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. P. Pope gives an extract from a bombastic Latin dedication addressed by this Bentley to Lord Harley.

L. 127. **Welsted** : Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate*, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Cælia at Bath, which was meant for a satire upon Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. P.

L. 146. **Thunder rumbling** : The old ways of making thunder and mustard were the same ; but since it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. P.

L. 158. **Norton** : See note to l. 335.

Ib. **Brevial** : See l. 80, note.

L. 161. **Demonstration—Theses** : Cf. the catalogue of intellectual accomplishments satirically attributed to Socrates in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, l. 317.

L. 171. **Sir Gilbert** : See *Moral Essays*, III. 97.

L. 178. **Webster—Whitfield** : [This couplet was inserted for the first time in the complete edition of the *Dunciad* which appeared in 1743.] The one the writer of a newspaper called the *Weekly Miscellany* : the other a Field preacher. The Enthusiast thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-Birth of spiritual madness : the Bigot by the old death of fire and

fagot : and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of those two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthusiasm are, while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, to be employed against the other. P.

L. 185. **Rufus' roaring hall** : Westminster Hall, commenced by William Rufus ; 'roaring' because it contained the law-courts.

L. 188. **Who sings so long** : A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Knight, who, as Mr. Dryden expresseth it,—

Writ to the rumbling of the coach's wheels,

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six epic poems : Prince and King Arthur, twenty books ; Eliza, ten ; Alfred, twelve ; the Redeemer, six ; besides Job in folio ; the whole book of Psalms ; the Creation, seven books ; Nature of Man, three books ; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. P.

L. 189. **Bridewell** : It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church-service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell. This is to mark punctually the time of the day. Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from Court, or of the labourer's dinner : our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord Mayor's Day. The first book passed in that *night* ; the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet Street (places inhabited by Booksellers) ; then they proceeded by Bridewell towards Fleet Ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess. P.

L. 200. **The Weekly Journals** : Papers of news and scandal intermix'd, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others. P.

L. 201. The reader of Virgil will observe how closely and ingeniously, in this account of the games of the booksellers, Pope has parodied many parts of the description of the games in the fifth book of the *Aeneid*.

L. 203. **Oldmixon** : John Oldmixon, a small poet, dra-

mastis, critic, and pamphleteer, wrote numerous works in his day which are now forgotten.

L. 204. **Milo-like** : Compare Cic. de Senectute, ch. IX. ; also Ovid, Met. xv. 229.

L. 211. **Smedley** : Jonathan Smedley was an Irishman, says Warburton, who wrote and published many scurrilous pieces, 'and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana.'

L. 214. **Smedley in vain resounds** : A parody on Virg. *Geor.* iv., 527—

Eurydices toto referebant flumine ripæ.

L. 215. **Then * essay'd** : There can be little doubt that Aaron Hill was intended ; in the editions of 1728 'H—' stands in the place of the asterisk. Hill had befriended Pope, and believing himself to be meant in this passage, wrote to the poet in a calm and dignified strain complaining of the attack (which, however, contains more praise than blame) ; Pope defended himself rather lamely. For an account of the correspondence see Carruthers's *Life of Pope*. Hill wrote several poems and plays, not entirely without merit.

L. 219. **Concamen** : See l. 94 and note.

L. 226. **With each a sickly brother** : These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another. P.

L. 232. **Osborne** : A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who, at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent. P.

L. 234. **Gazetteers** : Warburton has a long note on these ephemeral newspapers, a number of which, if he may be believed, were subsidized for many years by Sir Robert Walpole from the secret service fund, in order to support his government.

Johnson's *London*, l. 72.

L. 235. **Arnall** : Compare *EpiL. to the Satires*, II. 129—

Spirit of Arnall ! aid me while I lie.

William Arnall, bred an attorney, is said to have been one, and not the least well paid, of these hired political scribblers. He wrote in the *British Journal* and the *Free Briton*.

L. 243. **The plunging prelate** : Bishop Sherlock. Sir Robert Walpole, who was Sherlock's contemporary at Eton Col-

lege, used to relate, that when some of the scholars going to bathe in the Thames stood shivering on the bank, S. plunged in immediately over head and ears. *Warton*.

'His ponderous Grace' perhaps means Archbishop Potter, raised to the see of Canterbury in 1737.

L. 246. **A form**: The earlier editions have, 'Lo E— rose,' that is, Eusden, who seems to have been a clergyman; see l. 270. These same editions put Eusden for Smedley in lines 211-214. Ought we then to understand Smedley by the form which, after a long dive and sojourn in the mud, rises and tells his adventures?

L. 253. **Lutetia**: the Latin name for Paris; here used for a mud-nymph, as if from *lutum*, mud. 'Merdamante' means, filth-loving.

L. 256. **Hylas fair**: Who was ravished by the water-nymphs, and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, *Argon.* lib. iii. See Virg. *Ecl.* vi. P.

L. 261. **Alpheus**: A river of Elis in the Peloponnesus; Pisa stood upon it; its waters were said to force their way beneath the sea, and rise again in the fountain of Arethusa, on the island of Ortygia at Syracuse.

L. 265. **Brisker vapours**: The lively barristers at the Temple become still livelier; the plodding tradesmen in the City still duller and grosser.

L. 269. **Milbourn**: Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics, who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice by printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the *Dunciad* against our author. P. In the Preface to his *Fables* Dryden speaks with great scorn of 'one Milbourn,' who had written scurrilously against him, and who, he says, had 'turned himself out of his benefice by writing libels on his parishioners.' Dryden is confident that, 'while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst poet of the age.' See also *Essay on Crit.*, l. 459, note.

L. 278. **Heaven's Swiss**: Natives of a poor country, trained to arms for the defence of their always-threatened liberties, strong and bold as mountaineers generally are, the Swiss youth from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth were found as mercenary soldiers at the courts of all the principal sovereigns of Europe.

L. 279. **Lud's famed gates**: 'King Lud, repairing the city, called it after his own name, Lud's Town ; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260 this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth, the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore.' Stow's Survey of London. P. Ludgate was used as a prison from 1378 to the middle of the eighteenth century. Similarly the prison called Bocardo at Oxford was over the north gate of the city. Mr. Ward says that Ludgate was taken down in 1760. It was the western gate of the city of London, as Aldgate was the eastern.

L. 281. **Characters**: *Eustace Budgell*, mentioned below, l. 317, had published a translation of the *Characters* of Theophrastus.

L. 290. **My H—ley's periods**: *Henley's* in the early editions ; probably the blank was substituted to leave an opportunity for supplying it with the name of *Hoadley*. (Ward.) The earliest editions of all, those of 1728, give merely the initial, 'H—s.' The name of Bishop Hoadly was spelt by himself and his family without an *e* ; it is not likely therefore that Pope had the intention of suggesting it here.

L. 299. **Sophs**: Cambridge men ; for the term is not in use at Oxford. Indeed the editions of 1728 have 'Three Cambridge sophs.' At Cambridge an undergraduate in his first year is a Freshman, in his second a Junior Sophister.

L. 305. **Munn**: a strong ale, said to derive its name from its inventor, Christian Mumme of Brunswick. (Ward.)

L. 317. **Budgell**: *Eustace Budgell*, Addison's cousin, one of the writers of the *Spectator*. An account of his life and character may be found in my Introduction to *Selections from Addison's Papers*, &c., p. xx. (Clarendon Series).

L. 318. **By potent Arthur**: The soporific influence of Blackmore's interminable descriptions of his hero, Prince Arthur, was too strong to be withstood.

L. 319. **Toland and Tindal**: John Toland (1669-1722), one of the English Deists, wrote *Christianity not Mysterious*, and a

Life of Milton. He wrote also a book called *Pantheisticon*, in which he denies every form of belief in a personal God. Dr. Matthew Tindal (1657-1733), a writer of the same school, produced a work of considerable learning called *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He is elsewhere noticed by Pope in the *Imitations of Horace* (Ep. I. 6, l. 64) :—

But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way?

In Warburton's note, it is said that Toland was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford, and that Tindal wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S[tanhope].

L. 320. **Christ's no kingdom here**: Dr. Benjamin Hoadly preached before the king in 1717 a celebrated sermon on the text 'My kingdom is not of this world,' in which he argued for toleration, and against the intervention of the civil power in religious affairs. Out of this sermon arose the Bangorian Controversy. Toland and Tindal, Deistical writers, are represented as bowing to Hoadly's sermon—pleased with it though it sends them to sleep—because of the tendency to Socinianism which the author developed in his later writings.

L. 329. **Centlivre**: Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays and a song (says Mr. Jacob) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer before he began it. P. However, it is indisputable that Mrs. Centlivre is the author of one of the best acting comedies, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, ever brought upon the stage. Her *Busy Body* also is a clever and lively piece.

L. 330. **Motteux**: P. A. Motteux, a French refugee, wrote a translation of Don Quixote which was much esteemed. He is the author of a letter in No. 288 of the *Spectator*.

L. 331. **Boyer—Law**: A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c. William Law, M.A., wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great; their books were printed in 1726. P. Law is the author of the well-known religious treatise, *A Serious Call to a Holy Life*.

L. 332. **Morgan—Mandeville**: Morgan, says Warton, was a writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title, of a 'Modern

Philosopher.' Bernard Mandeville, author of the *Fable of the Bees*, or *Private Vices made Public Benefits*, impugned the goodness and sanctity of the Deity by pointing out a variety of evils and imperfections in the system of things, and asserting that these were necessary to the welfare and stability of human society. Pope meant his *Essay on Man* as an answer to Mandeville, among others.

L. 333. **Norton** : Norton Defoe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creatur fortibus*. One of the authors of the *Flying Post*, in which well-bred work Mr. P. has sometime the honour to be abused with his betters, and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers to which he never set his name. P.

Ib. **Ostreæ** : i.e. oyster-wife. Savage, in the preface to his 'Author to be Lett,' styled Norton Daniel's son 'by a lady who vended oysters.' (See article on Defoe in Biog. Brit.) The assertion seems to have been a wanton calumny.

L. 338. **On bulks** : A bulk was a large wooden post, about three feet high, between the footway and the street. It was flat on the top, so that a person could sit and almost lie upon it. The writer remembers to have seen one in Holborn many years ago ; probably there are none now left.

L. 343. **Henley** : See Book III., 199, and note.

L. 345. **Fleet** : A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the Ditch. P. Likely therefore to be the 'haunt of the Muses,' i.e. of their votaries, the Grub Street poets ; see l. 78.

DUNCIAD, III.

L. 19. **Taylor** : John Taylor, the Water Poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence : a rare example of modesty in a Poet. He wrote fourscore books in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long Acre. He died in 1654. P.

L. 21. **Benlowes** : A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets. P. As to him, and Brown, and Mears, Warton exclaims, 'How could he [Pope] waste so much time, and throw away such charming poetry, on objects so very unknown and despicable ? What a state of anger and irritation must his mind (and such a mind !) have been in,

during the many hours, nay years, he spent in writing the 1670 lines of the Dunciad !'

L. 22. **The poppy**: Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in 1692. P. From a comparison of this verse with lines 24 and 317, it seems clear that Bavius is only another name for Shadwell. 'Bavius,' though primarily referring to the poet mentioned in the next note, may also be taken as a sort of Latinized form of 'Bayes,' which is the recognized word for 'poet-laureate'; now Shadwell held the laurel for several years.

L. 24. **Bavius**: A bad poet, immortalized in Virgil's third Eclogue:—

Qui Bavius non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.

Gifford adopted these names to form the titles of his pungent satires, the *Baviad* and the *Mæviad*.

L. 26. **Of solid proof**: i.e., solidly proof against penetration by the rays of intelligence. Cf. the expressions 'armour of proof' and 'star-proof' in Milton's *Arcades*, l. 90.

L. 27. **Instant, when dipp'd**: This passage, to l. 34, is imitated from Virg. *Aen.* VI. 705, seq.

L. 28. **Brown and Mears**: Booksellers, printers for any one. The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dress'd in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible. P.

Ib. **Unbar, &c.**: Borrowed from the *Paradise Lost*, VI. 4.

L. 34. **Ward**: John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727. P.

L. 35. **A sage appears**: What follows, to the end of the book, is a burlesque on the passage in Virgil's sixth *Aeneid*, where *Aeneas*, having descended under the guidance of the Sibyl to the infernal regions, is met by his father Anchises, by whom he is conducted through the Elysian Fields, and enlightened by many philosophical and prophetic intimations, pointing to the future of the Roman world, and naming the chief agents by whose hands that future would be moulded. Settle represents Anchises, Cibber *Aeneas*. Compare also the *Odyssey*, Book XI.

L. 36. **Broad shoulders**: Settle's size is thus intimated by our poet's master in *Absalom and Achitophel*, part ii. :—

Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk: do anything but write.
 (Wakefield.)

L. 37. **Band**: A neckcloth, or rather a white linen appendage to the neckcloth suspended in front of the wearer. 'It is now restrained,' says Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary, published in 1755, 'to clergymen, lawyers, and students in colleges.' The present usage puts this article of dress in the plural, 'bands,' not 'band.'

Ib. **Settle**: See Book I., l. 90, note.

L. 51. **How many Dutchmen**: A hit at Cibber's Teutonic extraction: his father, however, was not a Dutchman in the ordinary English sense, but a Holsteiner.

Ib. **Third**: For 'thread,' to pass through.

L. 55. **As man's meanders**: As the blood meandering through the human body is brought back through the veins to the heart, and thence propelled again in ceaseless circulation through the arteries; or as a certain toy (the bandoline) alternately sucks in and gives out the string,—so all the nonsense of the past and present shall flow together into Cibber's mind, and thence be circulated afresh through all the empire of Dulness.

L. 69. **See round the poles, &c.**: Almost the whole Southern and Northern continent wrapped in ignorance. P.

L. 75. **One god-like monarch**: Chi Ho-am Ti, Emperor of China; the same who built the Great Wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire. P.

L. 82. **And lick up**: The Caliph Omar I., having conquered Egypt [A.D. 638], caused his general to burn the Ptolemæan Library, on the gates of which was this inscription: ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physic of the soul. P. Ιατρεῖον does not mean 'physic,' but 'place of healing'; we might translate 'The Soul's Hospital.' Perhaps it is a case of oversight rather than of mistake, for in the early editions we find—'this inscription, *Medicina Animæ*;' and, of these words, 'physic of the soul' would be a correct translation. Gibbon records the curious story of Omar's reasons for coming to this decision. 'If,' he said, 'these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God [the Koran], they are useless and need not be preserved: if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed.' (*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. li.)

L. 86. **Vandals**: One of the Teutonic nations which broke into Gaul at the beginning of the fifth century.

L. 87. **Mæotis**: The Palus Mæotis is the ancient name for the Sea of Azov, into which flows the Don or Tanais.

Ib. **Lo! where Mæotis**: Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Pope, says that he had been told that this was the couplet, of all that he had written, by which Pope declared his own ear to be most gratified. It seems that he had a particular penchant for the sound of *s*: see Abbott's *Concordance*, Introd.

L. 90. **Goths—Alans—Huns**: The Goths, repelled in the third century by the emperors Decius and Claudius, succeeded in establishing themselves in Moesia, within the limits of the Roman Empire, in the time of Valens, A.D. 376. The Alans accompanied the Burgundians and the Suevi when they broke into Gaul at the beginning of the fifth century. The Huns under Attila, the 'scourge of God,' devastated a great part of Western Europe in the first half of the fifth century, till checked in the great battle of Châlons sur Marne, A.D. 451.

L. 91. **Alaric**: The chief who led the Visigoths to the siege and sack of Rome, A.D. 410.

L. 92. **Genseric**: King of the Vandals, whom he led out of Spain, crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, into North Africa, which he wrested from the Roman Empire, A.D. 439.

L. 93. **See the bold Ostrogoths**: Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths (East-Goths), defeated the Heruli and established an Ostrogothic kingdom in Italy, which lasted about half a century, and was then crushed by Belisarius and Narses. See Gibbon's *D.* and *F.* ch. xli.

L. 94. **Visigoths**: *i.e.* West-Goths. After the sack of Rome, the Visigoths were led by Ataulphus, the brother of Alaric, into Gaul, where they founded a kingdom with Toulouse for its capital. Thence they passed into Spain, and founded a famous monarchy, with its seat at Toledo.

L. 96. **The soil that arts**: Phœnicia, Syria, &c., where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests. P.

L. 98. **Saving ignorance**: Compare the speech of Omar, given in the note to l. 82.

L. 102. **Thund'ring against heathen lore**: A strong instance of this pious rage, says the poet, is placed to Pope

Gregory's account. He means Gregory I., and proceeds to quote from John of Salisbury a passage in which it is stated that this Pope caused a library of classical works to be burnt, that so the Scriptures might be better appreciated, and more diligently studied. Of this story Dean Milman says (*Latin Christianity*, II. 146), 'The fable of Gregory's destruction of the Palatine Library is now rejected, as injurious to his fame.'

L. 104. **Brazen head**: The popular imagination, as is well known, converted Roger Bacon into a potent wizard soon after his death. He was said to have constructed a brazen head which had the gift of speech, and, as an oracle, foretold coming events. The same thing is related by William of Malmesbury of Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II. A talking head is introduced in one of the Arabian Nights (in the story of the Greek king and the physician Douban), and in *Don Quixote*, ch. lxii. Greene's play of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, founded on a popular tale called 'The famous History of Friar Bacon,' contains the incident of the speaking head. See also Sir T. Browne's *Pseud. Epid.* vii. 17, 7.

L. 105. **Padua**: Gregory the Great was said to have burned Livy because so many of his pages were filled with accounts of the superstitious rites and ceremonies of Rome; but the story rests on no authority. Livy was a native of Patavium, now Padua.

L. 106. **The Antipodes**: Vigilius, or Virgilius, an Irishman, Bishop of Salzburg in the eighth century, first asserted the existence of an antipodes. The English St. Boniface, Papal legate in Germany, denounced Virgilius to Pope Zacharias as holding, not merely the above view, but also that there were under the earth another sun and moon, and a different race of men. The Pope condemned this opinion, and summoned Virgilius for trial to Rome; the issue is unknown, but he probably cleared himself, for he was bishop many years afterwards at Salzburg. (Bayle, *Art. Virgile*; Canon Robertson's *Church History*, vol. ii.) Sir Thomas Browne in his *Religio Medici* (Part I., § 26) says,—'I have often pitied the miserable bishop that suffered in the cause of antipodes;' and the context shows that the writer believed Virgilius to have suffered death. Disraeli (*Curiosities of Literature*, i. 49) roundly asserts this as a fact: 'Virgilius . . . having asserted that there existed antipodes, the Archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames.'

L. 107. **The Cirque**: The Circus Maximus, between the

Palatine and the Aventine hills, in which the Roman games were performed. It was nearly coeval with the foundation of the city, and was enlarged by successive additions till, in the fourth century of our era, it was capable of accommodating between 300,000 and 400,000 spectators.

L. 108. **Heroes—gods**: Statues of gods and heroes, thrown down from their pedestals, or flung into the river Tiber.

L. 109. **Some christen'd Jove**: After a period of merciless destruction, some classical monuments were spared by the Popes; temples were converted into churches, and statues of pagan gods were occasionally made to do duty as Christian images. P. This latter charge (which is oddly coupled with the former one, of a fanatic rage for destroying classical monuments) was dwelt on at length by Dr. Middleton, in his *Letter from Rome*, published in 1729.

L. 110. **His pagan horn**: Pan is represented in antiques with a goat's head; his horns were said to possess mystical properties. It is well known that the great statue of Moses at Rome by Michael Angelo has what look like flaming horns on the head.

L. 116. **Grave mummers**: Pope was thus severe upon the monks and friars of the middle ages because he believed them,—though surely upon imperfect and one-sided information,—to have been hostile to learning and the arts. The same feeling makes him speak of Erasmus, in the *Essay on Criticism*, as 'driving those holy Vandals off the stage.'

L. 118. **Easter**: Wars, in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter. P. Beda describes the long controversy on this matter between the monks from Iona and the missionaries from Rome, but we nowhere read of its having led to actual war.

L. 126. **She gathers, &c.**: See Book IV., l. 71 foll. The form of expression seems to be borrowed from Ps. xci., v. 4.

L. 131. **Berecynthia**: Cybele, the mother of the gods; the passage is imitated from *Æn.* VI. 785.

L. 136. **Through Grub-street**: See Book I., l. 310 note.

L. 139. **That youth**: Theophilus Cibber, the worthless son of the Laureate. His second wife was a sister of Dr. Arne, the celebrated composer. Theophilus perished in a shipwreck in 1759.

L. 141. **Thy father's virtues**: Imitated from Virgil's fourth Eclogue,—

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

L. 145. **From the strong fate**: Virg. *Æn.* VI. 883,—

si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.

L. 146. **Another Durfey**: Thomas Durfey (died 1723) was a writer of popular songs and *vers de société* far back in the reign of Charles II. He also produced over thirty plays, of which the *Marriage-hater Match'd* is said to be the best; this play is cited in the *Spectator*, No. 530. There is a delightful paper in the *Guardian*, No. 67, in which Addison pleads for his old friend 'the agreeable Mr. D'Urfey,' pleasantly describing him as the modern Pindar, and bespeaking the support of his friends and readers on the occasion of a benefit-night which the poor old poet was to have at one of the theatres, when one of his comedies, *The Plotting Sisters*, was to be performed.

L. 147. **Thee shall each ale-house**: Imitated from Virg. *Æn.* vii. 759.

Ib. **Gill-house**: A house where gill is sold; gill being explained to mean 'malt-liquor medicated with ground-ivy,' an old name for which was *gill*. (Johnson's Dictionary.)

L. 148. **Sourer sighs**: The poetic sighs of Ward would be *sour*; but still *sourer* would be the responsive sighs from the gin-shops, heaved by his admiring fellow-drunkards.

L. 149. **Jacob**: 'This gentleman is a son of a considerable maltster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney: who between his more laborious studies has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way. He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many law books, Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c.'—Giles Jacob of Himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend Mr. Gay. P.

L. 151. **Pope — Horneck — Roome**: Pope was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets, and published abuse on Pope in a paper called the *Prompter*. Horneck and Roome

were two virulent party writers, who had attacked Pope in miserable fly sheets or 'poet's corners' of newspapers. *Dunciad* note. Warton says, 'Is it surprising, shall I say, or mortifying, to see the pains and patience of our author and his friends who compiled these large notes, in tracing out the lives and works of such paltry and forgotten scribblers? It is like walking through the darkest alleys of the dirtiest part of St. Giles's.'

L. 153. **Geode**: An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author called *The Mock Aesop*. P.

L. 160. **Priscian**: A celebrated grammarian who flourished at Constantinople in the sixth century. See Shak. *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V., Sc. I., 31 ('Priscian a little scratch'd'); in a note to which passage Theobald quotes 'the common phrase "Diminutus Prisciani caput"—applied to such as speak false Latin.' This phrase explains the words in the text.

L. 161. **Rhyme or reason**: The phrase appears to have originated with Sir Thomas More, who said of a dull book which the writer had at his suggestion put into verse, that it was at least somewhat now, for it was rhyme; 'whereas before it was neither rhyme nor reason.' Bacon's *Apophthegms*, 239.

L. 163. **Ralph**: James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. P.—Warton adds, 'He was afterwards patronized by Lord Melcombe, who assisted him in compiling a very curious History of England from the Restoration to the Revolution, and is frequently mentioned in Lord Melcombe's Diary.'

L. 166. **Morris—Welsted**: See Book II., l. 86, note, and l. 127, note.

L. 167. **Flow, Welsted! flow**: These four lines are parodied from the well-known conclusion of Denham's *Cooper's Hill*,—

O, could I flow like thee, &c.

L. 171. **Dennis—Gildon**: On Dennis see notes to *Essay on Crit.*, ll. 270 and 585.

L. 177. **Behold yon pair**: Thomas Burnet, youngest son of the Bishop of Salisbury, and Colonel Duckit.

L. 180. **Pasquin—Grumbler**: Two scurrilous weekly papers, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester. P.

L. 183. **But who is he** : Thomas Hearne, the antiquary : see *Moral Essays*, Ep. IV., l. 9, note.

L. 185. **Arede the myster wight** : Compare Spenser's *Faery Queene*, I., ix., 23 (Clar. Press ed.). *Arede*=advise, inform, interpret ; *myster* or *mister* (Old Fr. *mestier*, Lat. *mysterium*)=kind, manner of. As Prof. Ward observes, 'what mister' or 'suche mister' is legitimate ; but 'the myster wight' is not sanctioned by usage.

L. 186. **Y-pent** : An archaism, introduced in ridicule of Hearne's antiquarian lore. The *y* represents the prefix *ge* of the Anglo-Saxon past participle. As an old-fashioned word, 'y-clept' still survives.

L. 189. **The poring scholiasts** : See Book IV. l. 132, note.

L. 194. **Divinity her Pipe** : The parsons of that age seem to have been much addicted to smoking. In Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, Parson Adams is continually having recourse to 'his pipe, his constant friend and comfort in his afflictions.'

L. 197. **Henley** the Orator ; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. P. This John Henley wrote a letter printed in No. 396 of the *Spectator*. He conducted for some time a journal called the *Hyp Doctor*, and was paid by Walpole for doing so.

L. 202. **Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson** : Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London, whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations. W.

Dr. Thomas Sherlock, son of the Dean Sherlock who wrote a celebrated *Discourse on Death*, and of whose vacillation about taking the oaths to King William a curious account is given in Lord Macaulay's History, died Bishop of London, after having amassed an immense fortune, in 1761. Dr. Francis Hare, who was chaplain-general of the army under the Duke of Marlborough in Flanders, died Bishop of Chichester in 1740. Dr. Edmund Gibson, a native of Westmoreland, of humble parentage, obtained for himself a lasting name by his edition of the *Saxon Chronicle* ; he died Bishop of London in 1748.

L. 204. **Zany** : From the Lat. *sannio*, a grimacing buffoon.

L. 207. **With butchers** : Pope had already used this taunt

against Henley in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, l. 98. Bowles (quoted by Ward) says that Henley's oratory was exercised among the butchers in Newport Market and Butcher Row.

L. 210. **Toland—Tindal—Woolston** : On the first two, see Book II., l. 319, note. Thomas Woolston (1669-1733), engaging in the controversy which arose on the publication of Anthony Collins's *Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion*, wrote in 1726 and following years a work entitled *Six Discourses on the Miracles of Christ*. He had previously published several treatises and tracts, all more or less hostile to religion and the clergy. He was prosecuted for blasphemy, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and to pay a heavy fine. Bishop Sherlock, in reply to Woolston, wrote a work much admired at the time, called *Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus*.

L. 212. **Preserve the ears** : i.e. from being cut off when you are condemned to the pillory.

L. 215. **With One—dispense** : The form of expression is perhaps open to objection ; the meaning clearly is : forbear to include the Deity within the range of your speculations ; as a prince, who exercises his *dispensing* power in favour of certain persons, forbears to include them within the range of the law.

L. 217. **Content, &c.** : Let it suffice you that each emanation of the divine fire in the form of human genius, and every work which that genius produces, is exposed to your hatred and abuse ; but at least stop there ; learn, &c. I cannot see that there is any special 'obscurity' in these lines, as Warton complains. The whole passage seems to be introduced merely for the sake of the parody on the line (*AEn. VI. 620*)—

Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos.

See above, note to l. 35.

L. 229. **He turn'd** : i.e. Cibber.

L. 230. **Goodman prophesied** : It seems that Cibber, in his *Autobiography*, mentions the fact of this Goodman having once predicted, on seeing him playing a part at a rehearsal, that he would make a good actor, and the lively satisfaction which the remark afforded him.

L. 231. **A subtle sorcerer** : Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. P.

L. 235. **Hell rises, &c.**; This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's *Rape of Proserpine*. P. Warton adds, that such absurdities were indeed brought on the stage by Tibbald, but not by Cibber, who again and again disclaimed and reprobated them; it was therefore unjust to charge him with having favoured such spectacles.

L. 242. **And other planets**: *En. VI.* 641:—

Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

L. 246. **One vast egg**: In one of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage out of a large egg. P.

L. 253. **A matchless youth**: This is Rich the manager, named a few lines farther on. 'Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way.' P. 'While we were acting (says Cibber somewhere in his Life) the best plays in the language to empty houses, Rich, with his *raree-shows*, was drawing the whole town after him.' (*Wakefield*.)

L. 257. **Yon stars**: These lines are an imitation of the bombastic style of Young in his *Last Day*; and the lines 261-2 are a parody on a well-known passage in Addison's *Campaign*.

L. 263. **Dark encounter in mid air**: The words are borrowed from Milton, *Par. Lost*, II., 718.

L. 265. **Booth**: Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Drury Lane Theatre.

L. 266. **Lincoln's Inn**: The theatre called the Duke's was built in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the time of the Restoration. It was here Rich first brought out his harlequinades. *Ward*.

L. 275. **Lud's own walls**: London, supposed to have been rebuilt by King Lud, one of the ancient British line; of whom Spenser writes (*Faerie Queene*, II., 10, 46)—

He [Hely] had two sonnes, whose eldest called Lud
Left of his life most famous memory, &c.

(See Spenser, Book II., Clar. Press Series, p. 228).

L. 280. **Annual trophies** on the Lord Mayor's Day and monthly wars in the Artillery Ground. P.

L. 282. **Roasting Popes**: There was an annual procession in London formerly, on the 17th November, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession, in which the Pope was burnt in effigy.

Settle is said by Pope to have managed this ceremony in 1680; and at a later period to have kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention.

L. 299. **Opera**: See note to Book IV., l. 45.

L. 303. **Polyphème**: Cibber translated the Italian opera of Polifemo. P.

L. 305. **If heaven**: *Æn.* VII.—

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

L. 307. **Pluto with Cato**: Cibber is to compound for his theatre wretched farces, like *Pluto*, *Dr. Faustus*, and *Proserpine*, with great dramas like the *Cato* of Addison and the *Mourning Bride* of Congreve.

L. 310. **Insure it but from fire**: In Tibbald's farce of *Proserpine* a corn-field was set on fire, whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell fire, in *Dr. Faustus*. P.

L. 311. **Bavius**: Shadwell; see note to l. 22.

L. 314. **Saturnian times**: See Book I., l. 28. In the chemical language, says Pope, Saturn is lead; hence Saturnian times mean, dull, heavy times.

L. 317—l. 324. See the form in which these lines originally appeared, App. p. 228.

L. 319. **Benson**: An incompetent architect, high in the favour of George I.

L. 320. **Phillips**: See Book I., l. 105, note.

L. 321. **Ripley**: See *Moral Essays*, IV., 16, note.

L. 322. **Jones—Boyle**: Inigo Jones, the architect of Whitehall and Somerset House; and Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, who had just restored at his own expense the portico of Covent Garden Church.

L. 323. **Wren**: Horace Walpole in his *Anecdotes* thus writes of Sir Christopher Wren: 'In 1680 he was chosen President of the Royal Society; was in two parliaments; was twice married; had two sons and a daughter, and died in 1723, at the age of ninety-one, having lived to see the completion of St. Paul's; a fabric, and an event, which one cannot wonder left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that, being carried

to see it once a year, it seemed to recall a memory that was almost deadened to every other use. He was buried under his own fabric with four words that comprehend his merit and his fame :—

Si quaeras monumentum, circumspice.'

The real words, which form the conclusion of an epitaph of some length, are :—

Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice.

Ib. With sorrow : Because he had been displaced from his employment as Architect to the Crown, after having held it above fifty years, by the Benson mentioned in l. 319. *Dunciad Note.*

L. 324. **Gay dies unpensioned** : John Gay (1688-1732), the author of the *Beggar's Opera*, lost the Queen's favour because he was a friend and supporter of Lady Suffolk. He received no pension, but the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took care of him in his declining years. See his fable of the Hare and Many Friends.

L. 325. **Hibernian politics** : See Book I. l. 26. P.

L. 326. **Ten years** : The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1721. The edition of Shakespeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. ; and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725. P.

L. 327. **Proceed, great days!** Imitated from Virg. Ecl. IV., 12 :—

Incipit magni procedere menses.

L. 331. **Iris' elders** : Oxford dons.

L. 334. **The ivory gate** : According to Virgil (*Æn.* VI. 894) the apparitions that pass through the ivory gate are false ; those that issue from the gate of horn, true.

DUNCIAD, IV.

L. 7. **Inertly strong**: Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance. P. W.

L. 15. **Of dull and venal**: The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light, or science; *venal*, to the destruction of order, or the truth of things. P. W.

L. 16. **Lead and gold**: i.e. dull and venal. P. W.

L. 20. **Soft on her lap**: With great judgment is it imagined by the Poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected should sleep upon the throne, and have very little share in the action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second without taking part in anything that was transacted about him, and through the third in Profound Sleep. Nor ought this well considered to seem strange in our days, when so many King-consorts have done the like. P. W.

L. 21. **Science groans**: Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away; Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. P. W.

L. 26. **Billingsgate**: The robes of Rhetoric are worn by 'Billingsgate,' i.e. mere foul-mouthed, ribald invective.

L. 28. **Furs—lawn**: The ermine of the Judge's gown, and the lawn of the Bishop's sleeves.

L. 30. **Her Page**: 'There was a judge of this name [Sir Francis Page] always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage.' Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hang'd any one, loaded him with reproachful language. *Scribl.* It was with reference to this last propensity of the worthy judge that Pope wrote (*Epil. to the Satires*, II. 158),—

Against your worship when had Sherlock writ,
Or Page pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?

L. 31. **Mad Mathesis**: Alluding to the strange conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles concerning the *real Quantity of Matter, the Reality of Space, &c.* P. W.

L. 35. **Held in tenfold bonds**: To restrain the license of the stage, Walpole, in 1737, brought in his Playhouse Bill, by which every actor was required to be licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, who was also invested with those large powers of control over the theatres which he still, at least in theory, possesses. Authors were compelled under this Act to send copies of their plays to the Lord Chamberlain for his approval at least fourteen days before they were acted. Lord Chesterfield made an eloquent speech against the measure, but it passed into law. (Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. ii.) Johnson in his *London* speaks indignantly of 'a licensed stage.' Yet the measure has stood the test of a century and a half's experience, and has elevated rather than lowered the character of our stage.

L. 41. **Thalia**: The Muse of Comedy.

L. 43. **Chesterfield**: See note to l. 35. This Lord Chesterfield was the author of the celebrated *Letters of a Nobleman to a Son*.

L. 45. **A barlet form**: The attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian Opera*; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. P. W.

Compare what Addison says about the Opera in Nos. 5, 18, and 29 of the *Spectator*. He too regarded it with no friendly eye, but he discussed its merits and demerits fairly and rationally; whereas Pope here indulges in a wild indiscriminate invective, which is so unjust to its object that it leaves absolutely no impression behind it.

L. 54. **Division**: Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks with music with numberless divisions: P. W.: (i.e. of employing the Chromatic scale to an excess). Cp. Shak. *Romeo and Juliet*, III., 5, 29, 'the lark makes sweet division; ' and *I. Henry IV.*, III., 1:—

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bow
With ravishing division to her lute.

L. 61. **Thy own Phœbus**:

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

Virg. *Ecl.* v. 10. P.

L. 62. **Joys in my Jigs**: Jig is used here to mean, not a dance, as now, but a song. Cp. *Hamlet*, II. 2—

He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry.

L. 65. **Handel**: For an interesting account of the appearance of Handel's first opera, *Rinaldo and Armida*, on the English stage, see No. 5 of the *Spectator*. In the Dunciad notes it is said, 'Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands and more variety of instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus, which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age that he was obliged to remove his music into *Ireland*.' (It is well known that Handel's *Messiah* was first performed in Dublin, in 1742; he had landed in Ireland in November 1741.)

L. 71. **Posterior trumpet**: The notion is borrowed from Butler's *Hudibras*, where the trumpet of Fame blown behind her is the proclamation of infamy.

L. 88. **Toupee**: Natural or artificial hair dressed on the forehead; from the French *toupet*.

L. 90. **A wit with dunces, &c.**: This epigrammatic turn of phrase is characteristic of the style of Lord Macaulay, and is one of the chief elements of its brilliancy.

L. 98. **From fool to fool**: Shadwell poet-laureate 1689-1692; Tate 1692-1715; Rowe 1715-1718; Eusden 1718-1730; Cibber, 1730-1757. 'Bayes' rose but little above this type till the appointment of Southey; witness the following names:—W. Whitehead, to 1785; T. Warton, to 1790; H. J. Pye, to 1813.

L. 100. **The Muse's hypocrite**: He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others. W.

L. 103. **Narcissus, praised**: Warton says that this means Dr. Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Hervey in his dedication of the *Life of Cicero*.

L. 105. **Montalte**: This means Sir Thomas Hanmer, who had quarrelled with Warburton about an edition of Shakspeare, which he, Sir Thomas, ultimately brought out at Oxford, under

a kind of sanction from the University, in 1743. 'Courtiers and patriots' represent the two great political parties of the day, 'at least till the fall of Sir Robert Walpole ; the first being supporters of that minister, the second friendly to the opposition.

By 'Apollo's mayor and aldermen' (l. 116) are meant the Vice-Chancellor and heads of Colleges at Oxford ; the 'gold-capped youths' are the noblemen studying at the University, who used to have the privilege of wearing a gold tassel, or 'tuft' (whence the expression 'tuft-hunter'), on the top of the cap.

L. 110. **Bold Benson** : [See Book III., 325, note.] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of *Milton* ; and afterwards by as great passion for *Arthur Johnston*, a *Scotch* physician's version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him Book III., ver. 325. P. W.

L. 122. **Æson** : The story of Æson's being restored to youth by Medea's potent drugs is told in Ovid, *Met.* VII., 285-293. Compare Wordsworth's *Laodamia*—

Medea's spells displaced the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth mid youthful peers.

'Cruel ;' because she stabbed him in the neck, and replaced his old blood by the magic liquid which she had prepared.

L. 126. **Admire new light** : A parody on Waller's well-known lines—

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

L. 128. **A page, a grave** : The disciples of Dulness, if literary men, are to leave no page of a standard author unpilfered and unspoilt ; if sculptors, they are to engrave their names and titles on mural and other monuments, to the exclusion of masters in the art ; see Book III., l. 319.

L. 131. **An Alderman shall sit** : Alluding to the monument erected for Butler [the poet] by Alderman Barber. P.

L. 134. **Some slave of mine** : On the triumphal car on which the Roman general, followed by his victorious soldiers, was borne into the city through the Porta Triumphalis, a naked slave loaded with fetters used to be placed beside him, to remind him of the mutability of all things human.

L. 139. **A spectre rose** : Dr. Busby, who was head master of Westminster School for fifty-five years, to 1695. There is

an amusing reference to him in No. 259 of the *Spectator*, where Sir Roger de Coverley, seeing the great pedagogue's tomb in Westminster Abbey, exclaims 'Dr. Busby, a great man ! he whipped my grandfather, a very great man ! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead ; a very great man !'

L. 151. **Samian letter** : The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice. P. 'Samian,' because Pythagoras was a native of Samos.

L. 153. **Placed at the door** : In the *Table* of Cebes, the Genius of Human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. P. W. Cebes was a Theban philosopher, who, according to the account given by Plato in the *Phædo*, was present at the death of his master Socrates (B.C. 399) ; he wrote a work still extant called *Pinax* (tablet), consisting of philosophical reflexions on human life.

L. 160. **Keep them in the pale of words** : Not fifty years ago this system of loading the memory with passages only half understood, and grammatical forms unexplained, prevailed too much in all our grammar-schools. A more intelligent plan of instruction, which aims at opening the reason and gratifying the imagination, at the same time that it furnishes the memory, is now, we may hope, tolerably general.

L. 165. **In our wall** =within the walls of our schools.

L. 166. **House or Hall** : The House of Commons, or Westminster Hall.

L. 167. **Wyndham** : Sir William Wyndham (d. 1740), for many years a leading member of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole ; he is mentioned with partial praise in the *Epil. to the Satires* as—

Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions and his own.

L. 168. **There Talbot sunk** : This must have been the Sir Charles Talbot, whom, from being Solicitor-General, Walpole in 1733 caused to be raised to the peerage and 'placed on the wool-sack.' The 'courtly Talbot' of the *Epistle to Dr. A.* is the Duke of Shrewsbury, who died in 1718.

L. 169. **Murray** : Sir William Murray, afterwards so well known as Lord Mansfield, had reached in 1742 the top of his profession : in that year he was returned to Parliament and appointed Solicitor-General.

L. 170. **Pulteney**: William Pulteney, afterwards created Earl of Bath, the chief leader of the Opposition during Walpole's ministry.

L. 174. **That master-piece of man**: viz., an epigram. The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic poem. P. W. Dr. Robert South (1633-1716) was a brilliant ornament of the Church of England in the reign of Anne. He was a high Tory and a high Churchman, celebrated for his wit and dialectical skill; qualities which his published Sermons (five volumes, Oxford, 1842) amply exemplify.

L. 176. **Some gentle James**: James I., one of the greatest pedants that ever lived. He was called by Sully, the astute minister of Henri IV., 'the wisest fool in Christendom.'

L. 187. **My Cam and Isis**: The Universities, particularly Oxford, teemed with divines during the reigns of the last three Stuarts and William III. who were continually preaching the duty of passive obedience on the part of subjects to their sovereigns, and the wickedness of resisting them however ill they might govern. In 1683 the University of Oxford published a decree asserting the necessity of this unquestioning obedience, and condemning several works containing contrary propositions to be burnt. Warton well says, of the passage beginning at l. 183, 'The doctrines of true Whiggism, as it is called, were never placed in a stronger light, or set off with more forcible language, than in this and the five following lines. What will the disciples of Hobbes or Filmer say to this passage?'

L. 192. **Aristotle's friends**: The moral and political philosophy of Aristotle has been taught uninterruptedly at Oxford since its first introduction in the middle ages. At the present day the Oxford student is taught to know something about all systems of philosophy, while attaching himself to none.

Ib. **A hundred head**: A contemptuous expression, speaking of members of Convocation as if they were so many cattle.

L. 194. **Though Christchurch**: This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other by its *proper deputies*; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body*. Bentl.

(This is a specimen of a large number of pretended critical notes to which Pope and Warburton subscribed the name of 'Bentley. That great scholar was the object of Pope's bitter aversion, as we shall see more clearly further on. Bentley himself explained the matter thus: 'Tis an impudent dog; but I talked against his Homer; and the portentous cub never forgives.'

Ib. Kept prudishly away: Christ-Church is represented as being more tardy than the rest in paying court to Dulness, probably because it was the college of Pope's old and honoured friend, Atterbury.

L. 196. **Still expelling Locke**: This is inexact. Locke was indeed in 1684 deprived of his studentship at Christ-Church, but it was in consequence of a peremptory order of Charles II., addressed to the Dean and Chapter, not by any act of the University; and on account of his politics, not his philosophy. About the year 1695 the Heads of Houses condemned the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and tried to exclude it from the University; but nothing like personal expulsion was either proposed or thought of.

L. 198. **Crousaz**: The author of a hostile criticism on Pope's *Essay on Man*.

L. 200. **Margaret and Clare Hall**: Colleges at Cambridge, close to the river Cam. 'Margaret' means St. John's College, which was founded by Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.

L. 201. **Went**: For 'was wont,' as if formed direct from the Anglo-Saxon *wunode*, pf. of *wunian*, in its sense of continuing or persevering.

L. 202. **In troubled waters**: Bentley, when Master of Trinity College, carried on a tough battle for many years with the Fellows, who charged him with misappropriating the college revenues. He had been even deposed from his mastership, but had resisted, and with such tenacity, that since 1738 he had remained unmolested.

Ib. Sleeps in port: The pun on the two senses of *port* is obvious.

L. 206. **Walker**: Bentley's constant friend in college.

L. 210. **Aristarchus**: A famous commentator and corrector of Homer, whose name hath been frequently used to signify a complete critic. P.W. (Cp. Horace's 'Fiet Aristarchus,' *Ars Poet.* 450).

L. 212. **Made Horace dull**: Unjust; for Bentley's edition of Horace (1711) was in its day exceedingly valuable. His criticisms and emendations of the *Paradise Lost*, the work of his old age, were indeed pitiable.

L. 218. **Stands our Digamma**: Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. P. W. The Digamma is a tall letter, as shown in *Foivos*, *Fētov*, &c.

L. 222. **To C or K**: The controversy on the right pronunciation of Latin has been lately revived, and will probably end in our exchanging our present mode of pronouncing the vowels at least for that in use in Italy, whatever may happen in regard to the consonants.

L. 223. **Freind—Alsop**: Dr. Robert Freind, Master of Westminster School, and Canon of Christ Church. Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. P. W.

L. 226. **Manilius or Selinus**: Inferior classical authors: the first a Latin poet of uncertain date; the second a Latin geographer of the third century after Christ.

L. 228. **Suidas, Gellius, Stobaeus**: The first a dictionary writer [probably of the ninth century], a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic [of the second century]; the third an author [of the fifth century] who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books. P. W. The Lexicon of Suidas is of great value, on account of the literary notices with which it abounds, and the fragments of lost works with which it sometimes furnishes us.

L. 230. **Fragments, not a meal**: Bentley's *Dissertation upon Phalaris* (the famous critical work in which he met and discomfited the best scholars that Oxford could produce), and his *Epistola ad Joannem Millium*, abound with citations from the Fragments of Greek authors.

L. 232. **Scholiasts**: Compilers of *scholia*, or notes, on the works of the ancient Greek authors; they flourished, first at Alexandria and afterwards at Byzantium, from the second century before to the fifth century after Christ.

L. 237. **Kuster, Burman, Wasse**: Ludolf Kuster, a native of Westphalia, edited Suidas's Lexicon, and published it at Cambridge in 1705. He died in 1716. Peter Burmann, a Dutch-

man, published a long list of editions of classical authors. His irascible temper continually brought him into collision with other scholars, among whom was Bentley. Joseph Wasse, a Yorkshireman, an erudite but dull man, assisted Duker in preparing his edition of Thucydides : he died in 1738.

L. 244. **Much divinity**: There is a play on the word 'divinity,' which, as commonly used at the universities, means a certain (limited) acquaintance with Scripture and Theology. Now, in the system of the philosopher Anaxagoras, was the intelligent and formative Universal Principle, which acted on the elementary particles of matter.

L. 245. **Barrow—Atterbury**: Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity ; Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ Church ; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers ; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical learning ; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies. P. W.

L. 247. **The heavy canon**: *Canon* here, if spoken of artillery, is in the plural number ; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of one. Scribl. P. W. As the canons of Christ-Church are locally known as canons of 'the house,' one of them appears to be intended.

L. 248. **Involve the pole**: Wrap the sky in gloom. Compare Virgil's 'involvere diem nimbi' (Æn. III. 198), and 'intonuere poli' (Æn. I. 90).

L. 257, 258: These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford ; given to my father twenty years before the Dunciad was written. *Warton*.

L. 261-2. **We only furnish, &c.**: That is, we, the teaching and ruling staff of the university, only furnish our students with a barren knowledge of words, of which they can make no rational use, and by compelling them to write Latin and Greek verses, 'wed them to a muse,' which they must certainly 'divorce,' when they enter upon real life.

L. 270. **And hew the block off**: A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts. P. W.

L. 272. **Pupil**: said to mean the Duke of Kingston and his tutor.

L. 274. **Ajax' spectre**: See Homer, *Od. XI.*, where the

ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. Scrib. P.W.

L. 275. **A gay embroider'd race**: Young men who have either never gone to the universities at all, or have stayed there but a short time, and then gone on their travels with a tutor. This was called, going the *grand tour* of Europe. The 'pedants' are the university tutors and their pupils.

L. 290. **Safe and unseen**: See Virg. *AEn.* I., 412 *seq.*

L. 299. **No longer Roman**: Because the imperial Romans no longer live upon its banks, but have given place to the effeminate and ignoble *Italians*. Even so late as thirty years ago, the word 'Italian' conveyed the notion of something that was unmanly and not morally estimable to an English ear; but the political regeneration of Italy has already effected a marvellous change.

L. 301. **To happy convents**: I cannot forbear saying, though indeed every reader of taste will perceive the thing, that Pope has never written, nor indeed does our language afford, six more delicious lines. *Warton*.

L. 302. **Abbots purple as their wines**: Warton says that the original of this line is in the poetry of J. B. Rousseau. Prof. Ward thinks that the comparison is to the purple stockings of an abbot.

L. 303. **Lily-silver'd vales**: Tuberoses. P. The tuberose is a liliaceous plant bearing a white flower of an exquisite scent.

L. 308. **And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps**: The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*. P.W.

L. 320. **Air, the echo of a sound**: Yet less a body than Echo itself; for Echo reflects *sense* or *words* at least, this gentleman only *airs* and *tunes*. *Scriblerus*.

L. 324. **Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber**: Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not Governors [i.e. tutors] by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth. P.W. Fleetwood was patentee of Drury Lane Theatre from 1734 to 1745. *Ward*.

L. 326. **Not undone**: This line is so punctuated in all the early editions. Whether the comma be placed before or after 'not,'

the meaning is much the same. The allusion is of course, as Prof. Ward suggests, to the protection of M.P.s from arrest: if a borough elect the young spendthrift, he is 'not undone'; but it is his last chance.

L. 331. **Sort**: Compare the modern colloquial use of 'lot.'

L. 335. **Paridell**: The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly Squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris. P.W.

L. 341. **Annus**: Warton says that Sir Andrew Fountaine was meant, a keen and tricky collector of coins and antiques; he succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Master of the Mint in 1727, and died in 1753. (See Carruthers's 'Additional Note.'

L. 344. **Pellio dimes**: This seems more obscure than almost any other passage in the whole. Perhaps he meant the Prince of Wales's dinners. *Bowles*, quoted by Ward.

Ib. **Cramm'd with capon**: Cp. Shakespeare's 'with good capon lined,' *As You Like It*, II., vii. 154.

L. 349. **Grant me still to cheat**: Imitated from Horace, Ep. I. xvi. 60:—

Pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere,
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.

L. 355. **Th' Athenian fowl**: The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens. The next verse is that by which Hobbes renders the line of Homer, Il. xiv. 291, Χαλκία κακλήσκοντο Θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ κύμινδιν. P.W.

L. 357. **Attys—Cecrops**: 'The first kings of Athens,' say Pope and Warburton; but Athenian legend names no such king as Attys; only an *Attis*, daughter of King Kranaos.

L. 358. **The pigeon at thine ear**: Among the many fabulous stories told of Mahomet, one of the most popular was,—That a tame pigeon used to whisper in his ear the commands of God. Christian controversialists pretended that the pigeon was taught to come and peck some grains of rice out of the Prophet's ear, to induce people to think that he then received by the ministry of an angel the several articles of the Koran. See Ockley's *Hist. of the Saracens*, p. 62 (Bohn's ed.)

L. 363. **Otho—Niger**: Roman Emperors, each of whom reigned a very short time, and whose coins are therefore scarce.

L. 365. **Mummarius**: It is uncertain what rival antiquary or virtuoso is meant by Mummius. Warton was informed that Dr. Mead the famous physician was intended, but this seems hardly credible.

Ib. **Fool-renowned**: A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renoun'd by fools*, or *renoun'd for making fools*. P.

L. 366. **His Cheops**: According to the *Dunciad* note, Mummius pretended that the mummy of the old Egyptian king, Cheops, which lay alone in the pyramid named after him, had been stolen by a wild Arab and purchased by the consul at Alexandria, who transmitted it to his (Mummius's) museum. A ridiculous story, because Herodotus [II. 124] says that the body was not in the pyramid in his time.

L. 368. **Sistrum**: A metallic rattle used in the worship of Isis. See Juvenal, Sat. xiii. 93. The word is used contemptuously in Virg. *Aen.* viii. 696, where Cleopatra is described summoning her troops by the sound of the *sistrum*, instead of the trumpet.

L. 374. **When Sallee rovers**: In explanation of this passage, the *Dunciad* notes quote from Spon's *Voyages* an anecdote about a Frenchman (Vaillant, the historian of the Syrian kings) who, when in the hands of some Barbary corsairs, swallowed twenty gold coins, which were afterwards recovered.

L. 377. **Demigod**: They are called *θεοί* on their coins. P.W.

L. 381. **Great Ammon**: Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose *Horns* [see l. 370] they wore on their medals. P.W.

L. 388. **Douglas**: A physician of great learning, and no less taste. P.W.

L. 399. **Fair from its humble bed**: These verses are imitated from the well-known lines of Catullus, beginning

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis.

L. 402. **Named it Caroline**: It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising. P.W.

L. 407. **New prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline**: A satirical insinuation is here levelled against the late queen,

as though, surrounded by hollow flatterers while living, she was regarded with absolute indifference now that she was dead.

L. 415. **Of all the enamell'd race** : We should hardly expect to find these elegant and musical lines placed in the mouth of the (as here represented) narrow-souled, trifling entomologist.

L. 424. **Bird** : i.e. butterfly ; as if 'bird' might be used in a sort of generic sense, to signify 'winged creature.'

L. 446. **Wilkins' wings** : One of the first projectors of the Royal Society ; who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose. P.W. Dr. John Wilkins (1614-1672) was one of the best and ablest men of the school known as the Latitudinarian divines. He was Warden of Wadham under the Commonwealth, and became Bishop of Chester after the Restoration.

L. 453. **A gloomy clerk** : The sceptical school of the day is here represented.

L. 456. **Moral Evidence** : Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by Mathematical proportions, according to which calculation in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologia Christianæ Principia Mathematica*.

L. 465. **The high priori road** : Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him as enables them to see the end of their creation and the means of their happiness : whereas they who take this Priori Road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners) for one that goes right ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of the means. P.W.

L. 467. **Make nature still** : This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, &c.* P.W.

L. 469. **Thrust some mechanic cause, &c.** : The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes ; the second of Hobbes ; the third of some succeeding philosophers. P.W. I am afraid that Pope

suffered himself so far to be misled by the malignity of Warburton, as to aim a secret stab at Newton and Clarke, by associating their figurative, and not altogether unexceptionable, language concerning space (which they called the sensorium of the Deity) with the opinion of Spinoza. *Dugald Stewart* (cited in the *Globe* note). Addison (*Spectator*, No. 565) calls this notion of Newton's 'the noblest and most exalted way of considering infinite space.'

L. 478. **Lucretius drew**: Lib. I. vv. 57-60. Scribl.

L. 480. **Regardless of our merit, &c.**: Imitated from Lucretius in the passage just cited,—

Nec bene promeritis capitul, nec tangitur ira,

L. 481. **Bright image**: The vision of Nature.

L. 482. **Theocles**: Lord Shaftesbury, the philosopher. The allusion is to a passage in his *Characteristics*, where he enthusiastically addresses Nature as the 'wise substitute of Providence,' and the 'empowering Deity.' See *Dunciad* notes.

L. 485. **Our society**: See the *Pantheisticon*, with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by Toland. W.

L. 486. **Tindal**: See Book II., l. 399.

Ib. Silenus: A Mr. Thomas Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, was meant. 'Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virg. *Ecl.* vi., where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.' *Dunciad note*.

L. 488. **Seeds of fire**: The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms, Virg. *Ecl.* vi.—

Semina ignis—semina flammæ.—P.

L. 503. **K*—B****: It is vain, says Warton, to inquire the names that belong to these initial letters. Carruthers (quoted by Ward) conjectures that by K* the Duke of Kent may have been meant: he died in 1740.

L. 505. **Poor W****: Wharton is probably meant. See *Moral Essay* I., 179, note.

L. 512. **Up to a star**: The star of the Garter.

Ib. Like Endymion: Like the eternal sleeper of Greek legend, he sinks into a state of moral and intellectual lethargy.

L. 513. **A feather**: See *Epil. to Sat.* II., 231, and Pope's note.

L. 520. **Still keep the human shape**: The effects of

the Magus's cup are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Hers took away the shape, and left the human mind; this takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape. W.

L. 521. **But she, good Goddess:** The only comfort such people can receive must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes one sort stupid, another impudent; gives Self-conceit to some, arising from the flattery of their dependants; presents the false colours of Interest to others, and buries or amuses the rest with idle Pleasures or Sensualities, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons. P.W.

L. 524. **Cimmerian gloom:** See Hom. Od. xi. 14.—

Κιμμερίων ἀνδρῶν δῆμός τε πόλις τε,
ἥρις καὶ νεφέλη πεκαλυμμένοι.

The Kimmerians of Homer lived beside the 'deep-flowing Ocean'; afterwards the name was applied to a people living near the Kimmerian Bosphorus (Strait of Kertch).

L. 526. **With another's eyes:** Cp. Burns's poem, *To a ——*,

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!

L. 531. **Turn'd to the sun:** Imitated from the description of Iris in Virgil, *AEn.* iv. 701,—

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.

L. 533. **The Syren sisters**—the pleasures derived from music, vocal and instrumental.

L. 541. **Amice white:** Cp. Milton's *Par. Reg.*, iv. 427,—

Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice grey.

Mr. Todd, in his note on the passage, shows that the term 'amice' (Lat. *amicio, amictus*) was in former times used of secular as well as ecclesiastical vestments: for instance, of the cloaks of Lord Mayors. At present it is only used to signify a white under vestment, worn over the shoulders by Roman Catholic priests when saying mass. In this sense it is used by Spenser, *F. Q. I.*, iv. 18:—

Array'd in habit blacke, and amis thin.

ib. **A priest succinet:** A French cook in his white apron.

L. 542. **All flesh**: Parodied perhaps from Is. xl. 6.

L. 544. **Shrunk into an urn**: Boiled down to make soup, so that the essence of him is contained in a tureen.

L. 545. **Specious miracles**: is the literal rendering of Horace's *speciosa miracula* (*Ars Poet.* 144); which means 'dazzling marvels.'

L. 548. **Sève and verdeur**: French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy. They are used by Boileau.—*Dunciad Note*.

L. 550. **Perigord**: The name of an ancient province of France, of which the capital was Perigueux, now the chief town of the Dep. of the Dordogne.

L. 552. **Bladen—Hays—Knight**: The first two are the names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France. P.W. It is suggested that the elegant dinners given by these successful swindlers atone for all their roguery.

L. 554. **Three essential, &c.**: Warton (*Essay on the Genius of Pope*, II. 374) speaks of this line as if it contained a profane parody on a religious doctrine. But this seems doubtful.

L. 560. **Who study Shakespeare, &c.**: Mr. Thomas Edwards, a *Gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn*; but in reality a gentleman only of the Dunciad, . . . who . . . very early retained himself in the cause of Dullness against Shakespeare. Scribl. P.

L. 563. **The silent race**: Pythagoras imposed a preliminary silence of five years on the disciples who wished to submit themselves to his teaching.

L. 568. **Gregorian—Gormogon**: A sort of lay-brothers, slips from the root of the Freemasons. P.W.

L. 570. **Doctors of her laws**: Pope had the offer, when at Oxford with Warburton [in 1741], of being made LL.D. [it should be D.C.L.], but refused it; because the University would not confer the degree of D.D. on Warburton, to whom some of the members had proposed it. *Roscoe*.

L. 577—582. These lines describe racing dukes, running marquises, coach-driving earls, and cobweb-spinning barons.

L. 582. **Arachne's silkèm line** : This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the *Philosophical Transactions*. P.W.

L. 583. **The judge to dance** : Alluding perhaps to the ancient and solemn Dance, intituled *A Call of Sergeants*. P.W. Serjeants at law had formerly the exclusive right of pleading in the Court of Common Pleas ; 'yet they are not so limited as to be restrained from pleading in any other court, where the judges call them *brothers*, and hear them with great respect.' (Tomlins' Law-Dict.) From the same authority we learn the meaning of 'a Call of Serjeants ;' 'Serjeants at law are made by the king's writ directed unto such as are called, commanding them to take upon them that degree by a certain day ; * * * * in conferring these degrees much ceremony was anciently used.' The stately formalities in use on the occasion probably bore some resemblance to the slow and graceful *minuet*, and are therefore spoken of by Pope as a *dance*.

L. 585. **Pontific luxur** : Imitated from Horace, Od. II., 14, 28 ; *pontificum potiore coenisi*.

L. 586. **Turkeys in a pie** : The Dunciad notes say that this delicacy was invented in the bishopric of Durham.

L. 587. **Gallic masters** : Expensive French cooks.

L. 590. **Teach kings to fiddle** : An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero ; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican. P.W.

Ib. **Make senators dance** : either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia. P.W. : (alluding to the ignominious exile of the Parliament of Paris to Pontoise in 1720, by order of the minister Dubois, because it thwarted the Government in dealing with Law's scheme).

L. 595. **Three estates** : King, Lords, and Commons.

L. 596. **One mighty Dunciad** : These lines are obscure ; the meaning seems to be this : the foes of Dulness, men like Pulteney, Carteret, Pitt, and Chesterfield, and, in general, the party of the *wits*, were then trying to upset the 'first minister ;' who, if he baffled them all, and induced the king to sustain him in power in spite of them, would make the king a friend of dunces, nay, a dunce himself ; and of England a mere 'Dunciad,' or kingdom of dunces.

L. 597. **All Nature nods**: The passage reads like a parody on Hom. *Il.* I. 524-527, where Zeus speaks to Thetis of the irreversible character of that which his *nod* has ratified:—

The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign.

At the same time it is a *punning* parody; for 'nod' means here (as in *Essay on Crit.*, 180) *dormitare*, not *annuere*, and is spoken of drowsiness, not of assent.

L. 599. **Instantly**: The divine emanations connected with the portentous yawn of the Goddess are naturally first communicated to the ministers of religion.

L. 600. **Leaden Gilbert**: Dr. John Gilbert, Dean of Exeter, was nominated Bishop of Llandaff in 1740; thence in 1748 he was translated to Salisbury; and by a second translation in 1757 became Archbishop of York. He was therefore, at the time when Pope published this attack upon him, Bishop of Llandaff.

Warton says, 'He (Gilbert) had never given Pope any particular offence; but he had attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope much respected. And this attack was made in a rude and rough manner.'

Bowles says that he had heard on good authority that the epithet 'leaden' was unjustly applied to Dr. Gilbert, who was in fact an eloquent and impressive preacher.

Gilbert was a great pluralist. Along with the bishopric of Llandaff, he held the living of Ashburton, a Canonry at Christ Church, and the rectory of Peteravy, Sussex. It was he that introduced the practice (now, perhaps, entirely discontinued) of confirming in batches. He used to lay his hands on the head of each candidate kneeling at the rail, then draw back, and pronounce the prayer over them all. (Bishop Newton's *Life*, quoted in Cassan's *Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury*.)

L. 601. **Catch'd: for caught**: There is more justification for the form 'catch'd' than might appear at first sight. The verb 'catch' is not found in Anglo-Saxon writers; *cacchen*, with pret. *cahte*, first occurs in Layamon; see Sir F. Madden's Glossary. In formation it seems to have been assimilated to *reccan*, *reahte*, *weccan*, *weahte*. But these are weak verbs (Rask's *Grammar*, § 214; Morris's *Hist. Outlines*, p. 309); a form *cacchede* might therefore be expected to occur. Such we accordingly find in the

Ormulum (date about 1250), the author of which uses both *bi-hæchedd* and *bi-kahht* for 'caught.' (Kington Olliphant's *Standard English*, p. 105.) With regard to the derivation, Mr. Wedgwood (Dictionary of the Engl. Lang.) finds it in the Picard *cacher*, Fr. *chasser*; cp. the Ital. *cacciare*. Even if so, the word is originally Teutonic; it is the Dutch *ketzen*, Ger. *hetzen*, to hunt.

L. 601. **The Hall**: Westminster Hall, where are the law-courts.

L. 602. **Could not speak**: Because it had been silenced since 1717.

L. 603. **The nation's sense**: Public Opinion expressed in the House of Commons.

L. 606. **Ev'n Palinurus**: This very elegant allusion he owes to Young, Sat. vii. 225 —

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm.

Wakefield.

The reference is to Virg. *Aen.* V. 856.

L. 607—610: These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time. P.W. 'Navies yawning for orders' is perhaps an allusion to Admiral Hosier's squadron, which was kept so long in inaction cruising off the Spanish Main before the war which broke out in 1739, that the admiral and thousands of his sailors fell victims to the yellow fever. See Glover's ballad of *Hosier's Ghost*. What does Pope mean by 'state poems?' The substance of these lines is found in a little poem by Lord Halifax 'On Orpheus and Signora Francisca Margarita': —

And when the tawny Tuscan rais'd her strain,
Rook furls his sails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.

L. 611. **• Muse! relate**: Scriblerus has a learned note on this invocation, referring to Hom. *Il.* II. 491, and Virg. *Aen.* VII. 645.—

Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis.

'But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed.' P.W.

L. 616. **The venal quiet, &c.**: [See *ante*, l. 15.] It were a problem worthy the solution of Aristarchus himself * * * * *

to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our Goddess's power, to *entrance the dull*, or to *quiet the venal*. For though the *venal* may be more unruly than the *dull*, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expense of her virtue to *entrance* than barely to *quiet*. *Scribl. W.*

L. 620. **In vain, in vain**: Of this concluding passage Thackeray writes,—'In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardour, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom, illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious.' (*English Humourists*, p. 231.)

L. 622. **She comes! she comes!** As Dulness approaches, through the gloom which she diffuses around her, the sable throne of her parents, Chaos and Night (Book I., 12), is disclosed to view. She has already cast a blight on all forms of public life, and deadened all political activity; her baneful influence is now to be extended to Intellect, Art, and Virtue, as exhibited in individuals. Before her, the bright and airy 'fancy' of the lyric poet is bedimmed and clogged; the 'wit' of the critic and the satirist, after a few expiring flashes, is choked by her suffocating breath. No inspiration comes any more to Artists, and the Fine Arts one by one decay and perish. 'Truth'—moral truth—the eternal principles of morals—till now believed to have been established beyond the reach of cavil, are disputed by those who deny all truth to be more than relative, or smothered under mountains of casuistry. Natural Philosophy, which in the hands of a Newton started from the idea of God, and 'leaned on Heaven,' under the management of Dulness is turned into an investigation of phenomena and their proximate causes, and ceases to be Philosophy. The old true principles being obscured, Dulness suggests desperate and absurd expedients to the thinkers who wish to save something from the wreck (637-640). The influence of the Goddess still increasing, the 'sacred fires' of Religion, of which Dulness has undermined the hold on the heart of man, cease to warm and enlighten; yet they are 'veiled' only; they can never be extinguished. Lastly,—as we have seen the *principles* of morals subverted, so now Morality itself, or the *practice* of virtue, deprived by degrees of all its old and tried supports, crumbles to the earth and perishes.

L. 627. **At dread Medea's strain:** The reference is to the fourth act of the *Medea*, one of Seneca's tragedies. In the course of her incantation she says—

Nemoris antiqui domus
Amisit umbram vocis imperio meæ,
Die relicto Phœbus in medio stetit;
Hyadesque nostris cantibus motæ labant.

Compare also Ovid, *Met.* vii. 207-9.*

L. 629. **Argus's eyes:** According to the well-known legend, Argus, son of Arestor, having a hundred eyes, of which only two were asleep at a time, was set by Juno to watch Io. Mercury, by the command of Jupiter, lulls all his eyes to sleep by the sound of his pipe, waves over them his medicated wand to make the slumber deeper, and then kills him.—See Ovid, *Met.* II.

L. 633. **To her old cavern:** Alluding to the saying of Democritus, that Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her; though Butler replied archly enough, 'He first put her in, before he drew her out.' W.

Democritus, called the Laughing Philosopher, was a native of Abdera in Thrace, and flourished in the fifth century before Christ. He used to complain that we know nothing absolutely; that Truth lies at the bottom of an abyss (*ἐν βυθῷ ἡ ἀλήθεια*), and that our senses grope about in the darkness. (Nouv. Biogr. Générale.)

L. 634. **Casuistry:** Casuistry is a branch of Moral Theology; it is the discussion of cases of conscience with a view to the establishment of rules of conduct, and it includes those rules when established. This at least is the old meaning of the word. Jesuit writers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries cultivated casuistry with great earnestness, but brought it into discredit by connecting with it the doctrine of *probabilism*; according to which (in its extreme and abusive form) a person might do an agreeable act, though doubting its lawfulness, if he found a *probable* support for it in the opinion of even one approved theologian. Laxities of this sort drew forth the indignant satire of Pascal in the *Lettres Provinciales*, and are described in order to be condemned by Jeremy Taylor in the Preface to his *Ductor Dubitantum*. Having been greatly abused, casuistry fell into universal disrepute; and the language of Pope respecting it is thus explained. The late Prof. Maurice, in his *Lectures on Casuistry*, Cambridge, 1868, vindicates his use of the term,—it had been dropped by his predecessor, Dr.

Whewell,—but proposes to exclude *rules* for the conscience from its connotation, retaining the study of the *laws* of conscience.

L. 635. **Philosophy**: See note to l. 622.

L. 637. **Physic of Metaphysic**: Warburton explains this to mean, that certain writers, as Berkeley and other idealists, wishing to prove the self-subsistence of the *soul*, have, in their physiological inquiries about the *body*, resorted to metaphysics to help them in proving that the body is not material, or rather that matter does not exist; while a different school, desiring to drive men to Revelation as the only refuge from atheism, have, in their metaphysical inquiries about the soul, attempted to show that all her operations are merely the result of physical combinations, appreciable by sense. Note the singular form; we now say 'Physics,' 'Metaphysics,' though we keep 'Logic' in the singular. Some general termination for the names of sciences, corresponding to the German *ik*, is a great desideratum in our language.

L. 639. **Mystery to Mathematics fly**: A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it is contrary to it,—certain defenders of religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to show that the mysteries of religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *Philosophic or Astronomic principles of Religion*, natural and revealed, who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtlety of school moonshine. W. In this note Warburton appears to point to the writings of Dr. Clarke and Dr. T. Burnet. The latter was the author of *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, and *Moses Vindicatus*, works much read and canvassed in the early part of the eighteenth century, in which the writer attempted in a very peculiar fashion to give an astronomical basis to the Mosaic cosmogony. Dr. Samuel Clarke was famous for his attempts to demonstrate all the leading doctrines of Christianity. In the preface to his *Discourse concerning the Being and Attributes of God*, he writes, 'I have confined myself to one only method or continued thread of arguing, which I have endeavoured should be as near to Mathematical as the nature of such a discourse would allow.' Pope did not love him: see *Moral Essay IV.* 76.

L. 641. **Blushing**: As well at the memory of the *past* overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages

was employed in corrupting the simplicity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the *present*. W.

L. 646. **Un-creating**: The prefix has the effect of *reversing* the meaning of the participle. So Dryden has, 'music shall *untune* the sky' (*Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, last line); and Shelley, 'I arise and *unbuild* it again' (*The Cloud*, last line).

L. 647. **Great Anarch**: Chaos is called 'the Anarch old' in the *Par. Lost*, Book II.

L. 648. **Universal darkness**: The conclusion is evidently suggested by Shakespeare's—

And darkness be the burier of the dead.—*Roscoe*.

A P P E N D I X.

- I. *Essay on Criticism*; collation of the First Edition (1711) with the received text.
- II. *The Dunciad*.
 1. List of Editions.
 2. Collation of the First Edition (1728, 1742) with the received text.
 3. List of Prefaces, &c.

I. ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

VARIATIONS OF THE EDITION OF 1711¹ FROM THE RECEIVED TEXT.

- L. 30, 31. Those hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers
- L. 32. All such have still . . .
- L. 65. . . . still t'extend them more
- L. 74, 75. That art is best which most resembles her;
Which still presides, yet never does appear
- L. 76. . . . thus the sprightly soul
- L. 80, 81. There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.
- L. 82. . . . ever are at strife
- L. 90. Nature, like Monarchy . . .

¹ Here called L.

L. 92. First learned Greece just precepts did indite,
 L. 93. . . . flight
 L. 98. From great examples useful rules were given
 After 105, L has—
 Set up themselves, and drove a sep'rate trade
 L. 116. These lost the sense . . .
 L. 117. . . . explain'd . . .
 L. 123. You may confound, but . . .
 L. 126. . . . your notions bring
 L. 130. When first great Maro . . .
 L. 137. And did his work to rules as strict confine
 After 160 L has—
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad.
 L. 161. And though . . .
 L. 178. Oft hide his force . . .
 L. 179. Those are but . . .
 L. 184. . . . all-devouring age
 L. 186. . . . triumphant pæans . . .
 L. 197. That with weak . . .
 L. 199. . . . that science . . .
 L. 219. Fir'd with the charms fair Science does impart
 L. 220. . . . Art
 L. 259. . . . oft the men of wit
 L. 262. For *not* to know . . .
 L. 265. . . . but parts they prize
 L. 270. As e'er could D——s, of the laws o' th' stage
 L. 283. The stage can ne'er so vast a throng . . .
 L. 320. . . . style express
 L. 338. . . . with such, is right or *wrong*
 L. 362-3. Not in L
 L. 374. . . . various lays . . .
 L. 394. Some the French writers . . .
 L. 413. Nor praise nor damn . . .
 L. 428. . . . the dull believers quit
 L. 440. . . . our zealous isle . . .
 L. 449. . . . our ready wit
 L. 463. New Bl——s and new M——s . . .
 L. 485. Some fair idea . . .
 L. 490. . . . time does full perfection give

L. 492. . . . in few years decay
 L. 495. Repays not half that envy . . .
 L. 498. . . . that in the spring does rise
 L. 499. And gaily . . .
 L. 500. . . . that does our cares employ
 L. 502, 3. The more his trouble as the more admir'd,
 Where wanted, scorn'd, and envied where acquir'd
 L. 504. Maintain'd with pains, but forfeited with ease
 L. 508. Too much does Wit from . . .
 L. 510. Of old those found . . .
 L. 519. And each ill author . . .
 L. 521. . . . by sacred lust . . .

After 545 L has—

Then first the Belgian morals were extoll'd ;
 We their religion had, and they our gold.

L. 562. . . . wit, art, and learning join
 L. 564. . . . to your judgment's due
 L. 567. Speak, when you 're sure, yet speak with diffidence.
 L. 575. And things ne'er known . . .
 L. 576. . . . not approved
 L. 586. And *stares, Tremendous!* . . .
 L. 597. . . . let dull fools be vain
 L. 600. . . . old dull course they keep
 L. 624. Nay, run to altars . . .

After 648 L has—

Not only Nature did his laws obey,
 But Fancy's boundless empire own'd his sway

L. 651. Received his rules . . .
 L. 665, 6. Not in L
 L. 673, 4. Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease
 L. 689. All was believ'd but nothing . . .
 L. 723, 4. Not in L

II. THE DUNCIAD.

I. LIST OF EDITIONS.

1. The following is a list of the most important editions of the *Dunciad*. All these are in the Bodleian Library, and have been minutely examined. No other edition, to judge from the complete list given in Lowndes' *Bibliographers' Manual*, possesses any features of novelty or interest which these have not.

A. **The Dunciad**, an Heroic poem, in Three Books, 12mo. Dublin, printed, London Reprinted for A. Dodd, 1728. Frontispiece, an altar composed of dull books (Cibber's Plays, Ogilby's *Virgil*, Theobald's *Shakespeare Restored*, &c.), with an owl perched upon it. (This seems to have been the original edition, printed probably in England, as explained in the Introduction, p. xxxii. note, but sent over to Dublin to make its first appearance. The name of 'Dodd' appears to be fictitious; no trace of any bookseller with that name can be found.)

A'. **The Dunciad**, an Heroic Poem, in Three Books, 12mo. The Second Edition. Dublin, Printed ; London, reprinted for A. Dodd, 1728. (The frontispiece is the same as in A, from which this edition only differs in setting right certain flagrant errors of the press.)

B. **The Dunciad Variorum**, with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus. London. Printed for A. Dod, 1729, 4to. The title vignette is of an ass munching thistles, and carrying panniers laden with books, on the top of which is a small owl. (This is the 'first avowed edition' of Lowndes. It came forth with all that 'pomp of prefaces' of which Swift speaks in one of his letters ; of these pieces a list and description will be found at p. 238.)

C. **The Dunciad**, with Notes Variorum, and the Prolegomena of Scriblerus. London, Printed for Lawton Gilliver, at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet

Street, 1729. 12mo. (The owl frontispiece, slightly modified, re-appears in this edition. The prefaces, &c., which it contains are the same with those of B, except for the omission of the *Addenda* of Scriblerus, calling attention to misprints.)

- C. The same title-page as the last, with the addition of the words 'The Second Edition, with some additional Notes.' 1729; 12mo. (The frontispiece is again the ass and panniers. Contents as in C, with the addition of five pages of 'Errata,' headed 'M. Scriblerus Lectori.')
- D. **The Dunciad**, in three books. Written in the year 1727. With Notes Variorum, and the Prolegomena of Scriblerus, 4to. No date; but Lowndes assigns it to 1733. (This edition agrees generally with C and C'.)
- E. **The New Dunciad**, as it was found in the year 1741. With the illustrations of Scriblerus and Notes Variorum. Printed for T. Cooper, 1742, 4to. (This is Book IV. on its first appearance.)
- E'. Title-page as in E; yet it must be of later date; for in the single passage, between lines 39 and 43, where this edition differs from E, the difference is continued in F and all later editions. 12mo.
- F. **The Dunciad**, in Four Books. Printed according to the complete copy found in the year 1742. With the Prolegomena of Scriblerus and Notes Variorum. T. Cooper, 1743. (Here at last we have the poem in its perfect shape, as it is now read. To the former stock of prefaces, &c., are added in this edition the *Hypercritica* of Aristarchus, and his Dissertation on the Hero of the Poem, both supplied by Warburton.)

In the following collation the various editions of the *Dunciad* are designated by the letters under which we have just described them. The standard of comparison is the edition of 1743 (F), which is in substantial agreement with all the modern editions. The degree and mode in which A, the earliest edition, varies from this standard, either by omission, substitution, or transposition, will be found exactly indicated; and Pope's *modus operandi*, when he resolved, and carried out his purpose, to substitute Cibber for Theobald, may be seen at a glance. The numbering of the lines is of course that of

edition F. All this applies only to the first three Books. In the case of the Fourth Book, in which, since Theobald had been barely mentioned, little change was required in order to put Cibber in his place, the standard edition is compared with E and E'.

2. COLLATION OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD (BOOKS I., II., III., 1728; BOOK IV., 1742) WITH THE RECEIVED TEXT.

BOOK L.

L. 1. Book¹ and the man I sing, the first . . .
 . . . to the ears of kings

L. 3. Say, great Patricians ! (since yourselves inspire
 These wondrous works ; so Jove and fate require !)

L. 5. Say from what cause, . . .

L. 7, 8. Not in A

L. 17. . . . to confirm she tries
 In the place of lines 19-33, A has—

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,
 A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air ;
 Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
 Emblem of music caused by emptiness :
 Here in one bed two shivering sisters lye,

After l. 34 occur in A the lines 269-272

L. 37, 38. Not in A

L. 39. Hence springs each weekly muse, the living boast

L. 41. . . . elegiac lay

L. 42. Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day

L. 45. 'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone

L. 76. Fast by, fair vallies . . .

L. 90. Yet lived . . .

L. 91. . . . in pleasing slumbers lay

L. 92. And eat . . .

L. 93. But pensive . . .

L. 95. Much to her mind the solemn feast . . .

L. 103. She saw in Norton all his father shine

¹ Books, A'.

L. 106. And furious D——^{n¹} foam in Wh——'s rage.

L. 108. But chief, in Tibbald's . . .

For lines 109-117, A has—

Sees Gods with Daemons in strange league ingage,
And earth, and heaven, and hell, her battles wage !

She eyed the Bard where supperless he sate,
And pined, unconscious of his rising fate ;
Studious he sat, with all his books around,

L. 120. Then writ . . .

For lines 121-140, A has—

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where, yet unpawned, much learned lumber lay,²
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd ;
Or which fond authors were so good to gild ;
Or where, by Sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties, not its own.

L. 145. A Gothic Vatican ! of Greece . . .

L. 146. . . . worthy W——y, W——s, and Bl——.

L. 152. Old Bodies of Philosophy . . .

L. 162. And last, a *little Ajax* tips the spire.

L. 164. . . . and nearest at my heart.

L. 167, 168. Not in A

L. 170. To human heads . . .

L. 171. . . . makes their aim . . .

L. 174. Who spread . . .

Instead of lines 177-180, A has—

Ah ! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land,
Where, 'gainst thy throne if rebel Science rise,
She does but show her coward face and dies :
There thy good scholiasts with unwearied pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains ;
Here studious and unlucky Moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave ;
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.

¹ Pope speaks of this somewhere among the Errata ; it should have been D——s, for Dennis. The other name is Whiston.

² This line would have been utterly inappropriate to Cibber.

For¹ thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head
 With all such reading as was never read ;
 For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
 Notes to dull books, and Prologues to dull plays ;
 For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it :
 So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
 And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
 Not that my pen to critics was confined,
 My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind ;
 So written precepts may successless prove,
 But sad examples never fail to move.

For lines 187-196, A has—

Had Heaven decree'd such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decree'd to spare the Grub-street state,
 But see great Settle to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end.

L. 198. His gray-goose weapon . . .
 L. 199. But what can I ! my Flaccus cast aside,
 Take up th' *Attorney's* (once my better) *guide*?
 L. 201-210, not in A
 L. 211. . . . the Roman geese . . .
 L. 212. And save the state by cackling to the Tories.

For lines 213-244, A has—

Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist ! am thine,
 And, rival, Curtius, of thy fame and zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
 Adieu, my children ! better thus expire
 Unstall'd, unsold ; thus glorious mount in fire,
 Fair without spot ; than greased by grocer's hands,
 Or shipp'd with W—— to ape and monkey lands,
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
 And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.

L. 245. With that he lifted thrice the sparkling . . .
 Instead of lines 250-255, A has—

Jow flames old *Memnon*,² now *Rodrigo* burns,

¹ Six of the lines that follow were transferred, slightly altered, to Book IV.,
 p. 249, in the edition of 1742, and subsequently.

² Plays and farces of Theobald.

In one quick flash see *Proserpine* expire,
 And last, his own cold *Æschylus* took fire.
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes

For lines 269-272, A has—

Raptured, he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

L. 285. . . . Congreve and Corneille

L. 286. Can make a C—r, Jo—n, or O—ll.

L. 290. . . . a H— and owl

L. 293. Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gathered to the dull . . .

L. 296. Where G—n,¹ B—, and high-born H— rest.
 For lines 297-326, A has—

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns :
 'Till each famed theatre my empire own,
 Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne.
 I see, I see!—Then rapt, she spoke no more.
 God save King Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.

L. 339. Hoarse thunder . . .

L. 340. . . . loud nation

BOOK II.

L. 1-18. Not in A

L. 19. The sons of Dulness meet: an endless band

After l. 26, A has—

Now herald hawker's rusty voice proclaims
 Heroic prizes, and advent'rous games ;

L. 27. In that wide space the Goddess took her stand

L. 67, 68. With steps unequal Lintot urged the race,
 And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

L. 97-100, not in A

L. 113-116 stand thus in A,—

Baffled, yet present ev'n amidst despair,
 To seize his papers, Cúrl; was next thy care ;
 His papers all the sportive winds uplift
 And whisk 'em back to G—, to Y—, to S—.

L. 126. **, **, and **, the wretches caught

¹ Gildon, Banks, Howard.

L. 144. . . . * *'s modern bed
 L. 147. . . . pillory'd D—
 L. 148. And T— flagrant from the lash, below
 L. 149. There kick'd and cudgel'd . . . might ye view
 After l. 160, A has—
 Pearls on her neck, and roses in her hair,
 and a line too coarse for insertion.
 L. 167. Ch—d¹ and C—l
 L. 203. R— the feather
 L. 205. * * his mouth
 L. 207. But O—² the poet's healing balm . . .
 L. 209. Unlucky O— ! thy lordly . . .
 L. 238. And R— and railing, brangling and B—
 L. 241, 242. Not in A
 L. 243. . . . ye all alike shall win
 L. 257, 258, not in A
 L. 280. . . . the * * * Journals, bound
 L. 283. . . . great D—⁵ stands
 L. 291. Next E—⁴ dived . . .
 L. 293. . . . E— lost
 L. 294. E— in vain . . .
 L. 295. H— try'd⁵ the next, but hardly snatch'd from sight
 L. 296. Instant buoys up, and rises into light
 After l. 298, A has—
 Far worse unhappy D—r succeeds,
 He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.
 L. 299. . . . * * * and * * * creep.
 L. 300. Long-winded both, as natives . . .
 L. 301. This only merit pleading for the prize
 L. 302. Nor . . .
 Instead of lines 303-318, A has—
 But nimbler W—d reaches at the ground,
 Circles in mud, and darkens all around
 L. 323, 324, not in A
 L. 325. Sudden, a burst . . .

¹ Chetwood in C. ² Oldmixon, C. ³ Dennis, C.

* So also in A'. 'Smedley' in C, and all later editions.

⁴ Then * * try'd, B, C, C'; then P * * essay'd, D.

L. 326. Lo E—— rose, tremendous all in mud !

For l. 343-346, A has—

Pours into Thames : Each City bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.

L. 347. How to the banks where bards departed doze

L. 348. . . . how all the bards arose

After l. 348, A has—

Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, majestic bows,
And Sh——¹ nods, the poppy on his brows

L. 349. While M——n there, . . .

L. 351. And 'Take (he said) these robes . . .

L. 353. . . . show'd the robe . . .

Instead of lines 355-364 A has—

Slow moved the Goddess from the silver flood,
(Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of Lud.

L. 365. Her critics there she summons, and proclaims

L. 367. Hear you, in whose grave heads . . .

L. 379. Three Cambridge sophs . . .

L. 399. C——s² and Tindal . . .

L. 411. At last C——re . . .

L. 412. And *** himself³ . . .

L. 413. T——s and T—— the church and state gave o'er

L. 414. Nor *** talk'd,⁴ nor S——⁵ whisper'd more

L. 415. Ev'n N——n, gifted with his mother's tongue,

L. 416. Tho' born at Wapping, and from Daniel sprung

L. 417. Ceased his loud bawling breath, and dropt the head

L. 423. Or prouder march'd . . .

L. 425. How E——⁶ lay . . .

L. 427. All others . . .

¹ Shadwell, C.

² Collins must have been meant. Pope's note in C says: 'The surreptitious editions placed here the name of a gentleman, who, though no great friend to the clergy, is a man of morals and ingenuity.'

³ Old James himself,—B, C, C'; Motteux himself, D.

⁴ Motteux, B, C, C', Kelsey, D.

⁵ Naso, B, C, C', D.

⁶ Laurus, B, C, C', D. Eusden is meant.

BOOK III.

L. 14. The King descended to . . .
 L. 15-22, not in A
 L. 23. There in a dusky vale . . .
 L. 50. Did from Boetian . . .
 L. 74. . . . at a birth begun
 L. 75. One man immortal . . .
 L. 79. . . . as far extend thy eyes
 L. 85. Against her throne . . .
 L. 86. In dulness strong, th' avenging Vandals rise
 Instead of l. 105-112, A has—
 Lo statues, temples, theatres o'erturned,
 Oh glorious ruin! and *** burn'd.
 L. 113. See'st thou an Isle, . . .
 L. 142. And a new C—r . . .
 L. 143. See yet a younger, by his blushes known
 L. 146. Another Durfey, *** . . .
 L. 147. For thee each . . .
 L. 149-178, not in A
 L. 180. How like their manners . . .

After l. 180, A has—
 Famed for good nature B—¹, and for truth;
 D—² for pious passion to the youth.

After l. 184 are inserted, in A, lines 173-178

Then A has the following passage, of which lines 15-18 and 149-152 are variations :

See next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,
 In lofty madness meditating song,
 With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
 H— and T—, glories of their race!
 Lo H—ck's fierce, and M—'s rueful face!
 W—n, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
 And mighty J—b, blunderbuss of law!
 Lo thousand thousand, every nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame

¹ Burnet, C'.

² Duckit, C'.

How proud! how pale! how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear!
Pass these to nobler sights: Lo H—— stands
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands;
How honey'd nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, H——, with thy strain,
While K——, Br——, W—— preach in vain.
Round him each science by its modern type
Stands known; Divinity with box and pipe,
And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score:
While happier History with her comrade Ale,
Sooths the sad series of her tedious tale.
Fast by, in darkness palpable inshrined,
W——s, B——r, M——n, all the poring kind,
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
Are ever reading, and are never read.

L. 186. With visage from his shelves with dust . . .

L. 188. That wonnes in haulkes and hernes, and H——¹ he
hight.

L. 191-232, not in A, except so far as embodied in the passage
quoted above.

After L. 190, A has—

But oh! what scenes, what miracles behind!
Now stretch thy view, and open all thy mind.

L. 233. He look'd, and saw a sable seer arise

L. 236. . . . threaten war,

L. 238. Gods, imps, and monsters . . .

L. 242. Breaks out resurgent . . .

L. 249. Silent the monarch gazed; yet ask'd in thought

L. 250. What God or demon all these . . .

L. 251, 252, not in A.

L. 253. To whom the Sire: In yonder . . .

L. 255. A godlike youth: See Jove's own bolts he flings

L. 256. Rolls the loud thunder, and the lightning wings.

L. 266. . . . here B——th, and C——r there

L. 268. . . . C——r mounts the w

L. 279. . . . my bays

¹ Meant for Hearne.

After l. 284, A, A', B, C, C', and D insert the following lines, which in the later editions are transferred, slightly altered, to Book I., 205:—

Different our parties, but with equal grace
Our Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race ;
'Tis the same rope at sev'ral ends they twist,
To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist.

L. 287. that thou, or C—r¹ e'er
L. 288. Should wag two serpent tails . . .
L. 292. In the Dog's tail his progress ends at last.
L. 295. . . . can never stray
L. 296. And licks up . . .
L. 297, 298. Thy dragons ** and ** shall taste,²
And from each show rise duller than the last.

L. 303-306, not in A
L. 307. . . . her cause . . .
L. 308. . . . thy friend
L. 309. . . . for her shalt join

After l. 318, A has—

Beneath his reign, shall E—³ wear the bays,
C—r preside, Lord Chancellor of Plays,
B—⁴ sole judge of Architecture sit,
And A—e P—s⁵ be preferr'd for wit !
I see the unfinished Dormitory wall !

I see the Savoy totter to her fall !
The sons of Isis reel ! the townsmen's sport ;
And *Alma Mater* all dissolved in Port.⁶

Then, when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round, and re-appear ;
Let there be darkness ! (the dread power shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day ;
To their first Chaos wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal Dulness cover all !

No more the Monarch could such raptures bear ;
He waked, and all the vision mix'd with air.

¹ Or Cibber, B, C, C', D.

² Magistrates and peers shall taste, C.

³ Eusden, C. ⁴ Benson, D. ⁵ Namby Pamby, B, C, C', D.

⁶ After this line, B, C, C', and D, insert the fine passage beginning 'She comes,' &c., which, in the final distribution of the poem into four books, was placed, with transpositions and additions, at the end of Book IV.

BOOK IV.

L. 9. 'Twas when the Dog-star's . . .
L. 37. Oft to her heart . . .
Instead of lines 39-42, E has—
 Oft her gay sister's life and spirit fled ;
 But History and Satire held their head :
L. 55. My racks and tortures . . .
After l. 114, F has marks of the omission of four lines.
L. 139. While lo . . .
L. 143, 144, not in E or E'
L. 145. All flesh is humbled, youth's bold courage cools,
 Each shuddering owns the Genius of the schools ;
L. 201. Where B—tl—y . . .
L. 211, 212, not in E or E'
L. 231. . . . cook'd before
After l. 248 are marks of the omission of four lines in E and E'
L. 249-254, not in E or E'
L. 285. The sire saw, smiling, his own virtues wake
L. 320. Left his own language . . .
L. 441. Of souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
L. 442. Serve but . . .
L. 443. And most but find that sentinel of God
L. 444. A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.
L. 445. And yet the dullest brain, if gently stirred,
L. 446. Perhaps may waken . . .
L. 483. . . . or make us see
L. 511. So *, so *, . . .
L. 545. Great shades of **, **, **, *
L. 556. . . . of each vine
L. 600. Strive to my list . . .
After l. 600, E and E' have—
 But here, vain Icarus ! thy flight confine,
 Forbear ! nor hope to make that monarch thine :
 Blind with ambition ! to think Princes things
 Made just for thee, as all beside for Kings.
L. 601-604, not in E or E'
L. 605. More she had said . . .

¹ These lines in the earlier editions stood in Book I., between 176 and 181 : see Various Readings, Book I.

After l. 626 E and E' have—

While the Great Mother bids Britannia sleep,
And pours her spirit o'er the land and deep.

* * * * *

De-est FINIS

L. 627 to the end, not in E or E'

3. LIST OF PREFACES, ILLUSTRATIONS, CRITICISMS, &c. WRITTEN BY POPE AND HIS FRIENDS, AND PRINTED WITH THE FIRST AND SUBSEQUENT AVOWED EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD.

These Prefaces and Illustrations are, as was to be expected, of a serio-comic and ironical character. Much mystification was practised in regard to them ; to one long piece the name of 'W. Cleland' was subscribed ; another comes in the form of a 'Letter from the Publisher' ; but if we ascribe the authorship of all these, and of the Notes also, principally to Pope himself,—in a secondary but considerable degree to Warburton,—and, to a minor extent, to Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay, we shall not go far wrong.

I. *Letter to the Publisher occasioned by the first correct edition of the Dunciad.* Signed 'William Cleland ;' December 22, 1728. The object of this is to clear Pope from the imputation of having attacked persons too obscure and too dull to need or merit such a castigation. It can hardly be doubted that this letter was written by Pope ; and, if so, it betrays extraordinary egotism. A comparison is instituted between Pope and Boileau, much to the advantage of the former ; and it is alleged that Pope 'can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.' When we think of Sporus, Sappho, Appius, Bufo, Timon, and the many other pseudonymous personages in Pope's poems, some of which at any rate were unhesitatingly connected by the general voice with living persons, in spite of frequent denials from Pope, the assertion given above must be pronounced one of considerable boldness !

II. *Martinus Scriblerus, his Prolegomena and Illustrations to*

the Dunciad. After a few introductory extracts from the works of some of the authors attacked in the *Dunciad*, to the effect that Pretenders in wit and poetry may be justly exposed, ending with the words 'Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!—we come upon—

1. *Testimonies of Authors concerning our Poet and his Works.* With a few prefatory remarks by Scriblerus. These 'testimonies' are carried to a tedious length; the object being to rebut the ill-natured attacks made by small critics and journalists upon several of Pope's writings, by opposing to them laudatory passages, taken from the writings of celebrated authors, or even from other works of the very cavillers themselves.

2. *Martinus Scriblerus of the Poem.* This pretends to be a short commentary, setting forth the nature of the poem, the kind of machinery employed, the age of the poet, and so on; all in a very weighty and learned style.

III. *Preface prefixed to the Five First imperfect editions of the Dunciad.* From the Publisher to the Reader. This is ironical throughout; but the irony is not amusing.

IV. *List of Books, Papers, and Verses*, in which Pope was abused, before and after the publication of the *Dunciad*. There is a curious entertainment in reading the titles of these forgotten explosions of wounded vanity and impotent animosity. It is better, however, that they should now rest in silence and oblivion with their authors.

V. *Advertisement to the First Edition with Notes.* 1729. This is written seriously, and tells the reader what he may expect to find in and with the first avowed edition.

VI. *Parallel of the Characters of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope,* as drawn by certain of their contemporaries. The coarse epithets and random charges which were levelled at Dryden in his lifetime are printed in parallel columns with similar flowers of rhetoric of which Pope was the object.

VII. *Dunciados Periocha.* This is merely the arguments of the different books.

VIII. *Caxton's Preface to his Translation of Virgil.* It is not very clear why Pope appended this curious old piece to the *Dunciad*. Caxton wrote it in 1490, when addressing his version of the *Aeneid* to Prince Arthur. He speaks in it of the difficulty which he experienced in selecting suitable English words owing to the then unsettled state of the language, and tells the well-known story of the

Sheffield merchant, who wished to buy eggs of a Kentish woman, but could not make himself understood because he did not say *eyren*.

IX. *Virgilius Restauratus*, by Scriblerus. A string of absurd emendations of Virgil, evidently intended as a satire on the labours of Bentley and other learned men. For 'fato profugus' we should read 'fatu profugus ;' for 'agmine facto,' 'aggere fracto ;' for 'Jamque facies et saxa,' 'Jam facies et saxa,' &c. &c.

X. *Continuation of the article in the Guardian on Pastorals*. An ironical commendation of the Pastorals of Ambrose Philips.

XI. *List of the Author's genuine Works*. This includes the general edition of 1717, the Epistle to Addison, some Inscriptions, Epitaphs, and Miscellanies, the translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, and 'some Spectators and Guardians.'

XII. *Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero*. Of this clever and pointed dissertation, which was written by Warburton, the object is to show, upon evidence chiefly drawn from his own Autobiography, that Cibber was exactly the right sort of hero for the *Dunciad*, which was a minor epic. For whereas the hero of the greater epic shines by the qualities of courage, wisdom, and love, from the union of which springs heroic virtue ;—so the hero of the minor epic shines by those of impudence, folly, and debauchery, from the union of which springs heroic dulness. But for these last-named qualities the poet laureate was, by his own confession, conspicuous among his contemporaries.

XIII. *Advertisement to the First Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad*, 1742. A fictitious account of the discovery of the Fourth Book in a nobleman's library.

XIV. *Advertisement to the Complete Edition of 1743*. In this short piece Warburton announced the change which had been made in the hero since the appearance of the last edition.

XV. *Advertisement printed in the Journals*. 1730. A bantering challenge addressed to bad authors.

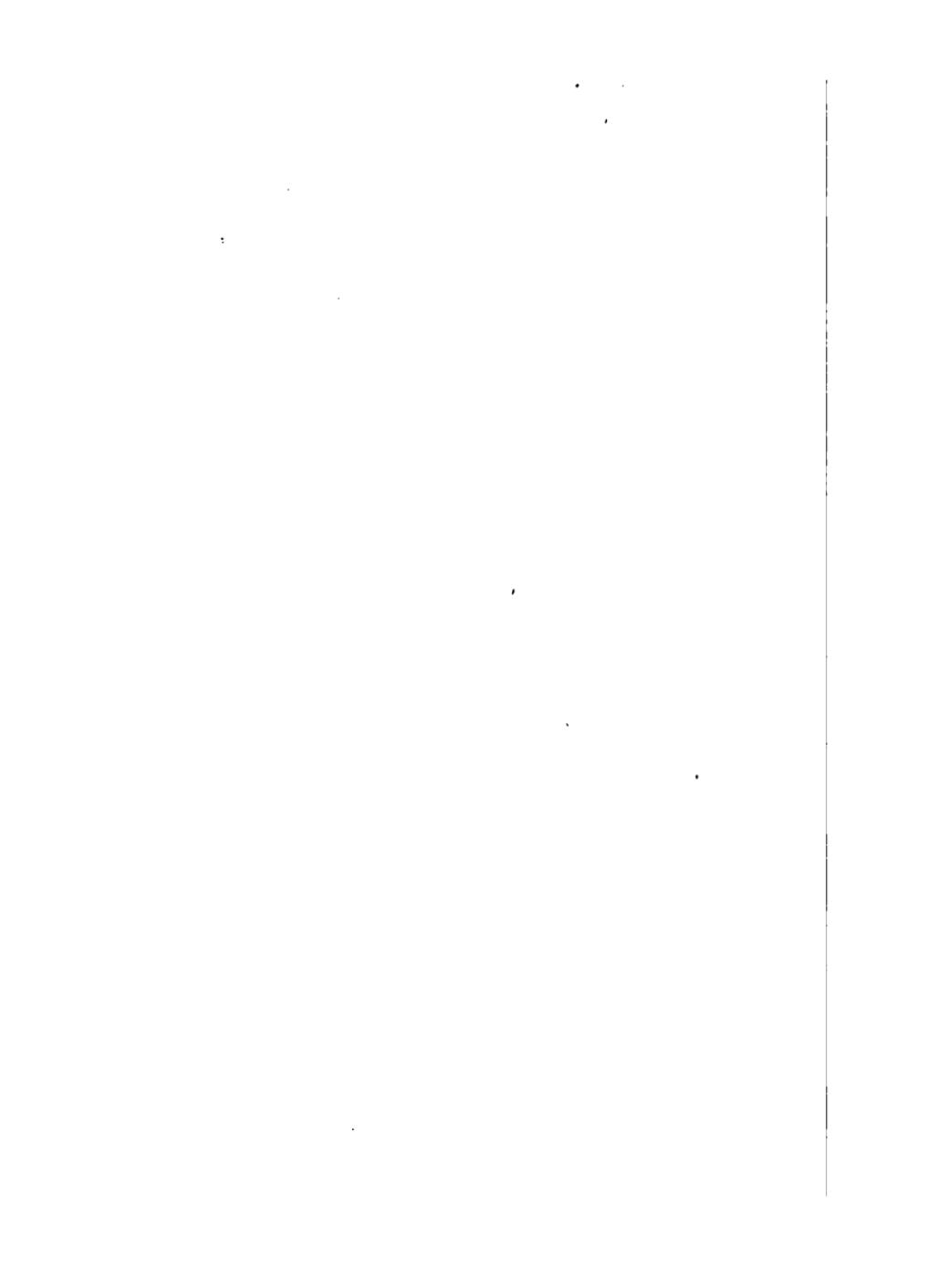
XVI. *Of the Poet Laureate*. Nov. 1729. Written after the death of Eusden, and before Cibber had been appointed his successor. It is an ironical enumeration of the qualifications of a good poet-laureate.

XVII. *By authority*. A serio-comic proclamation, announcing that Tibbald, formerly king of the dunces, had been ordered utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work, and that the throne

of poesy was vacant, unless it should be duly and lawfully filled by the Poet Laureate.

XVIII. *A Declaration*, affecting legal forms, and signed by the Lord Mayor, certifying to the genuineness of the work, and to the number of lines contained in it.

In addition to these 'Prolegomena,' Pope with the assistance of his friends prepared and published an immense number of Notes, partly serious, partly ironical; a special branch of them consisted in pointing out the *Imitations* from preceding poets. We have used many of these Notes, sometimes with the letters P.W. (Pope and Warburton) or P. (Pope) affixed, sometimes simply as 'Dunciad Notes.' There was also an index of the names of persons mentioned in the poem; but to reprint this would be of no use, as we have prepared a complete index of the whole volume.



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